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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LORD WELTER'S MÉNAGE.

THERE was a time, a time we have seen, when Lord Welter was a merry, humorous, thoughtless boy. A boy, one would have said, with as little real mischief in him as might be. He might have made a decent member of society, who knows? But, to do him justice, he had had everything against him from his earliest childhood. He had never known what a mother was, or a sister. His earliest companions were grooms and gamekeepers; and his religious instruction was got mostly from his grandmother, whose old-fashioned Sunday-morning lectures and collect learnings, so rigidly pursued that he dreaded Sunday of all days in the week, were succeeded by cock-fighting in the Croft with his father in the afternoon, and lounging away the evening among the stable-boys. As Lord Saltire once said, in a former part of this story, "Ranford was what the young men of the day called an uncommon fast house."

Fast enough, in truth. "All downhill and no drag on." Welter soon defied his grandmother. For his father he cared nothing. Lord Ascot was so foolishly fond of the boy that he never contradicted him in anything, and used even to laugh when he was impudent to his grandmother, whom, to do Lord Ascot justice, he respected more than any living woman. Tutors were tried, of whom Welter, by a happy combination of obstinacy and recklessness, managed to vanquish three, in as many months. It was hopeless. Lord Ascot would not hear of his going to school. He was his only boy, his darling. He could not part with him; and, when Lady Ascot pressed the matter, he grew obstinate, as he could at times, and said he would not. The boy would do well enough; he had been just like him at his age, and look at him now!

Lord Ascot was mistaken. He had not been quite like Lord Welter at his age. He had been a very quiet sort of boy indeed. Lord Ascot was a great stickler for blood in horses, and understood such things. I wonder he could not have seen the difference between the sweet, loving face of his mother, capable of violent, furious passion though it was, and that of his coarse, stupid, handsome, gipsy-looking wife, and judged accordingly. He had engrafted a new strain of blood on the old Staunton stock, and was to reap the consequences.

What was to become of Lord Welter was a great problem, still unsolved; when, one night, shortly before Charles paid his first visit to Ranford, vice Cuthbert, disapproved of, Lord Ascot came up, as his custom was, into his mother's dressing-room, to have half an hour's chat with her before she went to bed.

"I wonder, mother dear," he said, "whether I ought to ask old Saltire again, or not? He wouldn't come last time,

you know. If I thought he wouldn't come, I'd ask him."

"You must ask him," said Lady Ascot, brushing her grey hair, "and he will come."

"*Very* well," said Lord Ascot. "It's a bore; but you must have some one to flirt with, I suppose."

Lady Ascot laughed. In fact, she had written before, and told him that he *must* come, for she wanted him; and come he did.

"Now, Maria," said Lord Saltire, on the first night, as soon as he and Lady Ascot were seated together on a quiet sofa, "what is it? Why have you brought me down to meet this mob of jockeys and gamekeepers? A fortnight here, and not a soul to speak to, but Mainwaring and yourself! After I was here last time, dear old Lady Hainault croaked out in a large crowd that some one smelt of the stable."

"Dear old soul," said Lady Ascot. "What a charming, delicate wit she has. You will have to come here again, though. Every year, mind."

"Kismet," said Lord Saltire. "But what is the matter?"

"What do you think of Ascot's boy?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Lord Saltire. "So I have been brought all this way to be consulted about a schoolboy. Well, I think he looks an atrocious young cub, as like his dear mamma as he can be. I always used to expect to hear her call me a pretty gentleman, and want to tell my fortune."

Lady Ascot smiled: *she* knew her man. She knew he would have died for her and hers.

"He is getting very troublesome," said Lady Ascot. "What would you reco—"

"Send him to Eton," said Lord Saltire.

"But he is very high-spirited, James, and—"

"*Send him to Eton.* Do you hear, Maria?"

"But Ascot won't let him go," said Lady Ascot.

"Oh, he won't, won't he?" said Lord Saltire. "Now, let us hear no more of the cub, but have our picquet in peace."

The next morning Lord Saltire had an interview with Lord Ascot, and two hours afterwards it was known that Lord Welter was to go to Eton at once.

And so, when Welter met Charles at Twyford, he told him of it.

At Eton, he had rapidly found other boys brought up with the same tastes as himself, and with these he consorted. A rapid interchange of experiences went on among these young gentlemen; which ended in Lord Welter, at all events, being irreclaimably vicious.

Welter had fallen in love with Charles, as boys do, and their friendship had lasted on, waning as it went, till they permanently met again at Oxford. There, though their intimacy was as close as ever, the old love died out amidst riot and debauchery. Charles had some sort of a creed about women; Welter had none. Charles drew a line at a certain point, low down it might be, which he never passed; Welter set no bounds anywhere. What Lord Hainault said of him at Tattersall's was true. One day, when they had been arguing on this point rather sharply, Charles said,

"If you mean what you say, you are not fit to come into a gentleman's house. But you don't mean it, old cock; so don't be an ass."

He did mean it, and Charles was right. Alas! that ever he should have come to Ravenshoe!

He had lived so long in the house with Adelaide that he never thought of making love to her. They used to quarrel, like Benedict and Beatrice. What happened was her fault. She was worthless. Worthless! Let us have done with it. I can expand over Lord Saltire and Lady Ascot, and such good people, but I cannot over her more than is necessary.

Two things Lord Welter was very fond of—brawling and dicing. He was an arrant bully; very strong, and perfect in the use of his fists, and of such courage and tenacity that, having once begun a brawl, no one had ever made him leave it, save as an unqualified

victor. This was getting well known now. Since he had left Oxford and had been living in London, he had been engaged in two or three personal encounters in the terribly fast society to which he had betaken himself, and men were getting afraid of him. Another thing was, that, drink as he would, he never played the worse for it. He was a lucky player. Sometimes, after winning money of a man, he would ask him home to have his revenge. That man generally went again and again to Lord Welter's house, in St. John's Wood, and did not find himself any the richer. It was the most beautiful little gambling den in London, and it was presided over by one of the most beautiful, witty, fascinating women ever seen. A woman with whom all the men fell in love; so staid, so respectable, and charmingly behaved. Lord Welter always used to call her Lady Welter: so they all called her Lady Welter too, and treated her as though she were.

But this Lady Welter was soon to be dethroned to make room for Adelaide. A day or two before they went off together, this poor woman got a note from Welter to tell her to prepare for a new mistress. It was no blow to her. He had prepared her for it for some time. There might have been tears, wild tears, in private; but what cared he for the tears of such an one? When Welter and Adelaide came home, and Adelaide came with Welter into the hall, she advanced towards her, dressed as a waiting-woman, and said quietly,

"You are welcome home, madame."

It was Ellen, and Lord Welter was the delinquent, as you have guessed already. When she fled from Ravenshoe, she was flying from the anger of her supposed brother William; for he knew, or guessed, all about it; and, when Charles and Marston saw her passing round the cliff, she was making her weary way on foot towards Exeter to join him in London. After she was missed, William had written to Lord Welter, earnestly begging him to tell him if he had heard of her. And Welter had written back to him that he knew nothing, on his honour. Alas for Welter's honour, and William's folly in believing him!

Poor Ellen! Lord Welter had thought that she would have left the house, and had good reason for thinking so. But, when he got home, there she was. All her finery cast away, dressed plainly and quietly! And there she stayed, waiting on Adelaide, demure and quiet as a waiting-woman should be. Adelaide had never been at Ravenshoe, and did not know her. Lord Welter had calculated on her going; but she stayed on. Why?

You must bear with me, indeed you must, at such times as these. I touch as lightly as I can; but I have undertaken to tell a story, and I must tell it. These things are going on about us, and we try to ignore them, till they are thrust rudely upon us, as they are twenty times a year. No English story about young men could be complete without bringing in subjects which some may think best left alone. Let us comfort ourselves with one great, undeniable fact,—the immense improvement in morals which has taken place in the last ten years. The very outcry which is now raised against such relations shows plainly one thing at least—that undeniable facts are being winked at no longer, and that some reform is coming. Every younger son who can command 200*l.* a year, ought to be allowed to marry in his own rank in life, whatever that may be. They will be uncomfortable, and have to save and push; and a very good thing for them! They won't lose caste. There are some things worse than mere discomfort. Let us look at bare facts, which no one dare deny. There is in the great world, and the upper middle-class world too, a crowd of young men, younger sons, clerks, officers in the army, and so on; non-marrying men, as the slang goes, who are asked out to dine and dance with girls who are their equals in rank, and who have every opportunity of falling in love with them. And yet if one of this numerous crowd were to dare to fall in love with, and to propose to, one of these girls, he would be denied the

house. It is the fathers and mothers who are to blame, to a great extent, for the very connexions they denounce so loudly. But yet the very outcry they are raising against these connexions is a hopeful sign.

Lieutenant Hornby, walking up and down the earth to see what mischief he could get into, had done a smart stroke of business in that way, by making the acquaintance of Lord Welter at a gambling-house. Hornby was a very good fellow. He had two great pleasures in life. One, I am happy to say, was soldiering, at which he worked like a horse, and the other, I am very sorry to say, was gambling, at which he worked a great deal harder than he should. He was a marked man among professional players. Every one knew how awfully rich he was, and every one in succession had a "shy" at him. He was not at all particular. He would accept battle with any one. Gaming men did all sorts of dirty things to get introduced to him, and play with him. The greater number of them had their wicked will; but the worst of it was, that he always won. Sometimes, at a game of chance, he might lose enough to encourage his enemies to go on; but at games of skill no one could touch him. His brilliant playing was simply masterly. And Dick Ferrers will tell you, that he and Hornby, being once, I am very sorry to say, together at G—n—ch F—r, were accosted in the park by a skittle-sharper, and that Hornby (who would, like Faust, have played chess with Old Gooseberry) allowed himself to be taken into a skittle-ground, from which he came out in half an hour victorious over the skittle-sharper, beating him easily.

In the heyday of his fame, Lord Welter was told of him, and saying, "Give me the daggers," got introduced to him. They had a tournament at *écarté*, or billiards, or something or another of that sort, it don't matter; and Lord Welter asked him up to St. John's Wood, where he saw Ellen.

He lost that night liberally, as he could afford to; and, with very little persuasion, was induced to come there the next. He lost liberally. He had fallen in love with Ellen.

Lord Welter saw it, and made use of it as a bait to draw on Hornby to play. Ellen's presence was, of course, a great attraction to him, and he came and played; but, unluckily for Welter, after a few nights his luck changed, or he took more care, and he began to win again; so much so that, about the time when Adelaide came home, my Lord Welter had had nearly enough of Lieutenant Hornby, and was in hopes that he should have got rid of Ellen and him together; for his lordship was no fool about some things, and saw plainly two things—that Hornby was passionately fond of Ellen, and, moreover, that poor Ellen had fallen deeply in love with Hornby.

So, when he came home, he was surprised and angry to find her there. She would not go. She would stay and wait on Adelaide. She had been asked to go; but had refused sharply the man she loved. Poor girl, she had her reasons; and we shall see what they were. Now you know what I meant when I wondered whether or no Charles would have burnt Hornby's house down if he had known all. But you will be rather inclined to forgive Hornby presently, as Charles did when he came to know everything.

But the consequence of Ellen's staying on as servant to Adelaide brought this with it, that Hornby determined that he would have the *entrée* of the house in St. John's Wood, at any price. Welter guessed this, and guessed that Hornby would be inclined to lose a little money in order to gain it. When he brushed Charles's knee in Piccadilly he was deliberating whether or no he should ask him back there again. As he stood unconsciously almost touching Charles, he came to the determination that he would try what bargain he could make in his sister's honour, whom he had so shamefully injured already. And Charles saw them make the appointment together in the balcony. How little he guessed for what!

Lord Hainault was right. Welter was a scoundrel. But Hornby was not, as we shall see.

Hornby loved play for play's sake. And, extravagant dandy though he was, the attorney blood of his father came out sometimes so strong in him that, although he would have paid any price to be near, and speak to Ellen, yet he could not help winning, to Welter's great disgust, and his own great amusement. Their game, I believe, was generally *picquet* or *écarté*, and at both these he was Welter's master. What with his luck and his superior play, it was very hard to lose decently sometimes; and sometimes, as I said, he would cast his plans to the winds, and win terribly. But he always repented when he saw Welter get savage, and lost dutifully, though at times he could barely keep his countenance. Nevertheless the balance he allowed to Welter made a very important item in that gentleman's somewhat precarious income.

But, in spite of all his sacrifices, he but rarely got even a glimpse of Ellen. And, to complicate matters, Adelaide, who sat by and watched the play, and saw Hornby purposely losing at times, got it into her silly head that he was in love with her. She liked the man; who did not? But she had honour enough left to be rude to him. Hornby saw all this, and was amused. I often think that it must have been a fine spectacle, to see the honourable man playing with the scoundrel, and giving him just as much line as he chose. And, when I call Hornby an honourable man, I mean what I say, as you will see.

This was the state of things when the Derby crash came. At half-past five on that day the Viscountess Welter dashed up to her elegant residence in St. John's Wood, in a splendid barouche, drawn by four horses, and when "her people" came and opened the door and let down the steps, lazily descended, and, followed by her footman bearing her fal-lals, lounged up the steps as if life were really too ennuyant to be borne any longer. Three hours afterwards, a fierce eager woman, plainly dressed, with a dark veil, was taking apartments in the Bridge Hotel, London Bridge, for Mr. and Mrs. Staunton, who were going abroad in a few days; and was overseeing, with her confidential servant, a staid man in black, the safe stowage of numerous hasped oak boxes, the most remarkable thing about which, was their great weight. The lady was Lady Welter, and the man was Lord Welter's confidential scoundrel. The landlord thought they had robbed Hunt and Roskell's, and were off with the plunder, till he overheard the man say, "I think that is all, my lady;" after which he was quite satisfied. The fact was that all the Ascot race plate, gold salvers and épergnes, silver cups rough with designs of the chase, and possibly also some of the Ascot family jewels, were so disgusted with the state of things in England, that they were thinking of going for a little trip on the Continent. What should a dutiful wife do but see to their safe stowage? If any enterprising burglar had taken it into his head to "crack" that particular "crib" known as the Bridge Hotel, and got clear off with the "swag," he might have retired on the hard-earned fruits of a well-spent life, into happier lands—might have been "run" for M.L.C., or possibly for Congress in a year or two. Who can tell?

And, also, if Lord Welter's confidential scoundrel had taken it into his head to waylay and rob his lordship's noble consort on her way home—which he was quite capable of doing—and if he also had got clear off, he would have found himself a better man by seven hundred and ninety-four pounds, three half-crowns, and a three-penny piece; that is, if he had done it before her ladyship had paid the cabman. But both the burglars and the valet missed the tide, and the latter regrets it to this day.

At eleven o'clock that night Lady Welter was lolling leisurely on her drawing-room sofa, quite bored to death. When Welter, and Hornby, and Sir

Robert Ferrers, and some Dragoons came in, she was yawning, as if life was really too much of a plague to be endured. Would she play loo? Oh, yes; anything after such a wretched, lonely evening. That was the game where you had three cards, wasn't it, and you needn't go on unless you liked? Would Welter or some one lend her some money? She had got a three-penny piece and a shilling somewhere or another, but that would not be enough, she supposed. Where was Sir Robert's little brother? Gone to bed? How tiresome; she had fallen in love with him, and had set her heart on seeing him to-night; and so on.

Welter gave her a key, and told her there was some money in his dressing-case. As she left the room, Hornby, who was watching them, saw a quick look of intelligence pass between them, and laughed in his sleeve.

I have been given to understand that guinea unlimited loo is a charming pursuit, soothing to the feelings, and highly improving to the moral tone. I speak from hearsay, as circumstances over which I have no control have prevented my ever trying it. But this I know—that, if Welter's valet had robbed his master and mistress when they went to bed that night, instead of netting seven hundred and ninety-four, seven, nine, he would have netted eleven hundred and forty-six, eight, six, leaving out the three-penny-piece. But he didn't do it; and Lord and Lady Welter slept that sleep which is the peculiar reward of a quiet conscience, undisturbed.

But, next morning, when Charles waited on Hornby in his dressing-room, the latter said,—

"I shall want you to-night, lad. I thought I might have last night; but, seeing the other fellows went, I left you at home. Be ready at half-past six. I lost a hundred and twenty pounds last night. I don't mean to afford it any longer. I shall stop it."

"Where are we to go to, sir?"

"To St. John's Wood. We shall be up late. Leave the servants' hall, and come up and lie in the hall as if you were asleep. Don't let yourself be seen. No one will notice you."

Charles little thought where he was going.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HOUSE FULL OF GHOSTS.

Charles had really no idea where he was going. Although he knew that Hornby had been playing with Welter, yet he thought, from what Hornby had said, that he would not bring him into collision with Welter; and indeed he did not—only taking Charles with him as a reserve in case of accidents, for he thoroughly distrusted his lordship.

At half-past six in the evening Hornby rode slowly away, followed by Charles. He had told Charles that he should dine in St. John's Wood at seven, and should ride there, and Charles was to wait with the horses. But it was nearly seven, and yet Hornby loitered, and seemed undetermined. It was a wild, gusty evening, threatening rain. There were very few people abroad, and those who were rode or walked rapidly. And yet Hornby dawdled irresolute, as though his determination were hardly strong enough yet.

At first he rode quite away from his destination, but by degrees his horse's head got changed into the right direction; then he made another detour, but a shorter one; at last he put spurs to his horse, and rode resolutely up the short carriage-drive before the door, and, giving the reins to Charles, walked firmly in.

Charles put up the horses, and went into the servants' hall, or the room which answered that end in the rather small house of Lord Welter. No one was there. All the servants were busy with the dinner, and Charles was left unnoticed.

By and by a page, noticing a strange servant in passing the door, brought him some beer, and a volume of the Newgate Calendar. This young gentleman called his attention to a print of a lady cutting up the body of her husband with a chopper, assisted by a young

Jew, who was depicted "walking off with a leg," while the woman was preparing for another effort. After having recommended Charles to read the letter-press thereof, as he would find it tolerably spicy, he departed, and left him alone.

The dinner was got over in time; and after a time there was silence in the house—a silence so great that Charles rose and left the room. He soon found his way to another; but all was dark and silent, though it was not more than half-past nine.

He stood in the dark passage, wondering where to go, and determined to turn back to the room from which he had come. There was a light there, at all events!

There was a light, and the Newgate Calendar. The wild wind, that had eddied and whirled the dust at the street corners, and swept across the park all day, had gone down, and the rain had come on. He could hear it, drip, drip, outside; it was very melancholy. Confound the Newgate Calendar!

He was in a very queer house, he knew. What did Hornby mean by asking him the night before whether or no he could fight, and whether he would stick to him? Drip, drip; otherwise a dead silence! Charles's heart began to beat a little faster.

Where were all the servants? He had heard plenty of them half an hour ago. He had heard a French cook swearing at English kitchen-girls, and had heard plenty of other voices; and now—the silence of the grave!

He remembered now that Hornby had said, "Come and lie in the hall as if asleep; no one will notice you." He determined to do so. But where was it? His candle was flickering in its socket, and, as he tried to move it, it went out.

He could scarcely keep from muttering an oath, but he did. His situation was very uncomfortable. He did not know in what house he was—only that he was in a quarter of the town in which there were not a few uncommonly queer houses. He determined to grope his way to the light.

He felt his way out of the room and along a passage. The darkness was intense, and the silence perfect. Suddenly a dull red light gleamed in his eyes, and made him start. It was the light of the kitchen fire. A cricket would have been company, but there was none.

He continued to advance cautiously. Soon a ghostly square of very dim grey light on his left showed him where was a long narrow window. It was barred with iron bars. He was just thinking of this, and how very queer it was, when he uttered a loud oath, and came crashing down. He had fallen upstairs.

He had made noise enough to waken the seven sleepers; but those gentlemen did not seem to be in the neighbourhood, or, at all events, if awakened, gave no sign of it. Dead silence! He sat on the bottom stair and rubbed his shins, and, in spite of a strong suspicion that he had got into a scrape, laughed to himself at the absurdity of his position.

"Would it be worth while, I wonder," he said to himself, "to go back to the kitchen and get the poker? I'd better not, I suppose. It would be so deuced awkward to be caught in the dark with a poker in your hand. Being on the premises for the purpose of committing a felony—that is what they would say; and then they would be sure to say that you were the companion of thieves, and had been convicted before. No. Under this staircase, in the nature of things, is the housemaid's cupboard. What should I find there as a weapon of defence? A dust-pan. A great deal might be done with a dust-pan, mind you, at close quarters. How would it do to arrange all her paraphernalia on the stairs, and cry fire, so that mine enemies, rushing forth, might stumble and fall, and be taken unawares? But that would be acting on the offensive, and I have no safe grounds for pitching into anyone yet."

Though Charles tried to comfort himself by talking nonsense, he was very uncomfortable. Staying where he was was intolerable, and he hardly dared

ascend into the upper regions unbidden. Besides, he had fully persuaded himself that a disturbance was imminent, and, though a brave man, did not like to precipitate it. He had mistaken the character of the house he was in. At last, taking heart, he turned and felt his way upstairs. He came before a door through the keyhole of which the light streamed strongly; he was deliberating whether to open it or not, when a shadow crossed it, though he heard no noise, save a minute after the distant sound of a closing door. He could stand it no longer. He opened the door and advanced into a blaze of light.

[With this last sentence I ought to have ended a chapter and a number, and left you in suspense for a month. But Ravenshoe was not originally intended for monthly publication, which is sometimes awkward; in describing Charles's flight from home, for instance, I had to leave off in the middle of a chapter, in a very awkward way. But it is possibly better as it is. It gets very tiresome, and often injures a story, to tie one's self down to parcel it out into seventeen or eighteen arbitrary divisions. Let us tell Ravenshoe straight forward.]

He entered a beautiful flagged hall, frescoed and gilded. There were vases of flowers round the walls, and strips of Indian matting on the pavement. It was lit by a single chandelier, which was reflected in four great pier-glasses reaching to the ground, in which Charles's top-boots and brown face were reduplicated most startlingly. The *tout ensemble* was very beautiful; but what struck Charles was the bad taste of having an entrance-hall decorated like a drawing-room. "That is just the sort of thing they do in these places," he thought.

There were only two hats on the entrance table; one of which he was rejoiced to recognise as that of his most respected master. "May the deuce take his silly noddle for bringing me to such a place!" thought Charles.

This was evidently the front hall, spoken of by Hornby; and he remembered his advice to pretend to go to sleep. So he lay down on three hall-chairs and put his hat over his eyes.

Hall-chairs are hard; and, although Charles had just been laughing at the proprietor of the house for being so lavish in his decorations, he now wished that he had carried out his system a little further, and had cushions to his chairs. But no; the chairs were *de rigueur*, with crests on the backs of them. Charles did not notice whose.

If a man pretends to go to sleep, and, like the Marchioness with her orange-peel and water, "makes believe very much," he may sometimes succeed in going to sleep in good earnest. Charles imitated the thing so well that in five minutes he was as fast off as a top.

Till a night or two before this Charles had never dreamt of Ravenshoe since he had left it. When the first sharp sting of his trouble was in his soul, his mind had refused to go back farther than the events of a day or so before. He had dreamt long silly dreams of his master, or his fellow-servants, or his horses, but always, all through the night, with a dread on him of waking in the dark. But, as his mind began to settle and his pain got dulled, he began to dream about Ravenshoe, and Oxford, and Shrewsbury again; and he no longer dreaded the waking as he did, for the reality of his life was no longer hideous to him. With the fatal "plasticity" of his nature, he had lowered himself body and soul to the level of it.

But to-night, as he slept on these chairs, he dreamt of Ravenshoe, and of Cuthbert, and of Ellen. And he woke, and she was standing within ten feet of him, under the chandelier.

He was awake in an instant, but he lay as still as a mouse, staring at her. She had not noticed him, but was standing in profound thought. Found, and so soon! His sister! How lovely she was, standing, dressed in light pearl grey, like some beautiful ghost, with her speaking eyes fixed on nothing. She moved now, but so lightly that her foot-fall was barely heard upon the matting. Then she turned and noticed him. She did not seem surprised at seeing a groom

stretched out asleep on the chairs—she was used to that sort of thing probably—but she turned away, glided through a door at the further end of the hall, and was gone.

Charles's heart was leaping and beating madly, but he heard another door open and lay still.

Adelaide came out of a door opposite to the one into which Ellen had passed. Charles was not surprised. He was beyond surprise. But, when he saw her and Ellen in the same house, in one instant, with the quickness of lightning, he understood it all. It was Welter had tempted Ellen from Ravenshoe! Fool! fool! he might have prevented it once, if he had only guessed.

If he had any doubt as to where he was now, it was soon dispelled. Lord Welter came rapidly out of the door after Adelaide, and called her in a whisper, "Adelaide."

"Well," she said, turning round sharply,

"Come back, do you hear?" said Lord Welter; "where the deuce are you going?"

"To my own room."

"Come back, I tell you," said Lord Welter savagely, in a low voice. "You are going to spoil everything with your confounded airs."

"I shall not come back. I am not going to act as a decoy-duck to that man, or any other man. Let me go, Welter."

Welter was very near having to let her go with a vengeance. Charles was ready for a spring, but watched, and waited his time. Lord Welter had only caught her firmly by the wrist to detain her. He was not hurting her.

"Look you here, my Lady Welter," he said slowly and distinctly. "Listen to what I've got to say, and don't try the shadow of a tantrum with me, for I won't have it for one moment. I don't mind your chaff and nonsense in public; it blinds people, it is racy and attracts people; but in private I am master, do you hear? Master. You know you are afraid of me, and have good cause to be, by Jove. You are shaking now. Go back to that room."

"I won't, I won't, I won't. Not without you, Welter. How can you use me so cruelly, Welter. Oh, Welter, how can you be such a villain?"

"You conceited fool," said Lord Welter contemptuously. "Do you think he wants to make love to you?"

"You know he does, Welter; you know it," said Adelaide passionately.

Lord Welter laughed good-naturedly. (He could be good-natured.) He drew her towards him and kissed her. "My poor little girl," he said, "if I thought that, I would break his neck. But it is utterly wide of the truth. Look here, Adelaide; you are as safe from insult as my wife, as you were at Ranford. What you are not safe from is my own temper. Let us be friends in private and not squabble so much, eh? You are a good, shrewd, clever wife to me. Do keep your tongue quiet. Come in and mark what follows."

They had not noticed Charles, though he had been so sure that they would that he had got his face down on the chair covered with his arms, feigning sleep. When they went into the room again, Charles caught hold of a coat which was on the back of a chair, and, curling himself up, put it over him. He would listen, listen, listen for every word. He had a right to listen now.

In a minute a bell rang twice. Almost at the same moment some one came out of the door through which Lord Welter had passed, and stood silent. In about two minutes another door opened, and some one else came into the hall.

A woman's voice—Ellen's—said, "Oh, are you come again?"

A man's voice—Lieutenant Hornby's—said in answer, "You see I am. I got Lady Welter to ring her bell twice for you, and then to stay in that room, so that I might have an interview with you."

"I am obliged to her ladyship. She must have been surprised that I was the object of attraction. She fancied herself so."

"She was. And she was more so, when I told her what my real object was."

"Indeed," said Ellen bitterly. "But her ladyship's surprise does not appear to have prevented her from assisting you."

"On the contrary," said Hornby, "she wished me God speed—her own words."

"Sir, you are a gentleman. Don't disgrace yourself and me—if I can be disgraced—by quoting that woman's blasphemy before me. Sir, you have had your answer. I shall go."

"Ellen, you must stay. I have got this interview with you to-night, to ask you to be my wife. I love you as I believe woman was never loved before, and I ask you to be my wife."

"You madman! you madman!"

"I am no madman. I was a madman when I spoke to you before; I pray your forgiveness for that. You must forget that. I say that I love you as a woman was never loved before. Shall I say something more, Ellen?"

"Say on."

"You love me."

"I love you as man was never loved before; and I swear to you that I hope I may lie stiff and cold in my unhonoured coffin, before I'll ruin the man I love, by tying him to such a wretch as myself."

"Ellen, Ellen, don't say that. Don't take such vows, which you will not dare to break afterwards. Think, you may regain all that you have lost, and marry a man who loves you—ah, so dearly!—and whom you love too."

"Ay; there's the rub. If I did not love you, I would marry you to-morrow. Regain all I have lost, say you? Bring my mother to life again, for instance, or walk among other women again as an honest one? You talk nonsense, Mr. Hornby—nonsense. I am going."

"Ellen! Ellen! Why do you stay in this house? Think once again."

"I shall never leave thinking; but my determination is the same. I tell you, as a desperate woman like me dare tell you, that I love you far too well to ruin your prospects, and I love my own soul too well ever to make another false step. I stayed in this house because I loved to see you now and then, and hear your voice; but now I shall leave it."

"See me once more, Ellen—only once more?"

"I will see you once more. I will tear my heart once more, if you wish it. You have deserved all I can do for you, God knows. Come here the day after to-morrow; but come without hope, mind. A woman who has been through what I have can trust herself. Do you know that I am a Catholic?"

"No."

"I am. Would you turn Catholic if I were to marry you?"

God forgive poor Hornby! He said, "Yes." What will not men say at such times?

"Did I not say you were a madman? Do you think I would ruin you in the next world, as well as in this? Go away, sir; and, when your children are round you, humbly bless God's mercy for saving you, body and soul, this night."

"I shall see you again?"

"Come here the day after to-morrow; but come without hope."

She passed through the door, and left him standing alone. Charles rose from his lair, and, coming up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You have heard all this," said poor Hornby.

"Every word," said Charles. "I had a right to listen, you know. She is my sister."

"Your sister?"

Then Charles told him all. Hornby had heard enough from Welter to understand it.

"Your sister! Can you help me, Horton? Surely she will hear reason from you. Will you persuade her to listen to me?"

"No," said Charles. "She was right. You are mad. I will not help you do an act which you would bitterly repent all your life. You must forget her. She and I are disgraced, and must get away somewhere, and hide our shame together."

What Hornby would have answered, no man can tell; for at this moment Adelaide came out of the room, and passed quickly across the hall, saying good night to him as she passed. She did not recognise Charles, or seem surprised at seeing Hornby talking to his groom. Nobody who had lived in Lord Welter's house a day or two was surprised at anything.

But Charles, speaking to Hornby more as if he were master than servant, said, "Wait here;" and, stepping quickly from him, went into the room where Lord Welter sat alone, and shut the door. Hornby heard it locked behind him, and waited in the hall, *erectis auribus*, for what was to follow.

"There'll be a row directly," said Hornby to himself; "and that chivalrous fool, Charles, has locked himself in. I wish Welter did not send all his servants out of the house at night. There'll be murder done here some day."

He listened and heard voices, low as yet—so low that he could hear the dripping of the rain outside. Drip—drip! The suspense was intolerable. When would they be at one another's throats?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHARLES'S EXPLANATION WITH LORD WELTER.

THERE is a particular kind of Ghost or Devil—which I used to draw very dexterously at school, and of which I would give a wood-cut here, did this magazine allow of illustrations—which is represented by an isosceles triangle (more or less correctly drawn) for the body; straight lines turned up at the ends for legs; straight lines divided into five at the ends for arms; a round O, with arbitrary dots for the features, for a head; with a hat, an umbrella, and a pipe. Drawn like this, it is a sufficiently terrible object. But, if you take an ace of clubs, make the club represent the head, add horns, and fill in the body and limbs as above, in deep black, with the feather end of the pen, it becomes simply appalling, and will strike terror into the stoutest heart.

Is this the place, say you, for talking such nonsense as this? If you must give us balderdash of this sort, could not you do so in a chapter with a less terrible heading than this one has? And I answer, Why not let me tell my story my own way? Something depends even on this nonsense of making devils out of the ace of clubs.

It was rather a favourite amusement of Charles's and Lord Welter's, in old times at Ranford. They used, on rainy afternoons, to collect all the old aces of clubs (and there were always plenty of them to be had in that house), and make devils out of them, each one worse than the first. And now, when Charles had locked the door, and advanced softly up to Welter, he saw, over his unconscious shoulder, that he had got an ace of clubs, and the pen and ink, and was making a devil.

It was a trifling circumstance enough, perhaps; but there was enough of old times in it to alter the tone in which Charles said, "Welter," as he laid his hand on his shoulder.

Lord Welter was a bully; but he was as brave as a lion, with nerves of steel. He neither left off his drawing, nor looked up; he only said—"Charley boy, come and sit down till I have finished this fellow. Get an ace of clubs, and try your own hand. I am out of practice."

Perhaps even Lord Welter might have started when he heard Charles's voice, and felt his hand on his shoulder; but he had had one instant—only one instant—of preparation. When he heard the key turn in the door, he had looked in a pier-glass opposite to him, and seen who and what was coming, and then gone on with his employment. Even allowing for this moment's preparation, we must give him credit for the nerve of one man in ten thousand; for the apparition of Charles Ravenshoe was as unlooked for as that of any one of Charles Ravenshoe's remote ancestors.

You see, I call him Charles Ravenshoe still. It is a trick. You must excuse it.

Charles did not sit down and draw devils; he said, in a quiet mournful tone,

"Welter, Welter, why have you been such a villain?"

Lord Welter found that a difficult question to answer. He let it alone, and said nothing.

"I say nothing about Adelaide. You did not use me well there; for, when you persuaded her to go off with you, you had not heard of my ruin."

"On my soul, Charles, there was not much persuasion wanted there."

"Very likely. I do not want to speak about that, but about Ellen, my sister. Was anything ever done more shamefully than that?"

Charles expected some furious outbreak when he said that. None came. What was good in Lord Welter came to the surface, when he saw his old friend and playmate there before him, sunk so far below him in all that this world considers worth having, but rising so far above him in his fearless honour and manliness. He was humbled, sorry, and ashamed. Bitter as Charles's words were, he felt they were true, and had manhood enough left not to resent them. To the sensation of fear, as I have said before, Lord Welter was a total stranger, or he might have been nervous at being locked up in a room alone, with a desperate man, physically his equal, whom he had so shamefully wronged. He rose and leant against the chimney-piece, looking at Charles.

"I did not know she was your sister, Charles. You must do me that justice."

"Of course you did not. If—"

"I know what you are going to say—that I should not have dared. On my soul, Charles, I don't know; I believe I dare do anything. But I tell you one thing—of all the men who walk this earth, you are the last I would willingly wrong. When I went off with Adelaide, I knew she did not care sixpence for you. I knew she would have made you wretched. I knew better than you, because I never was in love with her, and you were, what a heartless ambitious jade it was! She sold herself to me for the title I gave her, as she had tried to sell herself to that solemn prig, Lord Hainault, before. And I bought her, because a handsome, witty, clever wife is a valuable chattel to a man like me, who has to live by his wits."

"Ellen was as handsome and as clever as she. Why did not you marry her?" said Charles bitterly.

"If you will have the real truth, Ellen would have been Lady Welter now, but——"

Lord Welter hesitated. He was a great rascal, and he had a brazen front, but he found a difficulty in going on. It must be, I should fancy, very hard work to tell all the little ins and outs of a piece of villany one has been engaged in, and to tell, as Lord Welter did on this occasion, the exact truth.

"I am waiting," said Charles, "to hear you tell me why she was not made Lady Welter."

"What, you will have it then? Well, she was too scrupulous. She was too honourable a woman for this line of business. She wouldn't play, or learn to play—d—n it, sir, you have got the whole truth now, if that will content you."

"I believe what you say, my lord. Do you know that Lieutenant Hornby made her an offer of marriage to-night?"

"I supposed he would," said Lord Welter.

"And that she has refused him?"

"I guessed that she would. She is your own sister. Shall you try to persuade her?"

"I would see her in her coffin first."

"So I suppose."

"She must come away from here, Lord Welter. I must keep her and do what I can for her. We must pull through it together somehow."

"She had better go from here. She is too good for this hole. I must make provision for her to live with you."

"Not one halfpenny, my lord. She has lived too long in dependence and disgrace already. We will pull through together alone."

Lord Welter said nothing, but he determined that Charles should not have his way in this respect.

Charles continued, "When I came into this room to-night I came to quarrel with you. You have not allowed me to do so, and I thank you for it." Here he paused, and then went on in a lower voice, "I think you are sorry, Welter; are you not? I am sure you are sorry. I am sure you wouldn't have done it if you had foreseen the consequences, eh?"

Lord Welter's coarse under-lip shook for half a second, and his big chest heaved once; but he said nothing.

"Only think another time; that is all. Now do me a favour; make me a promise."

"I have made it."

"Don't tell any human soul you have seen me. If you do, you will only entail a new disguise and a new hiding on me. You have promised."

"On my honour."

"If you keep your promise, I can stay where I am. How is—Lady Ascot?"

"Well. Nursing my father."

"Is he ill?"

"Had a fit the day before yesterday. I heard this morning from them. He is much better, and will get over it."

"Have you heard anything from Ravenshoe?"

"Not a word. Lord Saltire and General Mainwaring are both with my father, in London. Aunt won't see either me or Adelaide. Do you know that she has been moving heaven and earth to find you?"

"Good soul! I won't be found, though. Now, good night!"

And he went. If any one had told him three months before that he would have been locked in the same room with a man who had done him such irreparable injury, and have left it at the end of half an hour with a quiet "good night," he would most likely have beaten that man there and then. But he was getting tamed very fast. Ay, he was already getting more than tamed; he was in a fair way to get broken-hearted.

"I will not see her to-night, sir," he said to Hornby, whom he found with his head resting on the table; "I will come to-morrow and prepare her for leaving this house. You are to see her the day after to-morrow; but without hope, remember."

He roused a groom from above the stable to help him to saddle the horses. "Will it soon be morning?" he asked.

"Morning," said the lad; "it's not twelve o'clock yet. It's a dark night, mate, and no moon. But the nights are short now. The dawn will be on us before we have time to turn in our beds."

He rode slowly home after Hornby. "The night is dark, but the dawn will be upon us before we can turn in our beds!" The idle words of a sleepy groom, yet which echoed in his ears all the way home! The night is dark indeed; but it will be darker yet before the dawn, Charles Ravenshoe.

CHAPTER XL.

A DINNER PARTY AMONG SOME OLD FRIENDS.

Lady Hainault (*née* Burton, not the Dowager) had asked some one to dinner, and the question had been whom to ask to meet him. Mary had been called into consultation, as she generally was on most occasions, and she and Lady Hainault had made up a list together. Every one had accepted and was coming; and here were Mary and Lady Hainault, dressed for dinner, alone in the drawing-room with the children.

"We could not have done better for him, Mary, I think. You must go in to dinner with him."

"Is Mary going to stop down to dinner?" said the youngest boy; "what a shame! I sha'n't say my prayers to-night if she don't come up."

The straightforward Gus let his brother know what would be the consequences of such neglect hereafter, in a plain-spoken way peculiarly his own.

"Gus! Gus! don't say such things," said Lady Hainault.

"The hymn-book says so, Aunt,"

said Gus, triumphantly; and he quoted a charming little verse of Dr. Watts's, beginning, "There is a dreadful Hell."

Lady Hainault might have been puzzled what to say, and Mary would not have helped her, for they had had an argument "anent" that same hymn-book (Mary contending that one or two of the hymns were as well left alone at first), when Flora struck in and saved her aunt, by remarking,

"I shall save up my money and buy some jewels for Mary like mamma's, so that when she stays down to dinner some of the men may fall in love with her, and marry her."

"Pooh! you silly goose," said Gus, "those jewels cost sixty million thousand pounds a-piece. I don't want her to be married till I grow up, and then I shall marry her myself. Till then I shall buy her a yellow wig, like grandma's, and then nobody will want to marry her."

"Be quiet, Gus," said Lady Hainault.

It was one thing to say "be quiet, Gus," and it was another thing to make him hold his tongue. But, to do Gus justice, he was a good fellow, and never acted "*enfant terrible*" but to the most select and private audience. Now he had begun: "I wish some one would marry Grandma," when the door was thrown open, the first guest was announced, and Gus was dumb.

"General Mainwaring." The general sat down between Lady Hainault and Mary, and, while talking to them, reached out his broad brown hand and lifted the youngest boy on his knee, who played with his ribands, and cried out that he would have the orange and blue one, if he pleased; while Gus and Flora came and stood at his knee.

He talked to them both sadly in a low voice about the ruin which had come on Lord Ascot. There was worse than mere ruin, he feared. He feared there was disgrace. He had been with him that morning. He was a wreck. One side of his face was sadly pulled down, and he stammered in his speech. He would get over it. He was only three-and-forty. But he would not show again in society, he feared. Here was somebody else; they would change the subject.

Lord Saltire. They were so glad to see him. Every one's face had a kind smile on it as the old man came and sat down among them. His own smile was not the least pleasant of the lot, I warrant you.

"So you are talking about poor Ascot, eh?" he said. "I don't know whether you were or not; but, if you were, let us talk about something else. You see, my dear Miss Corby, that my prophecy to you on the terrace at Ravenshoe is falsified. I said they would not fight, and lo, they are as good as at it."

They talked about the coming war, and Lord Hainault came in and joined them. Soon after another guest was announced.

Lady Ascot. She was dressed in dark grey silk, with her white hair simply parted under a plain lace cap. She looked so calm, so brave, so kind, so beautiful, as she came with firm strong step in at the door, that they one and all rose and came towards her. She had always been loved by them all; how much more deeply was she loved now, when her bitter troubles had made her doubly sacred.

Lord Saltire gave her his arm, and she came and sat down among them with her hands calmly folded before her.

"I was determined to come and see you to-night, my dear," she said. "I should break down if I couldn't see some that I loved. And to-night, in particular" (she looked earnestly at Lord Saltire). "Is he come yet?"

"Not yet, dear grandma," said Mary.

"No one is coming besides, I suppose?" asked Lady Ascot.

"No one; we are waiting for him."

The door was opened once more, and they all looked curiously round. This time the servant announced, perhaps in a somewhat louder tone than usual, as if he were aware that they were more interested,

"Mr. Ravenshoe."

A well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man came into the room, bearing such

a wonderful likeness to Charles Ravenshoe that Lady Hainault and General Mainwaring, the only two who had never seen him before, started, and thought they saw Charles himself. It was not Charles, though; it was our old friend, William, whilom pad-groom to Charles Ravenshoe, Esquire, now himself William Ravenshoe, Esquire, of Ravenshoe.

He was the guest of the evening. He would be heir to Ravenshoe himself some day; for they had made up their minds that Cuthbert would never marry. Ravenshoe, as Cuthbert was managing it now, would be worth ten or twelve thousand a year, and, if these new tin lodes came to anything, perhaps twenty! He had been a stable-helper, said old Lady Hainault—the companion of the drunken riots of his foster-brother impostor, and that quiet gentlemanly creature Welter! If he entered the house, she left it! To which young Lady Hainault had replied that some one must ask him to dinner in common decency, if it was only for the sake of that dear Charles, who had been loved by every one who knew him. That she intended to ask him to dinner, and that, if her dear mother-in-law objected to meet him, why the remedy lay with herself! Somebody must introduce him to some sort of society; and Lord Hainault and herself had made up their minds to do it, so that further argument on the subject would be wasted breath! To which the Dowager replied that she really wished, after all, that Hainault had married that pretty chit of a thing, Adelaide Summers, as he was thinking of doing; as she, the Dowager, could not have been treated with greater insolence even by her, bold as she was. With which Parthian piece of spite she had departed to Casterton with Hicks, and had so goaded and snapped at that unfortunate reduced gentlewoman by the way, that at last Hicks, as her wont was, had turned upon her and given her as good as she brought. If the Dowager could have heard Lady Hainault telling her lord the whole business that night, and joking with him about his alleged *penchant* for Adelaide, and heard the jolly laugh that those two good souls had about it, her ladyship would have been more spiteful still.

But, nevertheless, Lady Hainault was very nervous about William. When Mary was consulted, she promptly went bail for his good behaviour, and pled his cause so warmly that the tears stood in her eyes. Her old friend William! What innocent plots she and he had hatched together against the priest in old times! What a bond there was between them in their mutual love for him who was lost to them!

But Lady Hainault would be on the safe side; and so only the party named above were asked. All old friends of the family!

Before dinner was announced they were all at their ease about him. He was shy certainly, but not awkward. He evidently knew that he was asked there on trial, and he accepted his position. But he was so handsome (handsomer than poor Charles), he was so gentle and modest, and—perhaps, too, not least—had such a well modulated voice, that before the evening was over he had won every one in the room. If he knew anything of a subject he helped the conversation quietly, as well as he could; if he had to confess ignorance (which was seldom, for he was among well-bred people) he did so frankly, but unobtrusively. He was a great success.

One thing puzzled him, and pleased him. He knew that he was a person of importance, and that he was the guest of the evening. But he soon found that there was another cause for his being interesting to them all, more powerful than his curious position or his prospective wealth; and that was his connexion with Charles Ravenshoe, now Horton. *He* was the hero of the evening. Half William's light was borrowed from him. He quickly became aware of it, and it made him happy.

How strange it is that some men have the power of winning such love from all they meet. I knew one, gone from us now by a glorious death, who had that faculty. Only a few knew his great worth and goodness; and yet, as his

biographer most truly says, those who once saw his face never forgot it. Charles Ravenshoe had that faculty also, though, alas, his value, both in worth and utility, was far inferior to that of the man to whom I have alluded above. But he had the same infinite kindliness towards everything created; which is part of the secret.

The first hint that William had, as to how deeply important person a Charles was among the present company, was given him at dinner. Various subjects had been talked of indifferently, and William had listened, till Lord Hainault said to William,

"What a strange price people are giving for cobs! I saw one sold to-day at Tattersall's for ninety guineas."

William answered, "Good cobs are very hard to get, my lord. I could get you ten good horses over fifteen, for one good cob."

Lord Saltire said, "My cob is the best I ever had; and a sweet-tempered creature. Our dear boy broke it for me at Ravenshoe."

"Dear Charles," said Lady Ascot. "What a splendid rider he was! Dear boy! He got Ascot to write him a certificate about that sort of thing before he went away. Ah, dear!"

"I never thought," said Lord Saltire, quietly, "that I ever should have cared half as much for anybody as I do for that lad. Do you remember, Mainwaring," he continued, speaking still lower, while they all sat hushed, "the first night I ever saw him, when he marked for you and me at billiards, at Ranford? I don't know why, but I loved the boy from the first moment I saw him. Both there and ever afterwards, he reminded me so strongly of Barkham. He had just the same gentle, winning way with him that Barkham had. Barkham was a little taller, though, I fancy," he went on, looking straight at Lady Ascot, and taking snuff. "Don't you think so, Maria?"

No one spoke for a moment.

Lord Barkham had been Lord Saltire's only son. He had been killed in a duel at nineteen, as I have mentioned before. Lord Saltire very rarely spoke of him, and, when he did, generally in a cynical manner. But General Mainwaring and Lady Ascot knew that that poor boy's memory was as fresh in the true old heart after forty years, as it was on the morning when he came out from his dressing-room and met them carrying the corpse upstairs.

"He was a good fellow," said Lord Hainault, alluding to Charles. "He was a very good fellow."

"This great disappointment which I have had about him," said Lord Saltire, in his old dry tone, "is a just judgment on me for doing a goodnatured and virtuous action many years ago. When his poor father Densil was in prison, I went to see him, and reconciled him with his family. Poor Densil was so grateful for this act of folly on my part that I grew personally attached to him; and hence all this misery. Disinterested actions are great mistakes, Maria, depend upon it."

When the ladies were gone upstairs, William found Lord Saltire beside him. He talked to him a little time, and then finished by saying—

"You are modest and gentlemanly, and the love you bear for your foster-brother is very pleasing to me indeed. I am going to put it to the test. You must come and see me to-morrow morning. I have a great deal to say to you."

"About him, my lord? Have you heard of him?"

"Not a word. I fear he has gone to America or Australia. He told Lord Ascot he should do so."

"I'll hunt him to the world's end, my lord," said true William. "And Cuthbert shall pray for me the while. I fear you are right. But we shall find him soon."

When they went up into the drawing-room, Mary was sitting on a sofa by herself. She looked up at William, and he went and sat down by her. They were quite away from the rest, together.

"Dear William," said Mary, looking frankly at him, and laying her hand on his.

"I am so glad," said William, "to

see your dear, sweet face again. I was down at Ravenshoe last week. How they love you there! An idea prevails among old and young that dear Cuthbert is to die, and that I am to marry you, and that we are to rule Ravenshoe triumphantly. It was useless to represent to them that Cuthbert would not die, and that you and I most certainly never would marry one another. My dearest Jane Evans was treated as a thing of nought. You were elected mistress of Ravenshoe unanimously."

"How is Jane?"

"Pining, poor dear, at her school. She don't like it."

"I should think not," said Mary. "Give my dear love to her. She will make you a good wife. How is Cuthbert?"

"Very well in health. No more signs of his heart complaint, which never existed. But he is peaking at getting no tidings from our dear boy. Ah, how he loved him! May I call you 'Mary?'"

"You must not dare to call me anything else. No tidings of him yet?"

"None. I feel sure he is gone to America. We will get him back, Mary. Never fear."

They talked till she was cheerful, and at last she said—

"William, you were always so well-mannered; but how—how—have you got to be so gentlemanly in so short a time?"

"By playing at it," said William, laughing. "The stud-groom at Ravenshoe used always to say I was too much of a gentleman for him. In twenty years' time I shall pass muster in a crowd. Good night."

And Charles was playing at being something other than a gentleman all the time. We shall see who did best in the end.

To be continued.

HUGH MACDONALD.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

During the spring of 1860, there appeared in several of the Scottish newspapers, accompanied with some brief paragraphs of sorrow, an intimation of the death of Mr. Hugh Macdonald, in Glasgow, at the early age of forty-seven. Eighteen months and more have now passed, and it has seemed fit that here some little cairn should be erected to his memory. The event recorded in the newspaper paragraphs was certainly not a matter of national importance; but a loss, nevertheless, felt by many in the Scottish shires, and by many who heard of it some weeks or months later, in New Brunswick, Australia, and the North and South Americas. For the deceased had the rare knack of making friends of those with whom he came in contact. Nor was the depth of personal friendship long untested. Cut off in middle life, and when he was making way, his family was believed to be but slenderly provided for. Subscription sheets immediately issued, and with such success that his widow is now beyond the fear of want, and his children are certain of a sound education, and a start in life thereafter. Those of his friends who were at the time resident in Glasgow, and privileged to walk behind his coffin to the grave, describe the scene as possessing elements of strangeness. A most inclement day of rain, yet the long-extended procession remained unbroken; and while on the slippery grave-brink friend and relative held each a cord, and the coffin was being lowered, an old woman, unknown to any, took her place there, and gazed wistfully down, till the clay covered all, and then went her way. Doubtless her appearance represented some word spoken, or service rendered, by the kind heart then cold, which probably had faded long ago from its re-

membrance, but which lingered gratefully in hers.

But why should she so remember word or service of his? Why did his fellow-citizens manifest so deep an interest in those he left behind? Apart from his gifts of leal-heartedness, tenderness, and humour, Mr. Macdonald was a man of genius—a poet, an antiquarian, the devoutest lover of beast and bird, of snowdrop and lucken-gowan, sun setting on Bothwell bank, broad placid harvest-moon, shining down on Clydesdale barley-fields. He was in his own degree one of the poets who have, since Burns's time, made nearly every district of Scotland vocal. Just as Tannahill has made Gleniffer hills greener by his songs, as Thom of Inverury has lent a new interest to the banks of the Dee, as Scott Riddell has added a note to the Border Minstrelsy, Mr. Macdonald has taken poetic possession of the country around Glasgow. Neither for him nor for any of his compeers can the title of great poet be claimed, but they are not the less delightful on that account. These men are local poets; and, if you know and love the localities, you accept thankfully the songs with which they have associated them. If the scenery of a shire is gentle and tame, it seems fitting that the poet of the shire should possess a genius in keeping with it. And in its degree, a mountain-daisy is quite as beautiful as a garden-rose or a flaming rod of hollyhock; a green lane, fragrant with hawthorn hedges, charming as any Alpine valley. Great scenes demand great poems—simple scenes, simple poems. Coleridge's Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni is a noble performance, but it would never do to be uttered in a green Lanarkshire glen where sheep are feeding, and where you may search the horizon in vain for an elevation of five hundred feet. It is not a very bold assertion, that Mr. Macdonald could not have approached Coleridge's Hymn, even had he been placed in Chamouni; but he has really done poetic justice to the scenery that surrounded him—made the ivies on Crookston Castle more sombre with his verse, and yet more splendid the westward-running Clyde in which the sun is setting.

He was one of those too—of whom we Scotchmen are peculiarly proud, conceiting ourselves, as we are accustomed, that they do more abound among us than elsewhere—who, born in humble circumstances, and with no aid from college, and but little from school, do actually achieve some positive literary result, and a certain recognition of the same. He was born in one of the eastern districts of Glasgow, lived for some time in the Island of Mull, in the house of a relative there; for, as his name imports, he was a true Celt, and drew from his sires song, melancholy, and superstition. The superstition he never could completely shake off. He could laugh at a ghost story, he could deck it out with grotesque or humorous exaggerations; but the central terror glared upon him through all disguises, and, hearing or relating, his blood was running chill the while. Returning to his native city, he was entered an apprentice in a public manufactory, and here it was—fresh from ruined castle, mist-folding on the Morven hills, tales told by mountain shepherd or scaly fisherman of corpse lights glimmering on the sea; and with English literature before him, wherein to range and take delight in precious shreds of leisure; and with everything, past highland experience, and present dim environment, beginning to be overspread by the "purple light of love"—that Mr. Macdonald became a poet. And, considering the whole matter now, it may be said, that his circumstances were more favourable for the development of the poetic spirit, than if he had been born in a Cumberland vale, with no harsher task than image-hunting urged upon him by pecuniary considerations. Glasgow, at the period we speak of, could boast of her poets. Dugald Moore was writing, publishing, and being quizzed by his companions. Motherwell, the author of "Jeanie Morrison," was the editor of the *Courier*, and fighting manfully in its columns against Reform. Alexander Rodger, who disgusted Sir Walter by

the publication of a wicked and witty welcome—singular in its likeness and contrasts to the Magician's own—on the occasion of the visit of his Gracious Majesty George IV. to Edinburgh, was filling the newspapers of the West with satirical verses, and getting himself into grief thereby. Nay, more, this last "Makar" either then, or at a later period, held a post in the manufactory in which Mr. Macdonald was apprenticed. Nor was the eye without education, or memory without associations to feed upon. Before the door of this manufactory lay Glasgow Green, with the tree yet green under which Prince Charles stood when he reviewed his shoeless highland host before marching to Falkirk. Near the window, and to be seen by the boy every time he lifted his head, flowed the Clyde, bringing recollections of the red ruins of Bothwell Castle, where the Douglasses dwelt, and the ivy-muffled walls of Blantyre Priory, where the monks prayed, and carrying imagination with it as it flowed seaward to Dunbarton Castle, with its legends old as Ossian, and recalling as it sank into ocean the night when Bruce, from his lair in Arran, watched the beacon broadening on the Carrick shore. And from the same windows, looking across the stream, he could see the long straggling burgh of Rutherglen, with the church-tower, where the bargain was struck with Monteith for the betrayal of Wallace, standing eminent above the trees. And, when we know that the girl who was afterwards to become his wife was growing up there, known and loved at the time, we can fancy how often his eyes dwelt on the little town, with church-tower and chimney fretting the sky-line. And when Macdonald rambled—and he always *did* ramble—inevitably deeper impulses would come to him. Northward from Glasgow some few miles, at Rob Royston, where Wallace was betrayed, lived Walter Watson, whose songs have been sung by many who never heard his name. Seven miles southward of the city lay Paisley in its smoke, and beyond that, Gleniffer Braes, "laverocks fanning the snaw-white clouds" above them, the torrent flashing in the rocky gorge on the hillside, the ruins of Stanley Tower standing on the plain below—scarce a change since Tannahill walked there on summer evenings. South-east stretched the sterile district of the Mearns, where Christopher North lived when a boy, and where Pollock herded cows. And beyond, in a green crescent embracing the sea, a whole Ayrshire fiery and full of Burns; into which, dying, the poet's whole nature sank, making passionate soil and stone; with his daisy blooming in every furrow, every stream as it ran seaward mourning for Highland Mary, and, when night fell, in every tavern in the county, the blithest lads in Christendie sitting over their cups and flouting the horned moon hanging in the window-pane. And then, to complete a poetic education, there was Glasgow herself—noble river and dark groves of masts, begirt by miles of stony streets; grand cathedral, filled once with popish shrines and rolling incense, on one side of the ravine, and on the other, the statue of John Knox, impeaching it with outstretched arm, that clasps a Bible. And ever as the darkness came, the district north-east and south of the city was filled with shifting glare and gloom of furnace fires; instead of night and its privacy, the keen splendour of towering flame brought to the inhabitants of the eastern streets a fluctuating scarlet day, piercing nook and cranny more searchingly than any sunlight. Mr. Macdonald set himself sedulously to poetic work; and, whatever may be the value of his wares, it may be said that excellent material lay on every side.

To him all these things had their uses. We picture him a young fellow of excellent literary digestion, capable of extracting nutriment from the toughest materials; assiduously making acquaintance with English literature in his evenings; gradually taking possession of the British essayists, poets, and historians. As this time, too, he cherished republican feelings, and had his own speculations concerning the regeneration of the whole human race; and these feelings he re-

pained till his own personal hurt made him forget the pained world. In his later days, however, he was willing to let the world wag, certified that the needful thing for him was to take regard to his own private footsteps. He had now fairly embarked on the poetic tide. His name, appended to copies of verses, frequently appeared in the local prints, and gained for him no small amount of local notice. And at intervals some song-bird of his brain, of stronger pinion or gayer plumage than usual, would flit from newspaper to newspaper across the country; nay, one or two actually appeared beyond the Atlantic, and, not unnoticed by admiring eyes, perching on a broadsheet here and there as it made its way from the great cities towards the western clearings. All this time, too, he was an enthusiastic botanist in book and field, a lover of the open country and the blowing wind, a scorner of fatigue, ready any Saturday afternoon when work was over for a walk of twenty miles, if so be he might look on a rare flower or an ivied ruin. And the girl ever in Rutherglen was growing up to womanhood, each charm of mind and face celebrated for many a year in glowing verse; and her he, poet-like, married—the household plenishing of the pair being abundance of hope and a simple disregard of the inconveniences arising from straitened means. The happiest man in the world—but a widower before the year was out! With his wife died many things, all buried in one grave. Republican dreamings and schemes for the regeneration of the world faded after that. Here is a short poem, full of the rain-cloud and the yellow leaf, which has reference to his feelings at the time.

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
Clad in glowing mantles sere;
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the west when day's descending,
Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
Droopeth sad the sweet blue-bell:
Gone the blossoms April cherished—
Violet, lily, rose, all perished—
Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm grey morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
Music of the falling leaf;
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its inmost depths revealing,
"Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October,
More than budding, blooming spring.
Hers is hope, delusive, smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
Memory loves thy dusky wing.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
Death laid low my bosom flower.
Life hath been a wintry river,
O'er whose ripple gladness never
Gleameth brightly since that hour.

Hearts would fain be with their treasure;
Mine is slumbering in the clay;
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
For its own October day.

His own October day did come; too early, unseasonably, when the fields were but whitening to the harvest.

All Mr. Macdonald's friends have heard of his interview with Professor Wilson, at Edinburgh, in 1846. This celebrated event flourished perennially in his writings and conversation. It stood out in his history like the Battle of Trafalgar in the History of England. For him nothing could stale its infinite delightfulness. He had come up from Paisley to "Scotia's darling seat," as he chooses to call it, for a day or two, and, while there, wandered down the Canongate to visit Ferguson's grave, and to look on Holyrood with romantic remembrances of Mary, and the profoundest belief in the authenticity of Rizzio's blood-stains; spent an autumn day roaming about Roslin and Hawthornden; and in the afternoon, seated in the inn at Lasswade, he indited an epistle to Wilson, expressing the great pleasure he had derived from his "Noctes" and other writings, inclosing at the same time a copy of his poem, "The Birds of Scot-

land"—to him of fairer plumage and mellower note than those of any other land—and finally requesting the favour of an interview. "I would fain shake "hands with you, and thank you for "the many hours of pleasure," &c. &c. Wilson, with characteristic frankness, acceded to the request, and fixed day and hour. A manuscript book now before me, full of verses and scraps of letters, and with withered wild flowers, gathered years ago at Castlemilk and Kenmure Wood, inserted between the leaves, contains a copious account of the meeting and the conversation. After describing the half-terrified pause at the street-door, his alarming palpitation on ascending the stair, the manuscript book goes on: "Wilson was in his workshop "among his books, which were scattered "about in all directions, their bindings "for the most part 'scuffed,' and bearing "marks of having 'seen service.' He "sat in his easy chair, with a good stout "cudgel in his hand. Although the yel- "low hair, now silvered and thinned by "time, hung carelessly over his neck, "his manly features and high dome- "like head would have pointed out at "once the mighty Christopher. He is "becoming somewhat corpulent; and "when he threw himself back in his "chair, with one leg resting on the "other, he brought Shakespeare's worthy "Sir John forcibly to my mind." Wilson read over the poem, making comments as he went; that done, the conversation became strictly ornithological —the mottled breast of the thrush, the beauty of the water ouzel, as it jerks and twitters on the lichened stones beneath the waterfall, the song of the redbreast on grey autumn mornings, when the woods are shedding their yellow leaves, were discussed, and are reported at very considerable length. Then the talk diverged to Wordsworth. Wilson quoted the strain to Lucy—

> She dwelt among untrodden ways.

Macdonald, zealous for the honour of Scottish minstrelsy, conceived that the idea had been even more sweetly rendered by Tannahill, and repeated the verses—

> Yon mossy rosebud doon the browe
> Just opening fresh and bonnie,
> Blinks sweet aneath the hazel bough,
> Though scarcely seen by ony.
> Sae sweet amang her native hills
> Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
> Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
> The lass o' Arrenteenie.

The Professor agreed that it was beautifully expressed, and at least equal to Wordsworth's. "It will be *sung*, whereas the other will not," writes Macdonald sturdily. So for an hour and a half the talk flowed on of beast, and bird, and poet; and then the stranger retired, "with a heart running "over with gratitude, pride, and love to "the greatest mind I have ever met, or "in all likelihood ever will meet in this "world." Never was one man so utterly bound to another's chariot-wheels; and the whole matter is creditable alike to captive and enslaver.

Mr. Macdonald married a second time; and in the companionship of the excellent woman who now survives him, and with boys and girls growing up around his fireside, he enjoyed much domestic happiness. During these years his pen was busy with song and ballad. The greater proportion of these pieces saw the light in the columns of the *Glasgow Citizen*, then, as now, conducted by Mr. James Hedderwick, an accomplished journalist and poet of no mean order. The casual connexion of contributor and editor ripened into friendship, and in 1849 Mr. Macdonald was permanently engaged as Mr. Hedderwick's sub-editor. He was now occupied in congenial tasks, and a perfect gush of song followed this accession of leisure and opportunity. Sunshine and the scent of flowers seemed to have stolen into the weekly columns. You "smelt the meadow" in casual paragraph and editorial leader. His best verses were written at this time; and the subjoined extract from one, "Wee Anne o' Auchineden," with the earthy scent of mortality piercing through its sunshine, will exhibit of what tender stuff the man was made.

Thy mother's cheek was wet and pale,
And aft in sighs her words would fail,
When in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

That low sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar:
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

Blue curling reek on the breeze afloat,
Quiet hovered abune the snaw-white cot,
And strange wild-birds of eeriest note
Swept ever o'er Auchineden.

Sweet-scented nurslings o' sun and dew
In the bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie lock shilfa amang the leaves
Aft lilted to thee in the silent eves,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstained by the sorrow or sin o' years;
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancing burn:
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Anne o' Auchineden.

There is surely something very exquisite in the sad fluctuating music of these verses—irregular, like the footsteps of one who cannot see his way for tears.

Still more in prose than in verse did Mr. Macdonald at this period direct his energies; and he was happy enough to encounter a subject exactly suited to his powers and mental peculiarities. He was the most uncosmopolitan of mortals. He had the strongest local attachments. In his eyes Scotland was the fairest portion of the planet, Glasgow the fairest portion of Scotland, and Bridgeton—the district of the city in which he was born and in which he dwelt—the fairest portion of Glasgow. He would have shrieked like a mandrake at uprootal. He never would pass a night away from home. But he was a passionate lover of nature; and the snowdrop called him out of the smoke to Castlemilk, the sleepy lucken-gowan to Kenmure, the crawflower to Gleniffer. His heart clung to every ruin in the neighbourhood like the shrouding ivy; he was deeply learned in epitaphs, and spent many a sunny hour in village churchyards, extracting sweet and bitter thoughts from the half-obliterated inscriptions. Jaques, Izaak Walton, and Old Mortality rolled into one, he knew Lanarkshire, Renfrewshire, and Ayrshire by heart. Keenly sensible to natural beauty, and full of antiquarian knowledge, and in possession of a prose style singularly quaint, picturesque, and humorous, he began week by week in the columns of the *Citizen* the publication of his "Rambles around Glasgow." These sketches were read with avidity, and *Caleb*[1] became in Glasgow a well-known name. City people were astonished to find the country lying beyond the smoke was far from prosaic—that it had its traditions, its antiquities, its historical associations, and glens and waterfalls worthy of special excursions. These sketches were afterwards collected, and in their separate and more convenient form ran through two editions. No sooner were the "Rambles" completed than Caleb projected a new series of sketches, entitled "Days at the Coast," sketches which also appeared in the columns of a weekly newspaper. Mr. Macdonald's best writing is to be found in this book; several of the descriptive passages are really notable in their way. As we read, the white Firth of Clyde glitters before us, with snowy villages sitting on the green shores; Bute and the twin Cumbraes asleep in sunshine; and, beyond, a stream of lustrous and silvery vapour melting on the grisly Arran peaks. The publication of these sketches raised the reputation of their author; and, like the others, they received the honour of collection and a separate issue. But little more has to be said concerning Mr. Macdonald's literary activity. The early afternoon was already setting in. During the last eighteen months of his life, he was engaged on one of the Glasgow morning journals; and, when in its columns he rambled as of yore, it was with a com-

[1] The signature appended to the "Rambles."

paratively infirm step, and with an eye that had lost its interest and its lustre. "Nature never did betray the heart that "loved her;" and when the spring-time came, Macdonald, remembering all her former sweetness, journeyed for the last time to Castlemilk to see the snowdrops, for there of all their haunts in the west they come earliest and linger latest. It was a dying visit, an eternal farewell. They were gathered to their graves together. He was neither a great man nor a great poet in the ordinary senses of these terms; but since his removal there are perhaps some half-dozen persons in the world who feel that the "strange superfluous glory of the sum-"mer air" lacks something, and that, because an ear and an eye are gone, the colour of the flower is duller, the song of the bird less sweet, than it was in a time they can remember.

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

V.—MARY CHURCHILL TO THE DEAN.

Father, you bid me once more weigh
This Offer, ere I answer, nay.
Charles does me honour; but 'twere vain
To reconsider now again,
And so to doubt the clear-shown truth
I sought for, and received, when youth,
And vanity, and one whose love
Was lovely, woo'd me to remove
From Heav'n my heart's infixed root.
'Tis easiest to be absolute;
And I reject the name of Bride
From no conceit of saintly pride,
But dreading my infirmity,
And ignorance of how to be
Faithful, at once, to the heavenly life,
And the fond duties of a wife.
I narrow am, and want the art
To love two things with all my heart.
Occupied wholly in His search
Who, in the mysteries of the Church,
Returns, and calls them Clouds of Heaven,
I tread a road straight, hard, and even;
But fear to wander all confused,
By two-fold fealty abused.
I either should the one forget,
Or scantly pay the other's debt;
For still it seems to me I make
Love vain by adding "for His sake;"
Nay, at the very thought my breast
Is fill'd with anguish of unrest!
You bade me, Father, count the cost.
I have! and all that must be lost
I feel as only women can.
To live the Idol of some man,

And through the untender world to move
Wrapt safe in his superior love,
How sweet! And children, too: ah, there
Lies, if I dared to look, despair!
And the wife's happy, daily round
Of duties, and their narrow bound,
So plain that to transgress were hard,
Yet full of tangible reward;
Her charities, not marr'd like mine
With fears of thwarting laws divine;
The world's regards and just delight
In one so clearly, kindly right;
I've thought of all, and I endure,
Not without sharp regret be sure,
To give up life's glad certainty,
For what, perchance, may never be.
For nothing of my state I know
But that t'ward heaven I seem to go
As one who fondly landward hies
Along a deck that faster flies!
With every year, meantime, some grace
Of earthly happiness gives place
To humbling ills; the very charms
Of youth being counted henceforth harms;
To blush already seems absurd;
Nor know I whether I should herd
With girls or wives, or sadliest balk
Maids' merriment, or matrons' talk;
Nor are men's courtesies her dues
Who is not good for show nor use!
To crown these evils, I confess
That faith's terrestrial fruit is less
In joy and honour sensible
Than teachers of religion tell.
The bridal memories of the heart
Grow weaker, rising far apart.
My pray'rs will sudden pleasures move,
And heavenly heights of human love;
But, for the general, none the less,
Sordid and stifling narrowness,
Or worse vacuity, afflicts
The soul that much itself addicts
To sanctity in solitude,
Or serving the ingratitude
Of Christ's complete disguise, His Poor.
Straight is the way, narrow the door,
Howbeit, that leads to life! O'er late,
Besides, 'twere now to change my fate;
The world's delight my soul dejects,
Revenging all my disrespects,
Of old, with incapacity
To chime with even its harmless glee,
Which sounds, from fields beyond my range,
Like fairies' music, thin and strange.

With something like remorse, I grant
The world has beauty which I want,
And if, instead of judging it,
I at its Council chance to sit,
Or at its gay and order'd Feast,
My place is lower than the least,
The conscience of the life to be
Smites me with inefficiency,
And makes me all unfit to bless
With comfortable earthliness
The rest-desiring brain of man.
Finally, then, I fix my plan
To dwell with Him that dwells apart
In the highest heaven and lowliest heart.
Nor will I, to my utter loss,
Look to pluck roses from the Cross.
  As for the good of human love,
'Twere countercheck almost enough
To think that one must die before
The other! and perhaps 'tis more
In love's last interest to do
Nought the least contrary thereto,
Than to be blest, and be unjust,
Or suffer injustice; as they must,
Without a miracle, whose pact
Compels to intercourse and act
In mutual aim when darkness sleeps
Cold on the spirit's changeful deeps.
  Enough if, to my lonely share,
Fall gleams that keep me from despair.
Happy the things I here discern;
More happy those for which I yearn,
But measurelessly happy above
All else are those we know not of!

VI.—FELIX VAUGHAN TO HONORIA VAUGHAN.

  Dearest my Love and Wife, 'tis long
Ago I closed the unfinish'd Song
Which never could be finish'd; nor
Will ever Poet utter more
Of love than I did, watching well
To lure to speech the unspeakable!
"Why, having won her, do I woo?"
That final strain to the last height flew
Of written joy, which wants the smile
And voice that are, indeed, the while
They last, the very things you speak,
Dear Honor, who mak'st music weak
With ways that say, "Shall I not be
As kind to all as Heaven to me!"
And yet, ah, twenty times my Bride,
Rising, this twentieth festal-tide,

From you soft sleeping, on this day
Of days, some words I long to say,
Some words superfluously sweet
Of fresh assurance, thus to greet
Your waking eyes, which never grow
Weary of telling what I know,
So well, yet only well enough
To wish for further news, my Love!
  Here, in this latest August dawn,
By windows opening on the lawn,
Where shadows yet are sharp with night,
And sunshine seems asleep, though bright;
And, further on, the wealthy wheat
Bends in a golden drowse, how sweet
To sit, and cast my careless looks
Around my walls of well-read books,
Wherein is all that stands redeem'd
From Time's huge wreck, all men have dream'd
Of truth, and all by poets known
Of feeling, and in weak sort shown,
And, turning to my heart again,
To find therein what makes them vain,
The thanksgiving mind, which wisdom sums,
And you, whereby it freshly comes,
As on that morning, (can there be
Twenty-two years 'twixt it and me?)
When, thrill'd with hopeful love, I rose
And came in haste to Sarum Close,
Past many a homestead slumbering white
In lonely and pathetic light,
Merely to fancy which drawn-blind
Of thirteen had my Love behind,
And in her sacred neighbourhood
To feel that sweet scorn of all good
But her, which let the wise forefend
When wisdom learns to comprehend.
  Dearest, as each returning May
I see the season new and gay,
With new joy and astonishment,
And Nature's infinite ostent
Of lovely flowers in wood and mead
That weet not whether any heed,
So see I, daily wondering, you,
And worship with a passion new
The Heaven that visibly allows
Its grace to go about my house,
The partial Heaven that, though I err,
And mortal am, gave all to her
Who gave herself to me. Yet I
Boldly thank Heaven, (and so defy
The sackcloth sort of humbleness
Which fears God's bounty to confess,)
That I was fashion'd with a mind
Seeming for this great gift design'd,

So naturally it moved above
All sordid contraries of love,
Strengthen'd in youth with discipline
Of light, to follow the divine
Vision, (which ever to the dark
Is such a plague as was the ark
In Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron,) still
Discerning, with the docile will
Which comes of full-persuaded thought,
That intimacy in love is nought
Without pure reverence, whereas this,
In tearfullest banishment, is bliss.
For which cause, dear Honoria, I
Have never learn'd the weary sigh
Of those that to their love-feasts went,
Fed, and forgot the Sacrament,
And not a trifle now occurs,
But sweet initiation stirs
Of new-discover'd joy, and lends
To feeling change that never ends;
And duties, which the many irk,
Are made all wages and no work.
How sing of such things save to her,
Love's self, so love's interpreter!
How the supreme rewards confess
Which crown the austere voluptuousness
Of heart, that earns, in midst of wealth,
The appetite of want and health;
Relinquishes the pomp of life
And beauty to the pleasant wife
At home, and does all joy despise
As out of place but in her eyes?
And, ah, how tell of love that glows
The lovelier for the fading rose?
Of weakness which can weight the arm
To lean with thrice its girlish charm?
Of grace which, like this autumn day,
Is not the sad one of decay,
Yet one whose pale brow pondereth
The far-off majesty of death?
How tell the crowd, whom passion rends,
That love grows mild as it ascends?
That joy's most high and distant mood
Is lost, not found, in dancing blood?
Yet that embraces, kisses, sighs,
And all those fond realities
Which are love's words, in us mean more
Delight than twenty years before?
Fancy how men would make their mirth
Over an Epic of the Hearth,
Its high, eventful passages
Consisting, say, of scenes like these:—
One morning, contrary to law,
Which, for the most, we held in awe,

Commanding either not to intrude
On the other's place of solitude,
Or solitary mind, for fear
Of coming there when God was near,
And finding so what should be known
To Him who is merciful alone,
And views the working ferment base
Of sleeping flesh and waking grace,
Not as we view, our kindness check'd
By likeness of our own defect,
I, rashly entering her room,
Beauty's at once and Virtue's loom,
Mark'd, here, across a careless chair,
A ball-dress flung, as light as air,
And here, beside a silken couch,
Pillows which did the pressure vouch
Of pious knees, (sweet piety!
Of goodness made and charity,
If gay looks told the heart's glad sense,
Much rather than of penitence,)
And, on the couch, an open book,
And written list—I did not look,
Yet just in her clear writing caught:
"Habitual faults of life and thought
"Which most I need deliverance from."
I turn'd aside, and saw her come
Along the filbert-shaded way,
Illustrious with her usual gay
Hypocrisy of perfectness,
Which made her heart, and mine no less,
So happy! And she cried to me,
"You lose by breaking rules, you see!
"Your treat to-night is now half gone
"Of seeing my new ball-dress on."
And meeting so my lovely wife,
A passing pang to think that life
Was mortal, when I saw her laugh,
Shaped in my mind this epitaph:
"Faults had she, child of Adam's stem,
"But only Heaven knew of them."
Or thus:
Through female fraud intense,
Or the good luck of innocence,
Or both, my wife, with whom I plan
To spend calm evenings when I can,
After the chattering girls and boys
Are gone, or the less grateful noise
Is over, of grown tongues that chime
Untruly, once upon a time
Prevail'd with me to change my mind
Of reading out how Rosalind
In Arden jested, and to go
Where people, whom I ought to know,
She said, would meet that night. And I

Who thought in secret, "I will try
"Some dish more sharply sauced than this
"Milk-soup men call domestic bliss,"
Took, as she, laughing, bade me take
Our eldest boy's brown Wide-awake
And straw box of cigars, and went
Where, like a careless parliament
Of gods Olympic, six or eight,
Authors and else, reputed great,
Were met in council jocular
On many things, pursuing far
Truth, only for the chace's glow,
Quick as they caught her letting go,
Or, when at fault the view-halloo,
Playing about the missing clue.
And coarse jests came, "But gods are coarse,"
Thought I, yet not without remorse,
While memory of the gentle words,
Wife, mother, sister, flash'd like swords.
And so, after two hours of wit,
That left a hole where'er it hit,
I said I would not stay to sup,
Because my wife was sitting up,
And walk'd home with a sense that I
Was no match for that company.
Smelling of smoke, which, always kind,
Honoria said she did not mind;
I sipp'd her tea, saw baby scold,
And finger at the muslin fold,
Through which he push'd his nose at last,
And choked and chuckled, feeding fast;
And, he asleep and sent upstairs,
I rang the servants in to prayers,
And after told what men of fame
Had urged 'gainst this and that. "For shame!'
She said, but argument show'd not.
"If I had answered thus," I thought,
"'Twould not have pass'd for very wise.
"But I have not her voice and eyes!
"Howe'er it be, I'm glad of home,
"Yea, very glad at heart to come
"From clatter of those clever daws,
"Profaning love, confusing laws,
"To lean a happy head upon
"The bosom of my simple swan."
Or thus:
For many a dreadful day,
In sea-side lodgings sick she lay,
Noteless of love, nor seem'd to hear
The sea, on one side, tumbling near;
Nor, on the other, the loud Ball
Held nightly in the public hall;
Nor vex'd they my short slumbers, though
I woke up if she breathed too low.

Thus, for three months, with terrors rife,
The pending of her precious life
I watch'd o'er; and the danger, at last,
The kind physician said, was past.
Howbeit, for seven harsh weeks, the East
Breathed witheringly, and Spring's growth ceased.
And so she only did not die;
Until the bright and blighting sky
Changed into cloud, and the sick flowers
Remember'd their perfumes, and showers
Of warm, small rain refreshing flew
Before the South, and the Park grew,
In three nights, thick with green. Then she
Revived no less than flower and tree,
In the mild air, and the fourth day
Look'd supernaturally gay
With large, thanksgiving eyes, that shone,
The while I tied her bonnet on,
So that I led her to the glass
And bade her see how fair she was,
And how love visibly could shine.
Profuse of her's, desiring mine,
And mindful I had loved her most
When beauty seem'd a vanish'd boast,
She laugh'd. I press'd her then to me,
Nothing but soft humility;
Nor e'er enhanced she with such charms
Her acquiescence in my arms.
And, by her sweet love-weakness made
Courageous, powerful, and glad,
In the superiority
Of heavenly affection I
Perceived that perfect love was all
The same as to be rational,
And that the mind and heart thereof,
Which think they cannot do enough,
Are truly the everlasting doors
Wherethrough, all unpetition'd, pours
The eternal pleasaunce. Wherefore we
Had innermost tranquillity,
And breathed one life with such a sense
Of friendship and of confidence
That, recollecting the sure word,
"If two of you are in accord,
"On earth, as touching any boon
"Which ye shall ask, it shall be done
"In heaven," we asked that heaven's bliss
Might ne'er be any less than this;
And, for that hour, we seem'd to have
The secret of the joy we gave.
How sing of such things save to her,
Love's self, so love's interpreter!
How read from such a homely page
In the ear of this unhomely age!

'Tis now as when the Prophet cried,
" The Nation hast Thou multiplied,
" But Thou hast not increased the joy!"
And yet, ere wrath or rot destroy
Of England's state the ruin fair,
O, might I so its charm declare
That, in new Lands, in far-off years,
Delighted, he should cry that hears:
" Great is the Land that somewhat best
" Works, to the wonder of the rest!
" We, in our day, have better done
" This thing or that than any one;
" And who but, still admiring, sees
" How excellent for images
" Was Greece, for laws how wise was Rome:
" But read this Poet, and say if home
" And private love did e'er so smile
" As in that ancient British Isle!"

VII.—LADY CLITHEROE TO MRS. GRAHAM.

My dearest Aunt, the Wedding-day,
But for Jane's loss, and you away,
Was all a Bride from heaven could beg!
Skies, bluer than the sparrow's egg,
And clearer than the cuckoo's call;
And such a sun, the flowers all
With double ardour seem'd to blow!
The very daisies were a show,
Expanded with uncommon pride,
Like little pictures of the Bride.
Your Great-niece and your Grandson were
Perfection of a pretty pair.
John, as from church they came away,
Seem'd finest part of the fine day;
And Emily, having sign'd the bond
By her, sweet Innocence, unconn'd,
Look'd thenceforth, did she smile or weep,
Like Love's self walking in his sleep.
How well Honoria's girls turn out,
Although they never go about!
Dear me, what trouble and expense
It took to give mine confidence.
Hers greet mankind, as I've heard say
That wild things do, where beasts of prey
Were never known, nor any men
Have met their fearless eyes till then.
Their grave, inquiring trust to find
All creatures of their simple kind
Quite disconcerts bold coxcombry,
And makes less perfect candour shy.
Bred to their parents' courtly style,
The trick of an admiring smile

Is lost; and flatteries less sincere
And authorised than theirs, they hear
Unmoved, like solemn little queens,
Nor even wonder what it means.
  Our Bride was never once from home!
So, when John carries her to Rome,
Thereafter she will have a dim
Idea that Rome is part of him!
Of course he knows that! Folks may scoff,
But how your home-kept girls go off!
Young men, I do find more and more,
Are not the fools we take them for;
And Hymen hastens to unband
The waist that ne'er felt waltzer's hand.
At last I see my Sister's right,
And I've told Maude, this very night,
(But oh, my daughters have such wills!)
To knit, and only dance quadrilles.
  You say Fred never writes to you
Frankly, as once he used to do,
About himself, and you complain
He shared with none his grief for Jane.
Ah, dear Aunt, that's the way with men.
I've often noticed it! But then
It all comes of the foolish fright
They're in at the word, hypocrite.
Sooner than inconsistent seem,
I've heard a young male Saint blaspheme!
And though, when first in love, sometimes
They rave in letters, talk, and rhymes,
When once they find, as find they must,
How hard 'tis to be hourly just
To those they love, they are dumb for shame,
Where we, you see, rave on the same.
And his reserve, perhaps, is none
The less that Jane is dead and gone.
  Honoria, to whose heart alone
He seems to open all his own,
At times has tears in her kind eyes
After their private colloquies.
I should have fancied, but for this,
That time had heal'd that grief of his.
Frederick's was not a lively way
Ever, but ne'er more nearly gay.
The Vaughans have had his children here
The best part of the mourning-year,
And he comes with them, when he can.
I think I never knew a man
So popular! Howbeit he moves
My spleen by his impartial loves.
He's happy from some inner spring,
Depending not on anything.
Petting our Polly, none e'er smiled
More fondly on his favourite child;

Yet, playing with his own, it is
With smiles as if it were not his!
He means to go again to sea,
Now that the wedding's over. "He
"And his two babies can't be nurst
"Of course for ever at the Hurst,"
He says to Vaughan, (who, all his life,
Has loved the lovers of his wife;)
And, having been so used to roam,
He finds that, by himself, at home
There's scarcely space to breathe. Then, soon
After the finished honeymoon,
He'll give to Emily and John
The little ones to practise on;
And major-domo Mrs. Rouse,
A dear old soul from Ashfield House,
Will scold the housemaids and the cook,
Till Emily has learn'd to look
A little braver than a lamb
Surprised by dogs without its dam!
Do, dear Aunt, use your influence,
And try to put some good plain sense
Into my sister Mary, who
I hear intends to visit you
This Autumn. 'Tis not yet too late
To make her change her chosen state
Of single foolishness. In truth,
I fancy that, with fading youth,
Her own will wavers! Yesterday,
Though, till the Bride was gone away,
Joy shone from Mary's loving heart,
I found her afterwards apart,
Hysterically sobbing: I
Knew much too well to ask her why.
This marrying of Nieces daunts
The bravest souls of Maiden Aunts.
Though sister's children often blend
Sweetly the bonds of Child and Friend,
They are but reeds to rest upon.
When Emily comes back with John,
Her right to go downstairs before
Aunt Mary will but be the more
Observed if kindly waived, and how
Shall these be as they were, when now
Niece has her John, and Aunt the sense
Of her superior innocence!
Somehow, all loves, however fond,
Prove lieges of the nuptial bond;
And she who dares at this to scoff,
Finds all the rest, in time, drop off;
While marriage, like a mushroom-ring,
Spreads its sure circle every Spring.
She twice refused George Vane, you know;
Yet, when he died three years ago

In the Indian war, she put on grey,
And wears no colours to this day.
And she it is who charges *me*,
Dear Aunt, with inconsistency!
You heard we lost poor Mr. Vere.
Mary's pet Parson now is here,
Who preaches, morn and evening too,
On worldliness, towards my pew.
I daren't think "Nonsense!" though I've tried,
Because the Devil's on his side.
Now dear Papa goes murmuring on,
"Love one another!" like Saint John.
What happens if we disobey
He will not positively say;
Which leaves, you see, the advantage quite
With him who puts one in a fright.

VIII.—LADY CLITHEROE TO EMILY GRAHAM.

My dearest Niece, I'm glad to hear
The scenery's fine at Windermere,
And charm'd a six-weeks' wife defers
In the least to wisdom not yet hers.
But, Child, I've no advice to give!
Rules do but make it hard to live.
And where's the good of having been
Well-taught from seven to seventeen,
If, married, you may not leave off
At last, and say, "I'm good enough!"
Neglect your mind! Folly's to that,
What, to the figure, is the fat.
We know, however wise by rule,
Woman is still by nature fool;
And men have sense to like her all
The more when she is natural.
'Tis true that, if we choose, we can
Mock to a miracle the man;
But iron in the fire red-hot,
Though 'tis the heat, the fire 'tis not.
And who, for a mere sham, would pledge
The babe's and woman's privilege:
No duties and a thousand rights?
Besides, defect love's flow incites,
As water in a well will come
Only the while 'tis drawn therefrom.
"*Point de culte sans mystère*," you say,
"And what if that should die away?"
Child, never fear that either could
Pull from Saint Cupid's face the hood!
The follies natural to each
Surpass the other's mental reach.
Just think how men, with sword and gun,
Will really fight, and never run;
And all in jest; for they'd have died,

For sixpence more, on the other side!
A woman's heart must ever warm
At such odd ways; and, so, we charm
By strangeness which, the more they mark,
The more men get into the dark.
The marvel, by familiar life,
Grows, and attaches to the wife,
By whom it grows. Thus, silly Girl,
To John you'll always be the pearl
In the oyster of the universe;
And though, in time, he'll treat you worse,
He'll love you more, you need not doubt,
And never, never find you out!
Not that I'd have you e'er let fall
A decent ceremonial;
But only don't be cowardly,
And half afraid to eat, if he
Is looking. As 'tis own'd by men
They never were so blest as when
They paid us their attentions, 'twill
Be wise to make John pay them still.
The proper study of mankind
Is woman; for an idle mind
Calls simple what the studious well
Perceives to be inscrutable.
My Dear, I know that dreadful thought
That you've been kinder than you ought!
You almost hate him! But, my Pet,
'Tis wonderful how men forget,
And how a merciful Providence
Deprives our husbands of all sense
Of kindness past, and makes them deem
We always were what now we seem!
For their own sakes, we must, you know,
However plain the way we go,
Still make it strange with stratagem,
And instinct tells us that, to them,
It's always right to bate their price.
Yet I must say they're rather nice,
And, oh, so easily taken in,
To cheat them almost seems a sin!
If a wife cries, a man thinks this
Really shows something is amiss!
And, Dearest, 'twould be most unfair
T'ward John, your feelings to compare
With his or any man's; for she
Who loves at all loves always, he
Who loves far more, loves yet by fits,
And when the wayward wind remits
To blow, his feelings faint and drop,
Like forge-flames when the bellows stop.
Such things don't trouble you at all
When once you know they're natural!
And as for getting old, my Dear,

If you're but prudent, year by year
He'll find some far-fetch'd cause the more
To think you sweeter than before!
My birth-day (for an instance take),
As I was looking in the Lake,
Studious if black would best subdue
The red in my nose, or black with blue;
Your Uncle, in his loftiest mode,
Assured me that my face ne'er glow'd
With such a handsome health! And yet,
As you, I doubt not, know, my Pet,
Albeit we never quarrel, we
Maltreat each other constantly!
And, by the way, this is a fact
On which in season you may act:
Where two are all, 'tis hard for half
To fight! He, when I scold, will laugh
Till I laugh with him. If 'tis I
Am scolded, I have but to cry.
Talk breaks no bones, if only one
Waits till the other has quite done.
  My love to John! And pray, my Dear,
Don't let me see you for a year;
Unless, indeed, ere then you've learn'd
That Beauties, wed, are blossoms turn'd
To unripe codlings, meant to dwell
In modest shadow hidden well,
Till this green stage again permute
To glow of flowers, with good of fruit.
I will not have my patience tried
By your absurd, new-married pride,
That scorns the world's slow gather'd sense;
Ties up the hands of Providence;
Rules babes, before there's hope of one,
Better than mothers e'er have done;
And, for your poor particular,
Neglects delights and graces far
Beyond your crude and thin conceit.
Age has romance almost as sweet,
And much more generous than this
Of your's and John's! With all the bliss
Of the evenings when you coo'd with him,
And upset home for your sole whim,
You might have envied, were you wise,
The tears within your Mother's eyes,
Which, I dare say, you did not see.
But let that pass! Your's yet will be,
I hope, as happy, kind, and true
As lives which now seem void to you.
Have you not seen house-painters paste
Their gold in sheets, then rub to waste
Full half, and, lo, you read the name?
Well, Time, my Dear, does much the same
With this unmeaning glare of love.

But, though you yet may much improve,
In marriage be it still confess'd
There's not much merit at the best.
Some half-a-dozen lives, indeed,
Which else would not have had the need,
Get food and nurture, as the price
Of ante-dated Paradise ;
But what's that to the varied want
Succour'd by Mary, your dear Aunt,
Who put the bridal crown thrice by,
For that of which virginity,
So used, has hope. She sends her love,
As usual with a proof thereof—
Papa's Discourse, which you, no doubt,
Heard none of, neatly copied out
Whilst we were dancing. All are well.
Adieu, for there's the Luncheon Bell.

(*To be continued.*)

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.[1]

BY HENRY SIDGWICK.

In the cluster of great writers who were swept from the world in the fatal year 1859, Alexis de Tocqueville holds a distinguished place. Perhaps there is no foreign author of this century whose works have been received in England with so universal an echo of applause and assent. His first and only complete work—the "Democracy in America"—was, from the nature of its subject, one which especially excited English interest and appealed to English judgment: and the unique and strongly defined position which he occupies, as a political thinker, in France, gives him at once a peculiar value as a teacher for us, and a peculiar claim on our sympathy. He himself ever manifested a more than stranger's interest for England, where, as his correspondence will show, he had many friends: his admiration for our institutions and character was no mere theoretic enthusiasm, but was founded on a close acquaintance and a temperate appreciation of our merits and faults alike: and he attached so much importance to the estimate formed in England of his writings, that in one letter he speaks of her as "almost a second fatherland intellectually." It was only a fit testimony to these close relations, that English voices should join in the tribute of regret paid by his countrymen to his memory.

The recent publication, by M. Gustave de Beaumont, of his friend's remains, has been the signal for some utterances of English feeling. M. Beaumont's collection has been received, both in France and in England, with an eagerness fully merited. In the case of a man who wrote so little and so carefully as Tocqueville, the few fragments left behind unpublished are of peculiar value; while the letters that M. Beaumont has given to the world seem to have been selected and arranged with skill and good taste; and the short memoir which forms a prelude to the collection is gracefully written, and shows an enlightened appreciation of Tocqueville's character, as well literary as personal.

The faults of the work are chiefly

[1] "Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated from the French by the Translator of *Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph*. With large additions. Two vols. Macmillan & Co. Cambridge and London.

those of omission. In the first place, I think M. de Beaumont's refusal to publish anything that has not received the author's last touches, displays an excessive scrupulousness, an exaggerated sensitiveness for his friend's fame. It is tantalizing to learn how large and how valuable a portion of the fruits of Tocqueville's studies is kept from us for this reason. When we read those letters of Tocqueville, in which we are admitted, as it were, into his literary workshop; when we see the eager determination with which he ensures his originality, the laborious patience with which he gathers his ideas one by one in their native soil; we feel that thoughts so slowly and carefully obtained ought not lightly to be withheld from the world, because they have not been completely arranged and polished. M. Beaumont himself notices how he "observed much and noted little;" how rarely he found himself mistaken in those original notes; how rarely he did more than develop them; how frequently they were incorporated verbatim into the substance of the ultimate work. We cannot but regret that these cogent reasons did not induce his editor to modify his rigid resolution.

Nor is the brief memoir prefixed to the collection quite satisfactory. The sketch is flowing and interesting; the indications of character good as far as they go; the criticisms of Tocqueville's writings just and appropriate. But M. Beaumont does not show us the man himself at all; he envelopes him in a veil of vague phrases and general expressions of praise, which leave no idea behind. He tells us, for instance, that "the striking features of Tocqueville's "political life are firmness combined "with moderation, and moral greatness "combined with ambition." Is not this worthy of Sir Archibald Alison?

There is another omission, for which, however, no blame is due to M. Beaumont. The political life of Tocqueville, which began in 1840, and died at the death of French liberty, could necessarily only be sketched with the faintest touches. To have gone into detail with reference to the earlier part would have been, as M. Beaumont says, to revive antagonisms now buried in a common mourning; while a more definite and obvious restraint compels the curtailing of the more recent letters. This forced imperfection in the picture is strongly felt. For, whether in public life or not, Tocqueville was eminently a politician. His patriotism was no intermittent enthusiasm, no latent fire—it was the guiding principle of his whole life. His sole profession was to devote the rare powers of thought that nature had bestowed on him to his country's service.

Fortunately this omission has been to a great extent supplied in the English translation, recently published, of M. Beaumont's book. This translation is enriched with several new fragments of correspondence, and some valuable extracts from the journal of Mr. Senior, one of Tocqueville's numerous English friends. Besides filling up the blank we have mentioned, these additions serve another important end; they give us the *talk* of Tocqueville to compare with his writings. Both are marked by exactly the same traits; the same eager activity of mind; the same energetic originality; that rich fertility in epigrams, which is not uncommon among the countrymen of Voltaire, but which in Tocqueville was kept in perfect restraint, so that the pointed phrase always served to make some truth more clear and impressive. Indeed he might himself have adopted a boast of Voltaire's that he quotes, "Madame, je n'ai jamais fait une phrase de ma vie;" so free and natural are his most piquant sayings. That rare faculty of illustration, that fixes in the memory so many isolated passages in his writings, shows even more exuberantly in his conversation; while the rapidity with which his clear and ready mind seized every new fact, to systematize and generalize, contrasts well with the patient soberness of judgment that kept sifting and examining his first conclusions, till it evolved that calm and lucid exposition of causes and effects which his books contain.

The difficulties of translation, in respect of the letters, have been well overcome by the English translator. It is always a bold undertaking to translate French memoirs or correspondence, as the French language is so peculiarly adapted by nature to this kind of composition. And Tocqueville's style is one that brings into play all the resources of his native tongue. The more we examine any of his most careless effusions, the more we are struck with the exactness and subtlety of his expressions: we feel the difficulty of altering any of them without spoiling the sense. It must have cost more trouble than appears on the surface to preserve so much of their character in an English dress.

I have said enough to show my admiration for these letters. Indeed they seem to me to bear comparison in most respects with any similar collection, ancient or modern. They bear testimony to the truth of the old saying, "that politeness is but the best expression of true feeling." The warm affection that breathes in them shows beautifully through the dress of delicate compliment, varied by most genial humour, in which it is clothed. M. Beaumont observes on "the immense space that friendship occupied in his life." The same fact will strike every reader of the letters. Tocqueville's heart and mind shared the same restless activity. He could not, therefore, be happy without a wide field of personal relations. It was as impossible for him to rest satisfied with that abstract philanthropy, which, absorbed in plans for the general good, neglects individual ties, as it was to assent to the "modern realism" (as he called it), which ignores all individual rights in behalf of the general utility of society. His hatred of this tendency seems to spring from a one-sided experience, and one may feel it exaggerated; but he calls it himself one of his "central opinions," and it was curiously in harmony with many others of his ways of feeling and thinking. Another thing that strikes one in the correspondence is the perfection with which he adapts both matter and style, apparently without effort, to suit correspondents of the most various opinions, and the most various degrees of intellectual culture. A comparison of the two first series of letters in the book, those to his two oldest friends, Louis de Kergorlay and Alexis Stoffels, will afford an excellent example of this. At the same time this happy versatility never involves the sacrifice of the smallest tittle of his individual convictions. A sensitive hatred of insincerity is one of the most marked features of his character. "You "know," he writes to M. de Corcelle, "that I set a particular value on your "friendship. . . . I have always found "that you believed what you said, and felt "what you expressed. This alone would "have been enough to distinguish you "from others." The same sentiment recurs in more than one of his letters. He expresses his general feeling on the point in a letter to Madame Swetchine, —warmly, but with his usual avoidance of exaggeration. "I am not one of "those," he writes, "who think all men "false and treacherous. Many people "are sincere in important affairs and on "great occasions, but scarcely any are "so in the trifles of every day. Scarcely "any exhibit their true feelings, but "merely those which they think useful "or popular; scarcely any, in ordinary "conversation, seek and express their "real opinions, instead of searching for "what will sound ingenious or clever. "This is the kind of sincerity which is "rare—particularly, I must say, among "women and in drawing-rooms, where "even kindness has its artifices." Sincerity, such as he here longs for, was not merely a principle with Tocqueville, it was a necessity. Without it, correspondence would have lost its whole charm for him. There are two or three letters in which he endeavours to smooth away, if possible, the dissent which some opinion of his has evoked. Here we see the eager desire for sympathy combined with the resolution not to modify or disguise his sentiments in the smallest point. In compositions of all kinds, description as well as dissertation, this

love of truth is paramount with him. He complains that "people say the ruins "of Pæstum stand in the midst of a "desert; whereas their site is nothing "more than a miserable, badly-cultivated "country, decaying like the temples "themselves! Men always insist on "adorning truth instead of describing "it. Even M. de Chateaubriand has "painted the real wilderness in false "colours." His own "Fortnight in the Wilderness" will interest even those who are sated with pictures of wild life. The fire and vivacity, the susceptible imagination and the keen observation, may be met with elsewhere; but hardly ever controlled by a reason so sober and truthful, or enlightened by such breadth of view.

When, however, in analysing the picture of character which Tocqueville's letters leave upon my mind, I try to seize the ground-colour that gives the tone to the whole, it seems to me to consist in a child-like elevation of feeling. In one passage of the memoir, M. de Beaumont observes that "intel-"lectual superiority would hardly be "worth having if the moral feelings and "the character were to remain at the "ordinary level." This outburst of naïf enthusiasm strikes one as almost comic, in the mouth of an elderly politician; but it suits Tocqueville exactly. The lofty moral ideal, which in the case of so many men shines clearly in youth, and then gradually fades away before the commonplaces of practical life, exercised over Tocqueville a perpetual and harmonious influence. This seems to have been partly due to the delicate balance that he always preserved between reason and feeling. Neither enthusiasm, passion, nor vanity, of all which he had his fair share, ever hindered him from seeing things exactly as they were; and this striking soberness of judgment protected his youthful enthusiasm, and prevented it from being too rudely shaken by a contact with the realities of the world. Consequently, his letters indicate remarkably little development of character, considering the period over which they extend; and what little they do show is very calm and equable. Nor is there any exaggerated mock-maturity in his youthful wisdom, or forced vivacity in the outbursts of his later years. We see, indeed, that his unbounded ambition—that promethean fire which is needed to impel the most finely compounded characters into proper action—was calmed gradually into a quieter and more hidden feeling; yet even this ambition had never made him overestimate the success towards which it strove. He writes at the age of thirty to his most intimate friend, "As I "advance in life, I see it more and more "from the point of view which I used "to fancy belonged to the enthusiasm "of early youth, as a thing of very "mediocre worth, valuable only as far "as one can employ it in doing one's "duty in serving men, and in taking "one's fit place among them." And, fifteen years later, he writes to M. de Beaumont: "I consoled myself by "thinking that, if I had to live this "quarter of a century over again, I "should not on the whole act very dif-"ferently. I should try to avoid many "trifling errors, and many undoubted "follies; but as to the bulk of my ideas, "sentiments, and even actions, I should "make no change. I also remarked "how little alteration there was in my "views of men in general during all "these years. Much is said about the "dreams of youth, and the awaking of "mature age. I have not noticed this "in myself. I was from the first struck "by the vices and weaknesses of man-"kind; and, as to the good qualities "which I then attributed to them, I "must say that I still find them much "the same." It is truly refreshing to us whose ears are filled with the painful cynicism of premature experience, to find that even now, to some favoured souls, is granted the privilege of perpetual youth.

If any lack of interest should be felt in these letters, it will be, I think, from a cause which is not altogether a defect. There are no shadows, in one sense, in the picture. It is all clear sunshine in

Tocqueville's life, both inner and outer. The perfect healthiness of his nature excludes the charm that is sometimes derived from an element of morbidity. But one may also say with truth, that there is a want of depth. Perhaps the most interesting element in the lives of great thinkers is their imperfect utterance of deep truths only half-grasped; their consciousness of enveloping mystery and darkness, into which the light that shines from them throws only dim suggestive rays. We find nothing of this in Tocqueville. "Shallow" and "superficial" are the last epithets that could be applied; and yet we cannot call him profound, either in character or intellect. Earnest as he was in the search after truth, he was destitute of one power, necessary in the pursuit of the highest truth; he could not endure to doubt. M. Beaumont extracts from his early notes this remarkable passage: "If I were desired to classify human "miseries I should do so in this "order:—

"1. Sickness.
"2. Death.
"3. Doubt."

In respect, therefore, of the deepest interests of humanity he was content to be guided. He was devoutly attached to Romanism; but rather from the felt necessity of having a religion, than from a deliberate conviction in favour of the particular creed. He had acutely observed some of the more particular mutual influences of religions and forms of government; but his remarks on the more general relations of religion to humanity seem to me to constitute the weakest part of his writings. To metaphysics he had a dislike which he frequently shows. He sends M. de Corcelle a copy of Aristotle, with the remark that it is "much too Greek to suit him;" and in the second part of his "Democracy in America" we can detect, here and there, that his acquaintance with philosophy is somewhat superficial. It is no contradiction to this, that Tocqueville displays considerable skill in psychological analysis. He shows the same superiority in everything that depends only or chiefly on individual observation and reflection. His insight was always both keen and wide, his analysis both ingenious and sound; but systematic abstract thought was not to his taste, and he never pursued it with his full energy. We may sum up much by saying that Tocqueville applied to the study of politics a mind that, both in its merits and in its defects, was of the scientific rather than the philosophic kind. We notice in him many traits peculiar to students of physics. Thus, he early chose and always adhered to a special and definite subject of study; his method was purely inductive; he always went straight to the original documents, which formed, as it were, the matter whose laws he was investigating; he wrote down only the results of long and laborious observation; and these results were again rigorously winnowed before they saw the light. "For one book he published," says M. Beaumont, "he wrote ten." And this is corroborated by the glimpses into his laboratory that his letters from time to time allow. Thus, at the outset of his preparation for his last work, he says, "I investigate, I experimentalize: "I try to grasp the facts more closely "than has yet been attempted, and to "wring out of them the general truths "which they contain." And again, three years later: "I make the utmost "efforts to ascertain, from contemporary "evidence, what really happened; and "often spend great labour in discovering "what was ready to my hand. When "I have gathered in this toilsome har-"vest, I retire, as it were, into myself: "I examine with extreme care, collate "and connect the notions which I have "acquired, and simply give the result." As an example of his conscientious labour, I may mention that he learnt the German language at the age of fifty, read several German books, and travelled in Germany for some months, for the sake of obtaining information which he compressed into a few paragraphs of his "Ancien Régime." While taxing thus the resources of his observation to the utmost, he depended upon it too en-

tirely; his avoidance of other writers on his own subject caused him, as he allows, great waste of power; his treatment of economical questions strikes one often as too empirical and tentative; political economy, when he first wrote, had not taken rank as a true science, and his was not the mind to labour at systematizing and correcting a mass of alien generalizations. But, while this diminishes occasionally the intrinsic value of his speculations, it adds to the harmonious freshness of his writings; and, his observation being unerring, his most hasty generalizations are always partially true.

The writings of Tocqueville mark an era in the study of political science. Hitherto writers on this subject have laboured under defects of two different kinds. Their science was only struggling into birth, and their own insight was rarely clear from the mists of partiality. For a long time, it is true, the study of man will lag far behind the study of nature, but Tocqueville's books indicate a transition to a better phase. The pioneers in the van of all sciences will be men rather of a strong imagination than a sober reason; they have need of the former to fight the various obstacles that an unknown country presents. Consequently, their view will be wide and indefinite; their assertions confused, yet violent; they will not be content to trace the development of a few principles out of many, but they will make their own poverty the measure of Nature's variety, and group all the facts they meet with round the few principles they have strongly grasped. Such men are necessary to make the first move in any science, but they must pass away and give place to others. The early Greek physicists, the founders of science, bear, of course, this character. In the study of external nature we have now attained to a learned modesty which smiles at their ignorant rashness; but in the more difficult study of man we are still taught by thinkers who, for hastiness of generalization and audacity of assertion may be compared to the well-known Greek philosopher, who held that "all things were made of water."

But what has most hampered political thinkers in all ages is the little free play that has been allowed to their intellects, by passion, prejudice, and interest. These have warped unconsciously the speculations of the nobler souls, and consciously those of the ignobler. Not that the slavery has been complete; but the extraneous influence has fixed in the field of inquiry impassable limits and unassailable posts. Where men have overcome the promptings of selfishness, they have been unable to throw off early beliefs, cramped by the narrowness of a caste: or they have fallen into the equally fatal bondage of a violent reaction from these beliefs. In the latter case, however, where the restraints have been merely negative, where the reason of men has been free to choose anything *except* certain received opinions, the philosophy of politics has always made greater progress. This was the case with the French philosophers, who preceded '89. The natural wildness of awakening speculation was enhanced by their negative position, their sweeping antagonism to an effete system. This extravagance, however, will always be gradually corrected, either by the bitter teachings of experience, or less painfully by the progress of science, and the bloodless contests of the pen. The first half-discoverer of a truth is apt to shout out arrogantly his half-discovery; his successor, to equal enthusiasm, joins greater modesty of assertion. Not that the cast-off chimeras fall immediately to the ground; but they are taken by men of inferior intellect, and with smaller following. In freedom, however, from the defects I have noticed, Tocqueville has out-stripped his age, and his works will long remain models both in style and matter. They are not made to strike or startle, but they powerfully absorb the attention, and convince the reason. Their excellence often conceals their originality; the perfect arrangement of facts makes the conclusions drawn from them appear to lie on the surface; the ideas are so carefully explained, defined,

and disentangled, the arguments are strained so clear, that we are cheated into the belief that we should have thought the same ourselves, if we had happened to develop our views on the subject. Thus conviction steals in unawares, and it is only by carefully comparing our views before and after perusal that we find how much we have gained.

Tocqueville may be considered from another point of view as an embodiment of the spirit of the age. As civilization progresses, unless patriotism decays, the votaries of political science will increase very rapidly in number. Not only will the men think who are thinkers by nature, but the men of action will be forced into the study of first principles. As the barriers between castes are effaced, and national prejudices fade before increasing mutual communication, every honest and sincere patriot will find it more and more impossible to submit, in any degree whatsoever, to political leading-strings. If he is without independence of mind, he will become a disciple; if he possesses it, he will study widely and impartially for himself. In any case he will not be the partisan he would in another age have been. The bent of Tocqueville's mind was eminently practical and patriotic: he did not enter into study so much for the sake of abstract truth, as for the sake of his country. He was an aristocrat by birth and sentiment, whose education and experience had enabled him to get rid of aristocratic prejudices without contracting opposite ones. His impressible mind had early conceived a strong enthusiasm for liberty; and his common sense accepted social equality as inevitable. His unique position is due to his clear discrimination between the two, liberty and equality; between the motives for which they are sought, and the results that follow their attainment. He was one of the first to tear the sophism that the tyranny of the majority is freedom, and the sophism that popular election of an omnipotent government constitutes the government of the people. But this article is not the place for an analysis of Tocqueville's writings, and without such an analysis I could not do justice to his opinions on this subject—for the investigation of the mutual relations of liberty and equality occupied the whole of his literary life; it forms the guiding thread of both his books.

Before the time comes for writing the history of the period of Tocqueville's public life, we may hope that a more copious selection from his correspondence will be vouchsafed to the world. The additions, however, in the English collection, are of considerable value, especially in following Tocqueville through the troubled years 1848–52. At first sight it seems surprising that Tocqueville did not make more impression as an active politician. It is not, of course, his mere literary pre-eminence that would cause this surprise; but practicality, as I have shown, is one of his chief characteristics as a thinker. Clearness, soberness, and shrewdness, together with breadth and originality of views, form a perfect combination for a statesman. He was, however, always in circumstances unfavourable to the display of his talents; and he had not the egotistic force of character which overcomes unfavourable circumstances. At the outset of his political career, in an interesting correspondence with Count Molé, he displays an exaggerated moral sensitiveness; and his very ambition was of the kind that hampers rather than sustains a man. He was not content that his motives should be elevated, and his conduct pure; he desired to excel in purity and elevation. To this overstrained purism we must attribute his remaining in opposition during the years 1840–48. It is true that his disagreement with the Duchatel-Guizot policy was sufficient to justify parliamentary opposition in ordinary times; but a patriot so sober and enlightened as Tocqueville might have discerned the necessity of sacrificing minor differences at that crisis, in the general cause of order and constitutional government. As it was, he attached himself to a composite party, with many of whose heterogeneous elements he must have had far less sympathy than with the ministry. Thus his oratory,

far more adapted to exposition than attack, found no scope ; his moderation kept him unnoticed among men more bold, more captious, or more unscrupulous than himself : altogether, he gained respect, rather than influence, and came to be considered rather as a useful adviser than a capable leader.

The Revolution of 1848 came. Tocqueville had predicted a similar event a month before, but he was not deceived as to its factitious nature. The more we examine this "sham Revolution," the more perfect an instance it appears of the irony of history. Never were causes more disproportionate to effects. It was the mere sound of the names "French" and "Revolution" combined that shook the thrones of Europe ; the resemblance between the different movements of the year is thoroughly superficial. The cry for social reform at Paris is echoed by a cry for national union at Berlin, a cry for national independence at Pesth and Milan ; and this Parisian cry for social reform was steadily repudiated by France. "The nation," says Tocqueville, in a letter to Mr. Grote, "did not wish for a revolution, much less for a republic." And he argues, "That the whole of the "year 1848 has been one long and pain-"ful effort on the part of the nation to "recover what it was robbed of by the "surprise of February." He shows that it was only by a decision and rapidity of action worthy of a better cause that the house of Orleans contrived to lose the throne. The monarchy yielded to an *émeute* far less formidable than that which the feeble and ephemeral Provisional Government quelled in June. Tocqueville describes, from his own experience, how an hour's delay might have saved it.

With a heavy heart, but with undiminished zeal, Tocqueville addressed himself to the task of supporting the republic. Grieved and disgusted as he was with the Revolution and the follies of the Provisional Government, he saw in the Republic the last chance of constitutional freedom. He was not slow in estimating how fatal a wound the frenzy of a day had inflicted on the country. The revolution, executed in the name of the masses, had stirred among those masses only a feeling of dull distrust and languid fear, hardly chequered by a little vague hope and curiosity. Had the Provisional Government had any real work to do, any desired social improvement to effect, it might have regained public confidence. But, as it was unable at all to counterbalance the necessary evils of a revolution, while it shewed marked incompetence in the ordinary business of administration, affairs grew daily and worse. The peasant proprietors of France, to whom appeal had to be made, have the ordinary characteristics of their class. They are well-meaning and intelligent, but selfish and narrow : very shrewd on all matters within their ken, very ignorant upon all without ; entirely absorbed in their individual struggle for prosperity, and desiring peace, order, stability, above all other goods. They had never appreciated the advantages of government by parties : before the close of 1848 they were decidedly prejudiced against it, and longing to repose on one strong arm. Such were the men to whom universal suffrage confided the fate of France.

It is melancholy to follow, under Tocqueville's guidance, the details of the long death-struggle of French freedom. He had the pain of seeing clearly the present and future evils, while totally unable to heal the one or prevent the other. Even had he possessed more influence, his peculiar talents were hardly fitted for such troublous times : he would always have shrunk from the slightest violation of forms, though hampered by one of the worst constitutions ever framed, and face to face with an unscrupulous foe. In truth, the struggle was most unequal. On the one side were the *débris* of old parties, disunited by long habit, disorganized by the entire change in their position, stunned by the rapid succession of political shocks, confused by the working of their new constitution, vacillating between the desire to deal fairly with their President and the desire to protect themselves from his attacks, distrustful of each other and

distrusted by the nation. To the uncertain and inconsequent action of this heterogeneous body, Louis Napoleon opposed an egotism pure and simple, a calm and complete self-confidence, chequered by no doubts, and hampered by no scruples. The constitution brought him into continual collisions with the Assembly, in which he had all the advantage given by singleness of will and purpose. The patience and dissimulation which his exile had sufficiently taught him were all he required for the development. He had but to profess the profoundest unselfishness, and seize every opportunity for self-aggrandizement: he could thus, while gradually consolidating his own power, and bringing the Assembly into contempt, contrive always to be or appear in the right. Perhaps the greatest blot in his selfish policy was the dismissal in October, 1849, of the ministry in which Tocqueville held a portfolio. The step was necessary for his ends: but it was impossible to find a plausible excuse for it. The ministry had passed successfully through a period of great difficulty: and, as Tocqueville says, there was actually a danger of constitutional government again becoming popular. Imperialist writers tell us, that "the "elected one responded to the national "wish that he should have more freedom "of action"—a reason at once felicitous and frank.

At length Tocqueville's worst expectations were realized by the 2d of December. He was at his post in the National Assembly on that day: and from a letter he wrote to the *Times* soon after (republished in the English edition), supplemented by his conversations, we get a vivid idea of those memorable scenes. The noble indignation he expresses in the letter at that signal outrage to law and liberty, was shared by many: but there were few who mourned its effects so deeply and so long He complains affectingly in his later letters of the state of moral isolation in which he finds himself: that his contemporaries have ceased to care for what he still loves passionately: that they solace themselves for its loss with tranquillity and material comfort, while he is destitute even of sympathy in his sadness—sympathy, which was to him almost a necessity of life. It moved him especially to see the coldness with which England, the nurse of liberty, looked on the enslavement of France: the arrogant contempt of his countrymen, as though unworthy to be free, or even happier as slaves: the selfish indifference at the tyranny, followed in a year or two by blind approval and applause of the tyrant. "Et tu, Brute," is the tone of several of Tocqueville's later letters to England.

Reduced to political inaction, Tocqueville adopted the only method left him of serving his country. He chose a period of the past, fraught with instruction for the present, and devoted to its study all the powers of his ripened intellect. The result of this work, the volume on "L'Ancien Régime," is but a fragment: yet it shows a decided improvement on his former book, both in style and matter, and is equally likely to have an enduring reputation. From the midst of this work he was snatched away by a sudden illness, in the spring of 1859. He left behind him, besides his writings, an example bright in itself, and especially valuable to the present generation—the example of one who combined the merits of the man of thought and the man of action; of one who, possessing all the graces and refinements of modern civilization, its enlarged knowledge, its enlightened moderation, its universal tolerant philanthropy, yet fashioned his life according to an ideal with mediæval constancy and singleness of purpose, and displayed a passionate patriotism and an ardent love of freedom worthy of a hero of antiquity.

A SLICE OF SALMON.

BY HERBERT F. HORE.

Lord Derby remarked lately that he hardly knew a session of parliament without its Salmon Bill. No fewer than three bills of this class were brought forward during last session: each of the Three Kingdoms appealing to senatorial wisdom to improve the laws of salmon fishing.

This tentative legislation is as ancient as it is incessant, dating so far back as Magna Charta, which forbade the use of the apparatus of that rude age for taking salmon in rivers. Of late years, salmon-fishery legislation has proved successful to a considerable degree in the instance of Ireland; and it will be but justice to Great Britain that "Green Erin of Streams" shall not have the monopoly of any valuable law. The present movement in the question under consideration is based on the proposal to adapt the Irish system to the British and Scottish river fisheries.

Obviously, legislation about the *salmo salar* has been unceasing because of the uncertainty and, therefore, the errors and controversies respecting both the habits of the animal and the best modes of taking it: for, owing to the general ignorance of the natural causes on which production of this fish depends, our laws concerning it were made, on some points, antagonistic to nature; and, moreover, the lawyers, on whom the framing of the enactments devolved, seem to have thought more of preserving rights in private piscaries than of preserving and increasing the brood of salmon for the benefit of the public. Again, the antagonism of the sea salmon-fishery interest to the river one increased the confusion, by contradictory statements. Thus, some *savans* on the one side styled the salmon a sea fish, because it feeds in salt water—though, on the same principle, a Highland stot, bred in Glenwithershins and fed in Yorkshire, might be called an English bullock. Narrowly viewed, the quarrel closely resembles the famous fabled dispute as to the oyster, being a question as to right of property in a fish; and, thus regarded, is seen to lie in a nutshell, which, however, is hard to crack. For, in point of fact, and therefore of law, a salmon is no man's property until it is caught. It is one of the *ferœ naturœ*. According to Gaelic law, every unmarked animal was considered wild, and as such free and fair game. English law, from the time of the Great Charter, has always favoured the natural law of freedom, which is manifestly best adapted for the multiplication of the creature under contemplation; and that law refused to consider even river fishes as *annexis* or *connexis terræ*, or to sanction an exclusive right to them. The justice of this abstention from giving a personal title to what may be called aquatic game—unattached to land—is so clear that one hardly need support it by adducing the analogy that a partridge cannot be said to be a natural pertinent of water. The fish's power of motion gives her a freedom analogous to that of the bird's—for, at every swell of the river, unless a very trifling one, she moves upwards nearer the spawning places; so that no landowner on a river like the Tweed, the Shannon, or the Severn, can reckon upon preserving his particular part of the stream. By no stretch of prerogative can a landlord, as owner of the soil which forms the bed of an unnavigable river, be deemed proprietor of the finny tribes within his limits of the superincumbent water; and there is not even an amphibious claim to them when they are found wherever the public can fish from a boat.

For the present, however, we do not propose to dwell on this minor matter of private claims to property in salmon

fishings, but desire to investigate the paramount question, viz., the interest of the public in the greatest possible supply of salmon in its best condition as an article of food. At the same time, since it occurs, as our readers will perceive, that the larger and important matter depends mainly upon legislation, which must be founded on correct opinions as to the minor point, we will proceed to offer a sketch of the habits of salmon, not for its mere sake, as a department of natural history, but to support whatever arguments we shall advance in favour of legislative views calculated to ensure increase of this article of subsistence.

While investigating the natural causes of the production of this fish, to seek in them a guide towards legislation better adapted to the preservation and increase of the animal, we perused many parliamentary reports and their multitudinous evidence on the subject, and were struck not only by the general absence of knowledge of the true nature, instincts, habits, and migratory movements of the creature in question, but with the contradictory character of the testimony given by experienced parties. In this word, parties, however, we find the clue to the origin of these conflicting statements, since the two interested factions, viz., the owners of river fishings, employing moving nets and rods, and the proprietors of stationary nets, fixed near the mouths of rivers, seek to obtain changes in the law that shall give them the largest share of salmon—the hugest slice—by propounding views of the fish's nature suitable to the regulations they respectively demand. In the eyes of the former party, the salmon is a river fish; in those of the latter, a sea one; and, accordingly, each ichthyologic pleader on either side sets forth a separate theory as to the coveted animal's habits, adapted to support the call for a law calculated to promote the profit of his party. In this quarrel, it is not surprising that every man takes no more than his own view, and sees darkly, as through antique glass, or rather through water—since it is in the nature of the object to conceal itself, so that no man can trace its movements for half a minute. Yet, notwithstanding this obscurity, one party, the fixed-net fishers, permitted themselves to speak of the intentions and movements of this fish as they would of those of a flock of sheep on a village green. Should we ourselves write over confidently in the ensuing pages, we are open to correction. The facts we shall endeavour to develop bear importantly, as will be seen, on the entire question of these fisheries, especially as to their power of production and profit; and therefore our deductions affect the public interests in this national resource, in a legal point of view; because, if it can be shown that the habits of the fish are directed by design, and not by chance, it follows that the law requires suitable regulation.

The general phenomena presented by this tribe of fishes do not seem sufficiently appreciated; and yet in few cases has the Creator imprinted more remarkable instincts. Of these, the grand migratory movements of salmon from their rivers to the sea, and back again along the coast to the rivers, shoal succeeding shoal, form the particular habit to which we desire to draw the reader's attention. These movements have a near and beautiful analogy in the case of the migrations of the eel tribe, which are in reverse, beginning from the sea to the river. A close observer assures us that the following interesting evolutions occur when eels come in from the sea. The aggregate shoal, about to ascend the inland streams, moves up the shore of the river in the form of a long, dark, rope-like body, in shape not unlike an enormous specimen of the animals which compose it. On reaching the first tributary, a portion, consisting of the number of eels adequate for peopling this stream, detaches itself from the main body and passes up; and, in the subsequent onward passage of the shoal, this marvellous system of detaching, on reaching the mouths of brooks, a proportionate quantity of the great advancing swarm, is repeated, until the entire number has been suitably provided with rivulets to revel in. Such

being the wonderful instinct by which Nature ordains that each stream shall be provided with a competent number of this migratory creature, our readers will more readily give credence to the theory we shall presently deduce regarding the movements of "the monarch of the brook." Prior, however, to propounding our doctrine, it will be well to demolish some erroneous dogmas laid down by the party known in this controversy as the fixed-net interest; a party to which we are by no means hostile, save so far as we are opposed to mistaken notions about the fish, and to whatever injurious legislation mistakes have given birth to.

About forty years ago, when fixed nets were first introduced, their owners found it requisite to overcome the popular prejudice against the use of these monopolizing engines, in order to shield the valuable property in them from application of the prohibitory principle in Magna Charta. Ranged against them was the old river interest, with its band of bereaved fishermen, whose cause was eloquently advocated at that very time in "Redgauntlet." The new party, however, was powerful, and made itself more so by advancing several assertions in favour of what it fondly dubbed, "the improved method"—the boldest argument being that salmon is a sea fish; and this notion was lustily maintained, since, were it true, the newly-invented contrivances might be declared to be acting where nature intended this tribe of fishes to be captured. Unable to deny that, if salmon invariably ascend rivers, the take in sea nets must occasion a corresponding diminution in the river fisheries, these usurpers, or absorbers of the river produce, sought to evade the loud complaints raised against their detrimental occupation, by starting a novel natural history theory. One of their new ideas was, that "there "are myriads of salmon in the ocean, "some of which never ascend any river, "and, consequently, a net placed in the "sea takes for man's use what otherwise "would be devoured by fish of prey, "and therefore this net will add to the "market supply." But of what nature are these suppositious salmon? Their new friends, who would rescue them from the teeth of seals and porpoises, announced that many of the "sea species of salmon" either are barren, and therefore do not desire to enter a river for the spawning purpose, or are content to spawn in the sea. In short, the point was, to prove that the creatures in question did not necessarily breed in rivers, since, if they bred only in rivers, sea-nets cannot add to the market supply, as these machines can only catch by intercepting what otherwise would pass up stream. To carry this indispensable point, some witnesses, on examination before Parliamentary Committees, went so far as to say they believed that the disputed animal deposits, under some circumstances, as when it is shut out from fresh water, its ova or roe in salt water. Yet no evidence was adduced as to this supposed fact, important as it is—since, were the assertion true, much law, care, and expense, in the matter of conservation or protection would be unnecessary, because there would be less need for protecting the creature when on its inland spawning-beds. The dispute was hotly and keenly carried on: canny fishers in the fixed-net interest, pronounced as their opinion, that "salmon come from the sea," and added, when farther pressed, that this fish "comes from the north," just as woodcocks are vulgarly believed to come from the moon. Manifestly, argued this party, the salmon is a sea fish, for it always fattens, and sometimes spawns, in the briny deep; and, moreover, our nets cannot be said to deprive any particular river of its pseudo produce. Every experiment, however, has shown the fallacy of the idea that salmon ova can vivify in salt water. Bent upon having this animal considered as a sea fish, this piscatorial party also advanced the notion that it resorts indifferently to any river, and that not necessarily, as for the spawning purpose, but with a sanatory object, viz., to clear itself of sea lice—insects which are sometimes found on new-run fish; and these speculative

fishermen pronounced that a salmon so afflicted, having taken a freshwater dip, and having thus rid itself of those infesting parasites, returned to the ocean. Of this retrograde movement on the part of the animal there is no proof, further than that the creature is sometimes caught in the ebb chambers of stake-nets in estuaries. Yet this phenomenon is easily accounted for by the fact, that the fish, whilst waiting for a flood, hang in the tideway, moving up and down with the current, and thus find their way into the ebb traps. The migratory ascension of salmon cannot be accounted for by a conjecture of that vague sort; which is only to be paralleled by an assertion that the tribe of migratory birds, as swallows and pigeons, are impelled by fleas in their flight. Certainly, there is some *piquancy* in the argument; but it robs our pet fish of instinct, by implying that it is driven from sea to river and back again, like a shuttle-cock.

In our view, the creature under controversy is both a sea and river fish, yet has its belongings; for it returns to the stream in which it was bred, like the swallow to her parent's nest, the bee to its hive, and the pigeon to its dove-cot. It may, therefore, be said to appertain to its particular river; yet only by natural law—which we are not inclined to allude to by way of enhancing any private claims to right of property, and to which we refer merely to remark, that the fixed-net party have attempted to overthrow this old view of the habits of the fish in question. Seen simply scientifically, the salmon is indeed a migratory, gregarious, and pairing animal, because it is bred in brooks, where it does not find sufficient food, but which it must revisit to breed; hence it proceeds in shoals down to its feeding-grounds, and returns in the same arrangement to its spawning-grounds, where the collective assembly scatter and form into pairs. Similarly, when migratory birds reach their destination, they disperse and pair, the gregarious instinct being overcome by the pairing impulse.

Salmon resemble herrings, in being both gregarious and migratory. In the sea they move about in separate shoals—a fact from which the interesting theory is deduced, that each collection belongs not merely to the great river down which it originally descended to the sea, but even *to the tributary stream where its members came to life.* Hatched in separate rivulets, the fry pass down them to the ocean, yet have the instinct of returning in distinct bands to their respective streams. Each shoal, therefore, may be said to resemble an ancient Highland clan, to whom their own valley was their special country; for it is believed that every tributary of a river has a variety of the salmon species peculiar to itself, and which returns to it regularly from the sea. The difference between the salmon of certain rivers can be recognised by practised eyes at a glance. In evidence before a former committee, Mr. Little, a most experienced stake-net fisher—the father, indeed, of the system—admitted that, if salmon entered any river indifferently, there would be no distinct breeds belonging to particular streams; and he referred to the notorious difference between the fish of three rivers, which fall into the same bay—namely, the Bann, Bush, and Foyle. The least initiated epicure, sauntering down Bond Street, cannot fail, in passing Groves' shop, to discriminate between Dutch and Scotch salmon. Our fly-fishing friends, sharp-eyed fellows, assure us they can see distinctions in the shapes and spots of the latter commodity, which mark them as the produce of certain rivers. And this is not surprising, considering the infinite variety of all other animal life.

The last point in our argument seems conclusive. If salmon entered rivers merely as chance directed, a large stream might not render more fish than a small one; and thus the Tay, which possesses the greatest power of all the Scottish rivers as a salmon-producer—because she pours the greatest quantity of fresh water into the ocean, and has the largest area of tributaries, with an immense extent of spawning-ground—could not

be considered to owe her abundant produce to these conspicuous advantages.

Enough has now been said, and our readers will perhaps accept our assurance that every attempt to show that salmon need not enter rivers has failed signally. We will now proceed with what we believe to be the true theory of these fishes' immigration, and its effect in exposing them to capture.

When bent on entering their river, salmon do not steer straight from out at sea, but feel their way along the coast, hugging the shore—aided, doubtless, in discerning their path, by the many fresh-water rills which pour in, since they are clearly able to discriminate between salt and fresh water. On their advent, and before they reach the mouth of their haven, they are intercepted by the new machinery, the bag-nets in the sea, or, should they escape past these snares, are stopped by stake-nets in the estuary. The following brief description of these formidable apparatus will enable a comparison to be drawn between their fishing efficiency and that of their old competitor—the draught-net, or net and coble.

The bag-net, which certainly is a beautiful instrument, and admirably adapted to its purpose, extends from the shore into the sea, being floated perpendicularly as a wall of net, by means of corks and buoys, and by being stretched out by ropes and anchors at the water end, which is adapted to hold fish by its funnel-like chamber, or bag; whence its name. This bag is lifted periodically to take out the fish; for the tide does not leave the net dry—so that this trap operates day and night, Sundays and all; in fact, where no fence time is observed, incessantly.

Within the river's mouth, set like the fringe of long teeth in a whale's jaws, stand the still more tremendous stake-nets—some three-quarters of a mile long; and others shorter, but more deadly, being placed in sharp turns, or in narrow gorges of the river. These nets are fixed perpendicularly on ranges of stakes extending from the shore to lower-water mark of the channel. Some have but one head, with two chambers on either side, being the flood and ebb-traps. Others have three heads, like Cerberus, guarding, as it were, the gate of the river in a manner fearful to fish. The salmon, swimming along shore in search of their rivers, are arrested by the upright net or leader. In the desire to pass this object, they swim along the net outwards until they enter one of the chambers, and, becoming involved in its maze, seldom or never find their way out again. These traps are left dry at the receding of the tide, when, by means of a little door in the last chamber of each head, the nets are visited, and the fish taken out. In the Solway there are nets of this sort more than 1,000 yards long, and with as many heads as a hydra. Persons who have watched these nets during clear water declare they have frequently observed a shoal of salmon so alarmed by them as to rush off to sea again, where they remain for weeks, and then are continually preyed upon by seals, sharks, and other rapacious fish, which seem to take even a heavier toll on passing salmon than man does.

Timidity, a passion common to all wild animals, must be keenly felt by the nimble being in question, which will dart away at the sight of a scarcely perceptible fishing-line. So apt to be affected by fear, our finny visitor is certainly liable to this sensation when, during its landward course, it meets with such terrible traps as bag and stake-nets. These novel engines are believed to cause multitudes of salmon to be lost to man; and this effect is thus accounted for. The fish, when returning to their river, come in successive shoals, coasting along shore, to keep out of reach of seals and porpoises. Each shoal is understood to be headed, like a flock of wild fowl, by a leader, who is also said to warn his train, when danger appears, to swim back to sea, by a jump out of water; a not improbable evolution, since he is doubtless not less shy than the leading stag of a herd of deer about to enter a

glen. When the course of the shoal is intercepted by a bag-net, it is only some of the fish that find their way into the chamber, and the residue start away. The immediate effect of the captured salmon, detained in this cage, is to attract whatever predatory fishes may be roaming about to the spot, where their presence scares away all the free salmon, probably driving many off to sea. Besides this, the net, stretched like a wall from the beach out into deep water, acts as a barrier, and so enables a seal to catch its lively booty. At the time fixed nets were first introduced, their inventors argued, as we have premised, that they would take, for man's use, many salmon that would otherwise be destroyed by seals, &c. which infest the mouths of most large Scottish and Irish rivers. But, on the contrary, it may be believed that these machines produce the opposite result. One stake-net fisher stated to an early committee, that he "had seen three "or four seals, ranged in a line, before "a stake-net; and, when they discovered "a salmon, they were immediately in "pursuit." He added: "They break "the nets, kill a number, and let away "all the rest." A brother fisher had observed a seal to frequent a stake-net, and help himself out of it regularly. In fact, the chamber of one of these nets, with a salmon in it, is—besides being a larder—a cage with a decoy, attractive to fish of prey; which consequently hang about it, kill some salmon, and frighten many others off. The scattered shoal, however, collects again, and continues its course with the tide, until it meets another of these machines, when a similar scene of capture and dispersion occurs. As the fish, it is believed, quit the sea for the river at rising tide, and as they swim close in shore, they do not escape these fixed apparatus by keeping the channel, but are taken by them in those enormous quantities which deprive the upper people of a fair slice of the bounty of nature. Such as are not devoured by their finny foes wander up and down the estuary, moving backwards and forwards in the tideway, with the tide, waiting until a fresh-water flood shall put the river in what is technically called "a runable condition." During this fluctuation, the stake-net acts by the flow and ebb of the tide, which brings the fish into its chambers; and, when set in killing situations, this engine is capable of almost exterminating the salmon species in a river.

Not only has over-fishing diminished this breed of fish, but the general drainage of inland districts has had the same effect. Formerly, the vast tracts of sheep-pasture and other wild land in mountainous parts, where most large Scottish rivers have their rise, used, before they were drained, to hold—like a sponge in their sod and moss—the rain which fell in those regions of mist, and which, long retained and slowly given forth, trickled down to the main rivers, and thus, by giving a constant supply of water to them, prevented those alternate droughts and floods which now are prevalent, and are fatal to the fish. Then, a river, slow in rising and slow in subsiding, maintained that equable height which enabled salmon to ascend continually. But, now that each stream swells suddenly and sinks rapidly—like, as the poet sings, love—the fish takes to his fins and tail, as Cupid does to his wings, and disappears. This is not all the mischief; since whatever spawn is eventually deposited in the bed of a "riotous river" is liable to be destroyed by the severity of the floods, which tear up the gravel and deposit it over lower spawning-beds, or scatter it abroad, covering the adjacent meadows with sand and ova. The loss by these literally "moving accidents by flood and field" is sometimes, during very wet winters, immense and incalculable, and renders it more requisite than ever to frame a law that shall so restrict fishing as to leave an adequate number of salmon to sustain the stock. Injurious as heavy winter rain is to the deposited roe, a succession of autumn showers is necessary for its deposition. When rains cause the water in a river to rise, the shallows become deeper, and thereby adapted to salmon for passing over them; and, at the same time, artificial obstructions in the shape of mill and

canal dams, and natural obstacles in the form of falls, are diminished in height, so that the flooded state of a river is the one suited for salmon to ascend, and the instincts of the fish are regulated accordingly. It is believed that full-grown salmon, heavily charged with spawn, would ascend directly they reach the mouth of their river, did its state of water permit them; and then they would become the earliest spawners in the uppermost beds, and be followed by the grilse, which seldom appear till May. Of this there is no doubt, that in the earlier months heavy fish are keen at entering from the sea, but, owing to want of water, and to netting, they are usually almost exterminated below.

The species is fast decreasing, ever since the genius and industry of man have been on the stretch to find out new modes for its destruction; but many of our rivers may be again alive with shoals of this king of the fresh water by sparing an adequate number of parent fish. The question for our legislators to solve, therefore, is, what amount of restriction is necessary to secure that quantity of salmon being yearly spared which will be sufficient to sow the national extent of spawning-grounds. At present wanton destruction in these districts is often winked at by the magistracy and other indwellers, in revenge of that rapacity of the lower fishermen which deprives the angler, and all but themselves, of a share in the riches of the stream.

The power of a river as a salmon producer depends, firstly, as we have said, on its natural qualities; and, secondly, on its freedom from artificial obstructions. On this latter point, the Commissioners, who last year made the tour of the salmon-rivers of England and Wales, observe, in their report, that of all the evils which affect this class of fisheries, obstacles to the fishes' ascent must be regarded as the most pernicious, since it is obvious that to exclude a fish which breeds in streams from entering them is a sure way of extirpating the breed. The majority of these obstructions, if not absolutely impassable, such as high mill and canal weirs, offer great facility to the unfair and illegal means employed for destroying this fish. In very few instances has the salmon "pass-over," or ladder, been applied as a remedy, although it is a perfect one, and would soon repay its cost. If we take a lofty, bird's-eye view of the land, we see that our rivers are so many natural water-roads, up which this fish will come to our very hand if we will but reopen these once free highways to him. The expense of setting up a "migration-pass," which converts a tall perpendicular cascade into an easily-ascended stone stair, —fed with a light stream, up which the fish can wriggle,—is estimated at about 60*l.*; a sum that ought not to deter any community interested in the improvement of the fishery of a fine river. By adopting an improved model, such as may be seen in the rooms of the Fishery Preservation Association, there would be no waste of water, and therefore no loss of mill power, while the gain to the piscatory interest would be immense. What is wanted, therefore, is, that the fishermen of all ranks and classes connected with each river should join in defraying the cost of this clever contrivance. They may learn from their favourite fish. The exertions she makes to overcome obstacles to her upward course are truly surprising. *Excelsior* is her motto. No waterfall she can possibly surmount stops her; she will breast a torrent too rapid for the strength of man to resist, and teach him, by her active leaps up a cataract, and, after many falls back, her successful jump, a lesson of perseverance in undespairing, repeated attempts to rise.

In propounding the restrictions as to modes of fishing which the Commissioners deem necessary to restore the English and Welsh inland fisheries from their present depressed state, and to develop their power of production, foremost consideration is duly given to regulation of the close season. It is certainly of the first importance that the fisheries should close early; because the earliest fish to run up are the surest breeders, since they instinctively seek the highest,

shallowest streams, where the spawning-beds, or "fords," are less liable to be destroyed by winter floods than those in the lower portion of the river. The date of closure should be determined by the season when the majority of the fish have diminished in value because of the growth of either the roe or the milt, which every salmon contains; for the quality of the commodity decreases in an inverse ratio to the increase of the roe and milt, as the spawning time approaches. As is well known to all *gourmets*, salmon are in the finest condition in the beginning of spring, being valued in proportion to the smallness of the spawn, and being in less prime order every month after, since they become lean as the eggs enlarge. After June, they gradually become less fit for food, until the time when they are absolutely unfit. Yet it is after this month that the greatest quantity are taken by stake-nets. The statute just enacted prescribes a close season from 1st September to 1st February; yet we hope that a future Act will close all netting, for a few years, in the middle of August. The new law has made a just and much-wanted provision for a weekly close-time, with the double object of satisfying the angling interest and of enabling some fish to spawn early. If this tribe of animals was unmolested, their notorious irregularity as to ascent for the purpose of spawning would have the excellent effect of sowing the highest ground, at the very river-head, while the later fish would content themselves with ploughing the lower fields; and thus the entire extent of seed-bed, the vast area of the future aquatic harvest, would be sown. But, since in some rivers, a hundred millers' dams and canal weirs hinder that natural and well-adapted process, and a score or more of stake-nets stop and kill the scaly denizens of the stream, the number of fish left to breed is but a decimal fraction of that algebraic, ichthyologic *x*, the unknown quantity of salmon which ought to be spared to sustain the stock.

Among the delusions promulgated on the subject of salmon fishing, is the fanciful idea that this branch of our general fisheries is an exhaustless resource, the supply being supposed susceptible of unlimited augmentation. This notion, frequently proved unfounded in the case of sea fishing, is almost equally so in the present instance. Hitherto, the continual attacks of the genus homo on genus salmo have nearly exterminated the latter species in certain localities; and not a single attempt at preservation that has occurred within our knowledge has succeeded in doing more than augmenting the take in a tenfold degree. Prejudiced persons, confiding in the great prolific power of the animal, say there is no fear of over-fishing if there were adequate protection—since, as each female lays about 1,000 eggs for every pound of her weight, a few pair of salmon would suffice to stock a stream as vast as the Mississippi. But, so far from the fecundity of this fish being sufficient to sustain the breed, the generally received opinion is, that not one in a thousand ova arrives to a state of salmonhood. Much may be done by artificial propagation—as has been shown at Stormontfield, where it has been proved that, by this method, the produce of a river can be at once raised one-tenth. Let us, therefore, press this point, viz. that, if our hypothesis of the fish returning to the place of its birth be correct, the salmoculturist will reap the profit of his labours.

By continuing to intersperse our sketch of the habits of this animal with some comments on the controversial question as to the fittest modes of capturing it, we may better appreciate the arguments in the quarrel of fixed *v.* moving nets. For instance, the advocates of the bag-net say their engine is the best, because it takes this "red venison of the waters" in the sea, where the article is found in prime order, while, on the other hand, a few days' stay in fresh water deteriorates it. These statements are true, yet do not militate against boats and nets fishing in tidal,

brackish water, which, according to our notion, does not produce the same deteriorative effect. However, palates differ; and doctors dispute so much on this point, that it remains moot. One of the witnesses before a former committee, a bag-net fisherman to wit, and who seemed to have had his taste sharpened by sea air, possessed this one of the five senses in as sensitive a degree as "Fine-Ear" in the Arabian Tale enjoyed the sense of hearing; for this piscatorial epicure declared he could tell a salmon taken a mile up a river as having lost flavour by having so far quitted salt water! Short of satisfying a palate tender and delicate as his was, a slice of a salmon "with the tide in it," will suffice to please ordinary connoisseurs; so the argument, that it is essential to fish in salt water, does not hold water; and, of late years, an improved method of coble fishing, enabling the draught-net to be used in all parts of a river, has silenced another cry in favour of fixed nets, viz. the inefficiency of their rival, the coble-net, which is found, even in the case of the Tweed, a fresh-water stream, quite adequate to supply the market with prime salmon. Yet we allow that salmon taken in the sea in the early spring are in the best order, and we therefore are in favour of a fair and legitimate use of the bag-net.

If we seek for a cause beyond mere instinct, as directing the earliest migration of this tribe of fishes from fresh to salt water, we shall probably find it in the circumstance that the river affords hardly any food for them; and we may therefore better understand the beneficent design of Providence in having endowed these creatures with the impulse of quitting the river, which produces them in such abundance that it cannot supply food for a thousandth part of their number, and which they accordingly forsake, descending to the sea, where they grow and fatten, becoming of the richest quality, and then return to their native stream, thus bringing themselves, in an excellent condition as an article of food, within man's grasp. If we may form a conjecture as to what they feed on, we should imagine it is seaweed, which abounds near the mouths of rivers; and we conceive that salmon do not quit their proper feeding grounds, but remain in separate shoals close to the mouths of their several streams, ready to ascend at the befitting season. Food, the object in their descent to the sea, having been obtained, they ascend to their natal rivulets for the reproduction of the species.

From the day when the draft of the Great Charter, which may be seen in the British Museum, was penned, it has been the constant object of English legislation, when dealing with salmon, to give this fish a ready access to the upper waters;—the whole question has ever been dealt with as if the salmon were solely a river fish, and no regulations have been provided concerning its capture in the sea. Hence, indeed, some of the abuses now besetting the general fishery; for, until the Act of the late session, no law applied to tidal waters outside the mouths of rivers, because the laws were framed in times when this fish was only taken within rivers, there then being no known means of capturing them outside. But since some forty years back, when modern ingenuity invented new means, adapted to the sea-shore, these very efficient methods of capture were uncontrolled by law, and worked their will, unrestricted either as to season, size of mesh, position, or observance of Sunday. In England, and Wales, and even in Scotland, the fixed net has operated throughout the open season without intermission. In Ireland, the Sabbath is by law observed in this particular.

Were our rivers free from artificial obstructions, principally mill and canal weirs, myriads of salmon would ascend every year, urged by their irresistible impulse to seek the fresh-water shallows, where the pebbly fords would form the innumerable seed-beds of an immense finny harvest. What the aggregate extent of these gravelly fields is, we cannot form even a guess; but are sure that there is a world of waste waters, as well as of waste land, in the three kingdoms.

On the extent to which this vast field could be ploughed and sown, these operations being performed by the fish themselves, the value of our national inland fisheries must depend. The annual returns of silver salmon would vary each year in degree of production, somewhat like those of golden corn, according to whether the autumn had been wet or dry, and thus had either promoted or prevented the access of the fish to the upper grounds. As the salmon sows, so must the fisherman reap, the produce being in proportion to the ground seeded. From this broad point of view, we perceive the chief desideratum, viz. to admit to the spawning regions the greatest quantity of fish that can find room there.

Whatever may be the fair claims of proprietors of land on inland streams to their piscatory produce, it is obvious that these rivulets are, like the roots of a tree, the true sources of supply to the river fishery, and that it is here, and here only, that this species of property is susceptible of improvement. It is therefore of primary importance to induce this inland party to attend to the protection of the breeding fish, by giving them a reasonable share in the produce; and this would be done by interdicting the fish from being taken below in excessive quantities. Various provisions are needed to insure sufficient restriction—such as an early close season; limitations to the size of meshes of nets, and to the use of fixed engines near the mouths of rivers; and better methods of conservation.

By the act just passed, the close season for England and Wales is conterminous with that of the general Scottish and Irish season, viz., from the 1st of September to the 1st of February. In our opinion, formed after protracted investigation of this vexed scientific question, this term protracts fishing by nets at least a fortnight too long to suit most rivers; and we conceive that, were the Irish district system adopted, it is possible to frame a law that would enable special rivers to have the advantage of their particular profitable seasons without detriment to the principle of general uniformity. With regard to the weekly close-time, almost every expert in salmon-fishing, and, certainly every votary of rod and line, will concur in applauding the clause in the new statute, which provides a long weekly slap-by of between noon on Saturday, and six on Monday morning. For better methods of conservation, the system in use in the sister island is superior to any practice in Scotland, and to the almost entire absence of protective organization in England. In 1859, the licence duties paid there as a tax on fishing implements, to supply a fund to pay water-keepers, amounted to 5,088*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and last year to 5,287*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* This yearly revenue, though inadequate for complete preservation, is accomplishing much; and, on the entire points of conservation and legislation, we trust that the appointment of inspectors of English fisheries, under the new act, will result in centralization of control, and in extension of the best points of old and new laws to the entire range of the national sea and inland fisheries. Taking no exaggerated view of the probable extent of these resources, and allowing that it is only in the remote rivers of this country—as in the Lake district, Wales, and Devonshire—that any notable improvement in salmon-fishing can be expected, we have chiefly held in view the possible productiveness of the Scotch and Irish fishings, which are of great value, and are capable of immense augmentation. To bring about this desideratum, what is wanted is a law, judicious and comprehensive, calculated to spare young, undersized salmon—to permit an adequate number of breeding-fish to pass up to propagate their species—and to suffer the sick and unwholesome to return to their invigorating pastures in the sea. Towards these ends, the Act of the present session is a good step in advance; and we therefore hail it as a measure likely to lead to others that may, some day, give every man of the million a slice of salmon for his Sunday's dinner.

THE LATE HERBERT COLERIDGE.

HEATH'S COURT, OTTERY ST. MARY,
September 7, 1861.

SIR,—I understand you to desire that I should furnish you with such observations as I can on the life and character of my cousin, Herbert Coleridge. My opportunities of forming any judgment of his powers were not great until towards the close of his life; and my total ignorance of many branches of knowledge with which he was familiar renders any judgment which I may form exceedingly imperfect. Yet hearty respect and affection make me anxious to record, however feebly, the remarkable career of a character very uncommon. Some amount of partiality, no doubt, will be found in the estimate of one bound to Herbert Coleridge by the ties of warm friendship as well as of close family connexion; at the same time I think that all who knew him best will agree that only by persons standing in some such intimate relations with him could he be justly estimated.

Herbert Coleridge was born in 1830, and died in April in the present year, 1861, in his 31st year. His father, Henry Nelson Coleridge, was a very distinguished young man both at Eton and Cambridge, where he gained various University prizes; the distinctions of the Senate House being at that time inaccessible to the scholars and fellows of King's College, the college to which he had gone from Eton. He was known in after-life as the writer of "Six Months in the West Indies," a book which may still be read with interest and advantage, for its picturesque style, and for the good sense and ability of its general views. He wrote also an "Introduction to the Study of Homer," the first of an intended series of introductions to the study of the classical writers, which, from various causes, were never farther proceeded with. The eloquence and genial spirit of the book on Homer rendered it, when I was a schoolboy, a favourite both with boys and masters; and, although it pretends to be nothing more than an introduction, its learning, scholarship, and taste make it a book well worth reading, even in these days of more voluminous and exhaustive dissertation. Henry Coleridge was called to the bar, and practised exclusively in the Court of Chancery, where he had attained a considerable position and a good practice when he died young in 1843. His success in the law was no doubt retarded for a while by his known fondness for literature and his devotion to the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his uncle, whose daughter he married. He edited almost all his uncle's works with great care; and by the publication of his "Table Talk," and of four volumes of his literary remains, the compilation and editing of which books were works of great labour and difficulty, he very materially contributed to the present reputation which S. T. Coleridge enjoys. Unless the partiality of a nephew strangely deceives me, the father of Herbert Coleridge was a person whose intellectual and social qualities were of the highest order. He was, I think, the most delightful companion I ever knew; and his brilliant and instructive talk was poured forth as readily, and with as much evident enjoyment, to a single companion, or to a few intimate friends, as in larger parties or mixed society. I must not farther indulge my recollections; but I am sure that to his father Herbert Coleridge was indebted for much of his quickness of mind and strength of judgment.

Of his mother, Sara Coleridge, it is very difficult for me to speak, for I knew her from my earliest childhood, and think of her now with the warmest affection. It is not, however, I am sure, gratitude and affection only which leads me to say that she was an extraordinary woman. In scholarship, and in wide and varied learning, she was a match for scholars and learned men. Her theo-

logical essay appended to the "Aids to Reflection;" her fairy tale of "Phantasmion;" her translation of "Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones;" and of "The Loyal Servant's Life of Bayard," give proof of a power of English composition at once vigorous and various. The lovely little poems interspersed throughout "Phantasmion," and her book of childish rhymes called "Pretty Lessons," ought to keep her name alive as an English poetess. And, when to these endowments there is added great power of conversation and remarkable personal beauty, it is easy to understand the striking impression she made on the society wherein her lot was cast. Those, however, who only saw her in society could not know how tender and feminine a nature lay under that bright and attractive exterior. Devoted to her husband and her children, full of warm family affection and the gentlest consideration for those whose interests and endowments were utterly unlike and inferior to her own, I can truly say of her that, as I have never myself known any woman of learning and genius equal to hers, so I have very seldom known any one of a character in all things more noble or more beautiful.

Herbert Coleridge lost his father when he was at school, his mother when he was at Oxford; but the impression made by them upon his character and temper was deep and lasting. Most men, no doubt, are in most things what their parents and early teachers make them; and Herbert Coleridge was no exception to this general rule. He had a great power of rapid and accurate apprehension, and a very strong memory. And thus, as a boy at school and as a young man at college, he surprised his contemporaries by the vigorous grasp with which he held an amount of classical and other learning altogether unusual in one so young. He won the Newcastle Scholarship, and the other lesser prizes of classical accomplishment at Eton, at a very early age; while in modern languages and in such mathematics as Eton teaches he was equally successful. I had left Eton before he went there; but I can believe what I have heard, that in some respects the place was unsuited to him. Except swimming, he was neither fond of nor expert at those athletic exercises which, whether or not they justify (as we have been desired by authority to believe they do) the extravagant expenses of an Eton education, were certainly in my time a very main part of the education we received there, and no doubt cannot in general be neglected without much real injury to the boy, both mind and body, and inevitable loss of his popularity with his schoolfellows. Extreme devotion to the ordinary studies of the place, together with the pursuit of studies less ordinary, such as mathematics and modern languages, including even Icelandic; a somewhat undisguised contempt for what was not literary; a manner at that time a little hurried and awkward; a phraseology a little over-learned; a disposition a little over-shy; and a temper a little over-confident; make up a whole which those who know Eton as I know it will have no difficulty in believing would not, at Eton, find a very genial, perhaps not a very just appreciation. He was not, however, without warm and steady friends amongst the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and he joined with them in the composition of the *Eton School Magazine;* of the literary merits of which periodical in general, or of Herbert Coleridge's contributions to it in particular, I must confess I know nothing.

He left Eton in 1848, and went to Balliol, of which College he had been elected Scholar in 1847. Oxford was a place much more congenial to him in every way than Eton had been; I think he was happier there, and he much oftener spoke of his residence there with pleasure. I had left the University four years before he entered it, and I cannot, therefore, speak of his course there from any personal knowledge. But I do know that he was appreciated, and formed there many friendships which lasted with his life. The University and the College acted most favourably upon his character. It would have been strange

if they had not. What intelligent Oxford man would barter for any earthly consideration the influence of that most reverend place upon himself? And the Scholars' table at Balliol must have altogether changed from what it was when I was a Scholar, if the discipline there administered to any personal conceit, vanity, or school prejudice a young man might have, was not about the best corrective they could receive.

Herbert Coleridge was placed in both first classes, in the spring of 1852. He never actually graduated at Oxford; which has been attributed, in a generally good-natured notice of him published in the *Atlas* newspaper of 25th May, 1861, to "his usual eccentricity." As matter of opinion, I have known few persons to whom the term eccentric would have been less applicable. And as matter of fact, he took no degree simply because he could not conveniently afford it.[1] He had inherited a small independent fortune, which, by the rules of the University of Oxford, made him what is there called a Grand Compounder, and would have raised the fees on his Bachelor's degree up to something near 100*l.* This was a larger sum than at the time he could conveniently spare from his income. But he very much regretted his inability to comply with the regulations of the University, utterly unreasonable as they appear;[1] he maintained his connexion with it by keeping his name upon the books of his College; he interested himself keenly in all University questions; and I know intended, if God had spared his life, and he could prudently have found the money, to take his degree, and acquire the right of voting in the Oxford Convocation. The well-informed writer in the *Atlas*, whoever he may be, will forgive, I am sure, my correcting almost the only mistake of fact I have been able to detect in his notice of my cousin's character.

[1] I do not know if it is still the practice of the University; but in my time I believe the son of a man with 100,000*l.* a year could take his degree for almost a quarter of the sum which it cost a man who happened to have 350*l.* a year of his own.

When he left Oxford, he chose the Law for his profession, and flung himself into the study of it with his habitual energy. He obtained a certificate of honour in 1853, and in 1854 he was called to the bar by Lincoln's Inn. He chose the Court of Chancery, and more especially conveyancing, as the field for his practice. My own practice, lying chiefly in the Courts of Common Law, very seldom gave me the means of testing the extent and character of my cousin's legal knowledge. More than once, however, the opportunity did occur; and, so far as I can form an opinion, I entirely agree with that formed and expressed by others who saw more of him as a lawyer, and are far better qualified to pronounce a judgment; that he was a very sound and accurate lawyer, and an excellent conveyancer. That, if his health had permitted it, he would have had great success at the bar, I do not doubt. While his health lasted, he had that moderate success which is all which the Law generally accords for many years to her most devoted followers. But, as was not unnatural in a somewhat over-confident man, he was a little unreasonably discouraged because success did not come to him so rapidly as he had hoped, perhaps had expected, that it would.

Meanwhile he turned his attention to philology, a subject in which he had always taken great interest, and in which his large knowledge of languages, his accurate and rapid reading, and his powerful memory fitted him to excel. The facts connected with his philological labours cannot be better stated than in the words of the writer in the *Atlas* before referred to; and, as many of them are not within my own knowledge, I will extract a paragraph from his notice.

"In November, 1857, he heard the "Dean of Westminster read before the "Philological Society (of which he was "an active member) papers 'On the De-"ficiencies in our English Dictionaries,' "and he was induced to read Sylvester's "'Du Bartas' for words omitted by "Richardson and Johnson. His list in

"his hand, he proposed to Mr. F. J. "Furnivall (Honorary Secretary to the "Philological Society) that a committee "should be formed to make a supple- "ment to these dictionaries; and of this "committee of three he was the secre- "tary and chief workman, the other "two being the Dean and Mr. Furnivall. "A circular for help in reading books "was issued, and so many volunteers "came forward that a new English dic- "tionary was resolved on; of the lite- "rary and historical portion of which Mr. "Coleridge was appointed editor. With "the help of numerous coadjutors, "he produced his 'Glossarial Index to "the Printed English Literature of the "Thirteenth Century' (1859), and a list "of modern words, A.D. 1861, while "all the time he was steadily arranging "the contributions of readers for the "Dictionary. His papers read before "the Philological Society were 'On the "Scandinavian Elements in the English "Language' (exploding Mr. Thomas "Wright's assertion that there were no "Danish words in our language); 'On "the verb Ploro and its Compounds;' "'On the word Culorum;' 'On the "Exclusion of several Words from a "Dictionary;' and 'A Report of some "Hard Words and Passages in Early "English Writers'—besides two papers, "we believe, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "one being a review of Mr. Hensleigh "Wedgwood's English Etymology. The "progress made in the Philological "Society's dictionary is stated by him "in a letter to Dean Trench, dated May "3d, 1860, published in the appendix "to the second edition of the Dean's "Essays on the Deficiencies in our Dic- "tionaries. Before his death he ob- "tained from his friend and colleague, "Mr. Furnivall, a promise that he would "fill his place as editor, so that the "work he so desired to complete might "not fall to the ground."

Of the extent and value of his services to philology, and especially to the projected English dictionary, I am not competent to speak; but I have been told by those who are competent, that they were of great value, and showed a very high capacity for such studies. To the energy and enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to them, I can bear witness. He was always at work, to the serious injury, as I could not but think, of his bodily health. When not at his chamber she was working hard at home; and, even during the short vacation he allowed himself, and when away from London, books were always with him, and his mind and his pen were always labouring. A small drawing-room he turned into a literary workshop; and there, with the floor, the chairs, and the tables covered with books, a large deal frame by his side with its multitude of compartments filled full of extracts, he went on working long after he was a dying man, in such intervals as his determined energy won from the progress of a wasting disease, and as long as his failing frame could be propped up by pillows and his fingers had strength to hold a pen.

In the last eighteen months of his life, when he knew that he was dying, he began and made considerable progress in the study of Sanscrit. A book given him by the Dean of Westminster, but four days before his death, had been read nearly through by him, and contained many careful notes in his handwriting. On his writing table, when he died, was an unfinished review of Dr. Dasent's "Story of Burnt Njal," which he had been writing less than a week before he died. I was with him twelve hours before his death; and not only were his interests as keen, his affections as warm, and his mind as clear as I ever saw them, but he had actually done some literary work only a few minutes before my visit. Consumption, which had brought his frame almost to dissolution, had had no power upon the energies of his mind.

I think it was in 1857 that, in common with others who loved him, I became aware that his lungs were affected. He struggled gallantly with his disease; and in 1858, after a bad hæmorrhage, and with a confirmed cough, in hope of benefiting himself by a few weeks of perfect rest and amusement, he went the

spring circuit as marshal, with Sir John Coleridge, his uncle. He returned worse, and he never really rallied, although the progress of his disease was slow. He tried Whitby, Sidmouth, Blackpool, and Hampstead, all equally in vain, giving up very reluctantly, and only a few months before his death, his regular work at Lincoln's Inn, and never giving up, as I have said, such work as he could do at home. I cannot pretend to say whether the south of Europe or Madeira might not have saved his life; but it was useless to suggest it to him. He clung passionately to his studious habits of life, to his home, to his books, to his friends—to one dearest friend of all, who lives to mourn him, for whose sake chiefly, indeed, he ever left London at all. Supported by her, with his only sister kneeling by his bedside, and while his friend, Mr. H. Burrows, was administering the Blessed Sacrament to them, he fell asleep.

Such was the life and such the death of Herbert Coleridge. His life was uneventful; and, if measured by the actual results of his labour, he seems to have left but little behind him to justify the strong impression of power and promise he made upon all who knew him well. But all who knew him well received this impression, and think with a certain sad regret on the unfulfilled renown which was all he achieved here. For such only, probably, will these few lines have any serious interest, but they will admit that a cousin's hand has here dealt out to him in very straitened measure the honour he deserved. They, too, will treasure the memory of his warm heart and the affectionate disposition; of his character and temper, softened from any harshness, and refined and purified from any selfishness into considerate and almost tender gentleness, by the affliction which he took as it becomes a Christian to take what it pleases God to send; of his religion, sincere and deep—thoughtful as might be expected in the grandson and profound admirer of S. T. Coleridge—but remarkably free from pretence or display; of a man careless, perhaps too careless, about general society and ordinary acquaintance, but giving his whole heart where he gave it at all, and giving it stedfastly. To their kindness I venture to commend this fading record of a common love and a common sorrow. I most sincerely wish it were worthier of both.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE BRISSONS.

BY CECIL HOME.

WITHIN sight of the Landsend, and overlooked by bluff Cape Cornwall, with its ambitious ascent from a low contracted neck of green to a high rounded slope widening out into the sea until it is abruptly terminated by rough rock-peaks standing precipitously in the surf, lie two pointed rocks some sixty feet above the waves that dash against them. At low water a narrow ledge of rocks unites the lonely sisters—for "Sisters" their name of Brissons is said to have signified in the perished tongue of the Cornishman; but with the swelling tide they become two crag-islands, apart in the broken waters, rising bleak and desolate more than a mile from the shore, the resort of wild sea-birds, who do well to choose themselves a home offering barely resting-place for the foot of man, and sometimes, when tempests have stirred the waters along that dangerous western coast, unapproachable for weeks together.

A wild wind stormed on them from the south-west one gloomy morning of January, 1851; a black fog gathered round them. A merchant brig on her way to the Spanish main, gale-driven through the darkness, struck on the low

uniting ledge. The sea dashed mercilessly against her, and almost immediately she was a shapeless confusion of planks and spars floating away piecemeal, never to breast the waves a tidy brig again. But her crew had escaped her fate: nine men and one woman, the master's wife, stood shivering under the tossing spray on the strip of rocks that had been their deadly enemy, and was now for a while their safety. At length the daylight dawned, and they were seen from the shore, and they could see the shore, with a crowd gathering and gathering on it, and knew, as surely as if they had heard, that help for them was the thought and the talk of every man in that great throng. There *was* hope now.

But in vain; no help could be rendered; and the waves dashed higher and higher round them, and the ledge sank lower and lower into the foaming waste. It was full morning now, about nine o'clock; nothing had been done, nothing could be done, though more than two thousand were watching their nearing fate. A fierce white wave plunged over them, and they were drawn into the great water-grave. Seven souls gasped into death. The sea threw one man against the smaller Brisson; it was the master of the lost vessel. He clung to a jutting rock, and clambered into safety. A great billow rolled by him, bearing along his struggling wife; seizing her floating dress he was able to drag her towards him and assist her to gain a footing on the rock. Together they climbed high out of the reach of the waves, and were free from instant peril of death, but that was all.

Meanwhile a Mulatto seaman of the brig had contrived to place himself on a fragment of her wreck. The sea raged against him, and threatened every moment to drive him back among the fatal surges; but he battled calmly with it for his life. With a plank for oar, and a piece of canvass for sail, he guided his raft from the turmoil, and struggled towards the shore. For two or three hours he remained beaten to and fro by the waves, the strong south-west wind helping him nearer land, the angry billows placing death between, his energy of mind and body remaining unshaken while he steadily pursued his attempt. Five stout fishermen at Sennen cove, a little nook close to the Landsend, watched his fate as they stood among their neighbours, and saw now a possibility of helping him if their boat could but be launched through the breakers. A possibility which, after all, was a bare possibility, beset with danger and difficulty; but let it be tried. Their boat was launched through the opposing breakers; she got to sea; now she seemed to disappear; now she rose again; she forced her way towards the undaunted mulatto. Oh! well done, brave boat *Grace!* She comes back triumphant through the raging waters, and lands in safety the rescued seaman and her noble crew. Three cheers for the five brave fishers of Sennen Cove, and their good boat *Grace!*

The sufferers on the rock have not been forgotten in the interval. On Cape Cornwall the Inspecting-Commander, his officers and men, are looking eagerly towards the Brissons, devising schemes of rescue. Round the storm-beaten Landsend the gallant little cutter he has sent is working her way bravely. Dear little *Sylvia*, the most beautiful cutter in her Majesty's Revenue Service! So, at least, think I, who have watched her in every dress and in every weather till I grew to look on her as a familiar friend, and, in my child fancies, looking out at her on many a silver summer night as she lay in the bay in sight of my window, felt that, while all around me was sleeping, she and I awake were holding converse together across the quiet waters.

On she came victoriously round the point; and there, in the half hopeless hope that the approach to the rocks, which was impracticable from the Cape Cornwall shore, might be achieved from this less unfavourable quarter, her boat was launched, and her commanding officer with four of his men made the attempt. A brave hard-working, plain-

spoken man he was, who had had his own way to make in the service, and made it. I should like to see him and shake hands with him again, though he would hardly recognise me now that eight years have separated me from the child who enjoyed so many and many a long summer day's cruise on board his cutter in the beautiful Mount's Bay.

It was a dangerous attempt he made, and a fruitless one. Nearing the Brissons was impossible; it seemed even impossible that his small boat could live in that furious sea. It must have given a sharp pang to the waiters on the rock to see the effort to reach them abandoned, and their would-be preservers turn back on their way, themselves in deadly peril. On shore there were fears that they would not make good their return; doubtless there were like fears in the boat too, and with alarming reason enough. But at length that danger was overcome, and the bold little crew regained the *Sylvia*, having risked their lives in vain.

And now the short winter day was over; all farther effort must be abandoned. Darkness began to gather over the waters; the crowd melted from the shore; the shore itself began to fade in the night shadows from the eyes of the hapless prisoners on the Little Brisson. They saw the *Sylvia* lie to for the night, taking her place in sight, and hoisting her colours to bid them hope still, for they were not deserted. It would be some comfort to them, as they looked out sadly through the gloom thickening over the fierce tumult of waters that prisoned them without shelter from the pitiless storm, without food in their exhaustion, without one drop of pure water in their fevered excitement, on a dreary rock through a long inclement night, to rest a look on the friendly vessel that gave them assurance of human sympathy—promise of coming efforts for their rescue, if not certainty of life hope at least.

It must have been a strange awful night for those two; a night of little sleep and much sorrow; doubtless—for they were man and wife, and in sight of that threatening death must have been drawn very near in heart—of much love. People said there was unhappiness between them; she, the piously taught daughter of a dissenting minister, had married him, a rough, half-unbelieving man, against the wishes of her friends, and found that his ways were not her ways, and had a hard life of it, poor soul. They said she had gone on that voyage with him that her influence might "keep him steady," and so avert the menacing anger of his employers. Whether they said truly I do not know; but if so there must have been forgiveness and reconciliation, one would think, that night in the storm; they two together in the sight of God must have repented and forgiven all wrong that each had ever worked the other.

No doubt through the long dark hours they buoyed each other up with hope. Did either whisper to the other that dread which must have been ever present, that after that miserable night there might be another and another and another, and they should still be there—not they, but two mouldering corpses lying ghastly under the sky in the sea-bird's haunt till days of tempest had passed by, and a calm came too late? Perhaps each seemed not to fear it, not to think of it, lest the other should be roused to the horror of that possibility. They spoke no doubt trustfully of their coming safety; they must wait patiently through the blackness; the storm would be less by the dawn; to-morrow would put an end to their fears and their dangers! And the morrow did end the fears and the dangers of both, but not to both alike—to one for ever.

When morning broke the fury of the waves was somewhat lowered, the wind veering slightly to the south-east, so that it became possible, not to *reach* the Brissons, but to get nearer to them than could be done the day before. Still this improvement seemed but useless. What prospect was there of relieving the sufferers, when, after all the hazard of struggling as near as was feasible, there must still remain more than a hundred yards between the hardiest boat which

should dare the effort and the rocks? There was one chance, and that was attended with such awful risk, and seemed so mere a chance, that few would have ventured to recommend its adoption. The rockets called Carter's Rockets had never been tried in that neighbourhood before; but the principal coastguard station at Penzance, some ten miles off, possessed three of them. By order of the Inspecting-Commander these were produced; and he left his residence at Penzance, whither he had returned the preceding night, on this Sunday morning, resolved to make trial of them.

The inventor of these rockets had never contemplated their being fired from a boat, for which they seemed in no way adapted; and the directions for their use were explicit in desiring the person who fired them to remain at a distance of full fifty feet, in order to secure himself from the danger of the great back fire from them. It was to be apprehended that the inevitable vicinity to the back fire to which a person firing one of these rockets in a boat must submit, might make the experiment a fatal one. But Cape Cornwall, the nearest point to the Brissons, is a good mile from them; therefore nothing could be done from the shore, and the apparently desperate resource of using the rockets from a boat was the only one that remained for that day; and who could say what another day and night might work on the starving unsheltered beings on the rock, even should the state of the sea the next day allow of getting close to the Brissons?

It was a novel and perilous undertaking, but the effort was to be made.

The midday sun, which alternately disappeared in black clouds and flashed strong lights through sudden gaps, gleamed out strongly on several boats taking their ways from different points of the bay towards the Brissons. From Sennen Cove came three well-manned fishing boats and a coastguard crew; the *Sylvia's* boat was fast making for the scene of action; meanwhile from Pendeen Cove, a rough little spot two or three miles north-east of Cape Cornwall, the Inspecting-Commander was approaching in the boat of that station.

Bursts of cheers saluted the boats as one by one they stayed their course as near the rocks as they could venture; Cape Cornwall, black with an ant-hill swarm of huddled human beings, seemed to shout with one mighty voice; and the cliffs and hollows round the bay echoed it back twofold. Then there was a great silence. The sky, black and gloomy again, seemed to add by its sombre shadow to the misgivings that were in every heart. All watched breathlessly.

The Pendeen boat, from which the rocket was to be fired, was cleared of her crew, who were ordered into one of the fishing boats, one man remaining in her. A gallant fellow, the Penzance gunner, had volunteered to fire the rockets; but as he had not had more experience in them than any one else present, which was simply none, his assistance was only accepted in making the arrangements for fixing the apparatus in the boat, and the Inspecting-Commander resolved that only one man should be exposed to the danger the experiment involved, and that that should be he who planned it. He himself remained alone in the boat, which was towed by one of the others into the position he wished. His preparations were soon completed.

A gentleman having much amateur skill afterwards painted this scene, and had his work presented to the chief actor in it, through a mutual friend. In his picture, the man in the rocket-boat was represented with one foot well over her side, prepared, as he really was, to plunge into the sea in case of fire. Some little time later this picture was placed, in order to have some trifling injury remedied, in the hands of an inland artist. He quietly set to work to paint the leg back into the boat, explaining, on inquiry, that he did so "because it took from the repose of the picture!" But there was no repose round the Brissons on that Sunday morning; so the rocket-firer held himself ready to jump overboard if need

were, and trust to the boats near for rescuing him from peril of water, if so he might save himself from peril of fire.

The rocket was fired. From the shore, a sheet of flame was seen round the boat and its occupant; but it cleared away and he was safe. The aim, in spite of the tossing of the waves was true; the line passed over the Little Brisson, but, unfortunately, cut by a sharp jutting rock, fell back short into the sea. A second rocket must be tried. There were but three; should these fail, there was no hope. Or, should the next rocket prove damaged and burst? Certain death that, surely, to the firer! No matter; it must be tried. Very soon another hissed through the air; the rope lay across the rock beside the man; and, while the crowd on shore thundered out rejoicings, the woman clasped her hands as if in thanksgiving. The sun in that triumphant moment burst gloriously out from the blackness, and glowed full upon the Brissons and the rescuing boats, to which all eyes were turned.

The man fastened the rope round his wife's waist; she hesitated. They had come down to a level ridge of the rock, not more than twelve feet above the sea; but still it was a frightful leap, and into those boiling foam wreaths! She looked down at the great surges; they seemed to talk together—at length courage had come to her and she was ready. They bade each other a loving farewell —a hopeful one no doubt, but it was for ever.

With the rope round her, one end of it in her husband's hand and the other in one of the boats, she plunged into the sea. And, at that fatal moment, three monster billows, one after the other, surged along, and it seemed as if all there would be lost. From the Cape the boats seemed to have sunk. "They are gone!" was groaned through all the multitude; women shrieked and wept; perhaps there were some strong men whose eyes swam in tears.

That alarm soon passed—the boats reappeared, and were greeted with joyful cheers. The woman was being carefully drawn into the *Sylvia's* boat, in what condition the far-off watchers could not know, but they feared. And justly; the violence of the waves had been too much for her, worn and weakened as she was. She breathed still, but that was all. The cord round her waist had tightened terribly; the knot, probably, too tightly secured by a trembling hand, had dragged in the great strain on the rope during the struggle with those strong billows, so that not daring to sever it with a knife, the *Sylvia's* commander had to use his teeth to loosen it. Life was still in her then, he thought; but the matter was already hopeless. The crew made every effort possible they could to revive her; they covered her with their own clothes, and left nothing untried of the small means they had to restore warmth and animation. But in vain; they lifted her dead from the boat to the shore she had looked at so wistfully through so many painful hours. She sleeps peacefully in a Cornish churchyard, within sight of the sea that brought her death.

Better fortune awaited the attempt to save her husband. He leaped in a favourable moment; the waves battled more languidly with him; and he was drawn into another boat in full consciousness, though faint and feeble from exhaustion, and landed in safety soon to recover his former strength.

How his rescuers were received on their return, may well be imagined. That 12th of January will not soon be forgotten on that coast, and a deep, though sad interest will long cling round the lonely Brissons.

Not very long afterwards, the remaining rocket was tried at Penzance for experiment, with the usual precautions. It proved a spoilt one, and burst. What the result must have been had the second rocket failed on that stormy Sunday, and this been made use of, may be felt and shuddered at.

DAY BY DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Every day has its dawn,
  Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;—
  Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
  Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
  Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
  As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face
  We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,
  And kiss its lips and brow:
We will not bathe our wearied souls
  In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
  Away in sad disdain:
Though we would give our lives for it,
  It never comes again.

Yet, every day has its dawn,
  Its noontide and its eve:
Live while we live, giving God thanks—
  He will not let us grieve.

PARIS REVISITED.

BY ONE WHO KNEW IT WELL.

It was twelve years since I had seen Paris, where at one time I had spent, almost continuously, nearly twelve years of my life, comprising those when impressions are keenest and memory is most retentive; whilst from thence till the period of my last visit, not a year had passed without my seeing it again, so that my acquaintance with it had been, up to that time, practically an uninterrupted one. I spent but a very few days there on this occasion; but I never spoke to an Englishman whilst I was there, and the frank and intimate relations which I had kept up there, or which, by means of other similar ones, I was able to form, gave me abundant means of insight, whilst, as it so happened, either those relations themselves or the other purposes of my visit carried me far and wide in almost all directions throughout the city, so that I was able more than once to tell of, or to show to my Parisian friends, streets and public improvements of which they were yet ignorant.

I suppose the first thing which one must mention in speaking of Paris are these same public improvements, or what are called such. My first impression, a selfish one, I confess at once, was one of intense disgust. I found myself almost a stranger in the very quarters I knew best, looking in vain for old streets, bewildered by new *boulevards*, clambering over perpetual rubbish heaps. Talk of the nuisance of London stoppages when the pavements are taken up in the autumn for gas or water, or sewerage purposes! Why, it is a mere trifle to Paris, in those quarters where the houses themselves are being taken down on all sides, and, whilst one is painfully occupied with one's feet in stumbling over rubbish, one has the further chance of being knocked down by falling materials. So tiresome became this wilderness of never finished street-novelty, that the old Faubourg St. Germain, which I used to hate, grew quite pleasant to me, from the simple fact of having been mostly left untouched. There, at all events, I knew whence I came and whither I was going.

I said that this first impression was, no doubt, a selfish one. The next one was, no doubt, satisfaction at seeing the broad avenues for light and air, which have been cut through some of the darkest and most unhealthy quarters, the pleasant green squares so thronged with people, the completion of certain really great public works, such as the Louvre, the clearing of the Hôtel de Ville, of the tower of St. Jacques de la

Boucherie, and most useful of all, the Halles. But after a certain number of peregrinations it became only too obvious that the public salubrity was in general only a secondary consideration in what had been done. Clear as day-light shone out one idea, which must have stood at all times first and foremost in the mind of the ruler—to hinder popular revolution. There is a show-Paris, the Paris of the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Elysées, the Chaussée d'Antin, whither strangers flock, where all the dearer amusements are concentrated. Let this be treated as a piece of ornament, a sort of jewel for the world's pleasures; lavish treasure upon it, keep it wide and airy from end to end, and, at the same time, keep employed there, by perpetual changes and reconstructions, as large a portion as possible of the working population, away from their homes in the dangerous quarters. Through those dangerous quarters again drive right and left broad straight streets and *boulevards*—straight, that the cannon may sweep them; broad, that there be space to shell a house at the first bullet that speeds from its windows. Plant on all sides your barracks, each a fort in itself; insulate your public buildings, that they too may be turned into forts. Among the very best for such purposes are theatres, so handy for receiving and marshalling whole bodies of men. Raise these, too, in the dangerous quarters: two huge, hideous ones on the quays fronting each other will not be too many. Is Paris safe? No, not yet. So, to amuse the *badauds*, of course, we will have a gun-boat stationed on the Seine, always ready to shell the city from its great water-way.

This one idea, I say, of profound distrust, of unappeasable dread, on the part of the ruler towards his people, is the master-key to Paris "improvements." There is one very simple proof of it. Paris is far from being all improved. There is yet, on the contrary, for those who may choose to look for it, a vast unimproved Paris; wherever, outside of the show-Paris, a quarter is not peopled by the dangerous classes of its population, Paris is just what it was. I had heard a great deal of the imperial cleanliness of Paris,—of Paris being a cleaner city now than London. My feet and my nose soon undeceived me of any delusions I might have entertained in this respect. Travel out of the show-Paris, with its wide streets and gutters tucked under the foot-pavements, and you will find just what you were accustomed to in the days of Louis-Philippe. Sometimes even the old single surface gutter in the middle still subsists. Where it has been replaced it has been replaced only by the double surface side-gutters, the most admirably adapted of all devices for splashing the foot-passenger from head to foot. The extravagant multiplication of *bonnes-fontaines* seems only to stimulate the inveterate propensity of Parisian house-wives to pour out all mentionable slops, and chuck forth all mentionable refuse, into the public way, of which the public scavengers, as of old, proceed afterwards with their brooms gently to stimulate the course, and diffuse the perfume. In short, the peculiar smell of Paris sewerage, entirely distinct from London, is quite the same as it was; still, through whole quarters, in the driest weather, a street of moderate width consists simply of a very narrow strip of dry stones in the middle with a broad expanse of wet ones on either side. Other streets, equally broad, remain wet in such weather from side to side; some are never dry for a week in the twelvemonth. In short, allowing for the much drier climate, the artificial, avoidable filthiness of Paris (always excepting the show-quarters) appeared to me still immeasurably greater than that of London.

Having convinced myself by ocular experience that sanitary considerations ranked as a very secondary motive in Paris improvements,—that narrow streets and splashy gutters and filth were very little thought of wherever they might be deemed politically harmless, I had no difficulty in believing what I was assured of, but was not able to verify for myself, that in many of the splendid new piles of building in the

show-quarters themselves, sanitary considerations for the interior had been entirely overlooked, — every building regulation of the municipal law set at nought,—kitchens placed in situations where by their heat they would most actively develop germs of disease from other sources, and the like. Nor should it ever be overlooked that, the greater width of the public ways narrowing always the disposable area for building, the builder seeks his profit in height; and those who know the painful diseases which are entailed on the poor population of Paris by the necessity of toiling to the upmost flats of their lofty houses, can never look with complacency on the frightful height of the new erections. Indeed the more than uselessness of many of the alterations in the show-quarters was most painful. It is not only money thrown away, but a worse thing substituted for a better. Quiet, healthy streets, with many a garden scattered among them, are to pieces; houses, not only perfectly solid and well-built, but in themselves beautiful and characteristic, often almost new, are pulled down to make streets twice as broad, with houses twice as high, and, like many of the public buildings of the present day, hideously ugly in their stony magnificence. Over and above the political idea, it is impossible not to trace here the vulgar ambition of the *parvenu*, who would fain leave no memorial behind him of what has preceded him, and recommence all history from the date of his rule. A certain grand vulgarity, if I may so call it, appears to me, indeed, characteristic of most of the works of the imperial rule. Imposing as is the completed Louvre, artists will tell you how far superior were the details of the original plans of the seventeenth century. The imperial want of taste is notoriously even greater than that of Louis-Philippe himself. The enlightened love of art possessed by the Orleans princes, which gave them a Scheffer for a teacher and a friend, has given way to an imperial partiality for dead game and semi-dirty *genre* subjects. Yet the tasteless and but slightly-literate ruler, by his practical qualities, may exercise some reflex action upon art, as well as history. His capacity for construing Cæsar may be but slight; but, in the great work of translating the Commentaries, he will not be satisfied till he has thoroughly understood every detail, local or practical. Models of every Roman engine of war have been constructed and experimented upon; the archæological problem of the Roman galley has been solved; nay, it is said that nothing but a representation of the many millions which the experiment would cost has stopped him from verifying, for a mere whim, the tale of the last Punic war, as to the ropes made of the Carthaginian matrons' hair.

No doubt it is this practical temper of the third Napoleon's mind which has enabled him to preserve his wonderful tenure of power. He has sought to occupy, to enrich, to amuse his people. He has succeeded to a great extent. You hear, at Paris, great complaints of the stagnation of trade; yet I never saw anywhere such outward appearances of prosperity. To the last I remained amazed, almost stupefied, at the activity of public communications in Paris, the throngs of people, the throngs of carriages. Whole classes, it is evident, now ride that walked formerly. On two occasions, I saw *blouses* in carriages, and worn by perfectly sober, steady men, evidently going about their business. "What is not done now," I asked a friend, "with the money that used not to be spent on coach-hire?" "It is not put by," he replied. Much the same answer was given me by others to whom I spoke on the subject. The general opinion seems to be, not that people are much richer, but that they spend more. Beneath such habits lies evidently a sense of abiding insecurity. "Let us eat and drink." . . . . And, indeed, the wine-shops were evidently thronged, far above anything that I had ever known; whilst the multiplication of *cafés* and *restaurants*, in the show quarters, or in the show-streets and boulevards of the dangerous quarters, was no less astonishing.

A glance at the advertisements on the walls would lead at once to the same conclusions. I had seen Paris the last time at the height of the political fever. Political pamphlets, political papers were advertised on every wall, seriously encroaching on the domain of the old theatrical "posters." These have always held their ground, but by the side of them there is an enormous development of speculative advertisements. I do not mean by this the advertisements of pushing tailors and haberdashers, as with us, though these abound also, but railway-traffic advertisements, and advertisements of sales of lands, of timber, of goods of all sorts. Take any sweep of wall allowed for advertising purposes, and you may see that these two things, pleasure and speculation, occupy nearly the whole of it. The intellectual element is nowhere, except in the shape of a few advertisements of classes for adult instruction, though these are far from being as numerous as they were twelve years ago; the political element is equally nowhere, except in the shape of official ordinances, decrees, or regulations, on matters of public concernment. On this point, indeed, we should do well to take a lesson from the French. In Paris, the law is, to a great extent, really published; with us its supposed publication is a solemn farce. The suppression of politics is equally visible in the small news-shops, which in former days would have swarmed with the cheaper democratic papers. Now, you may see there the *Figaro*, the *Monde Illustré;* perhaps in the priestly quarters, the *Ami de la Religion,—i.e.* scandalous gossip, woodcuts, and a seasoning of bigotry. For such politics as they can get, the masses evidently do not care. And, indeed, the incredible vacuity of the French newspaper never strikes one, until for a time one forgoes wholly the English one for it. At a London club or coffee-house, if we chance to take up the *Débats* or the *Presse*, supplementing it unconsciously to ourselves with what we have read in a broad English sheet, we do not feel this emptiness, and may relish the point of an occasional criticism or anecdote. But when there is nothing else at hand, the void becomes apparent. We see, as it were, the leaden hand of power endeavouring to crush out the brains of France; the wit and dexterity of the writer becomes almost painful,—one could almost fancy a child darting to and fro under a falling steam hammer. The worthless little halfpenny papers, I may say at once, are spoken of by teachers as one of the curses of the day for children, though there is one illustrated one treating of popular science, of which I forget the name, which is said to be really good.

And yet I was in Paris, when, as my friends told me, people are beginning to talk politics again; when certain criticisms on government measures have been allowed to pass unnoticed; when the police is less prying and troublesome. Does the ruler of France think, indeed, that he has by this time shaped the nation to his will? One might be tempted to think so, to see the military air which has been impressed upon almost everything. Of the multiplication of barracks I have already spoken; that of soldiers is still more striking. I declare that in the Champs Élysées of a Sunday afternoon, almost every tenth man I met was a soldier. It made one's heart turn actually sick to think of the many honest men and women who must work themselves to death in order to keep all these armed men in idleness, until such time as they shall be let loose on France or on the world. Nor can I help saying that the multiplication of outlandish uniforms—zouaves, spahis, and the like—is of itself an ominous feature. Why are Frenchmen among Frenchmen to be transmogrified into mock Mussulmen, unless it be to estrange them the more from each other? Then came the ridiculous side of the thing. Official or non-official, almost every educational establishment has now adopted a uniform. Not only is this true of the colleges, those even which consist only of day scholars (it was of old the case as to those that take boarders), but of the private schools, so that, down to the age of seven or eight, every schoolboy is a

sham soldier. Never was I more impressed with the feeling that, to be really honoured and loved, our volunteers' uniforms should be as simple, as nearly akin to civilian dress, or at least to well-known military costume, as possible,—that, to be useful and fruitful, our cadet corps should remain purely voluntary bodies,—than in wandering through the streets of Paris.

The artificiality implied in the imposed use of the uniform is apparent, indeed, everywhere in Paris among the children. It has always been the fault of French children that they were too much like little men and women. This is far more apparent now than ever. One quite sickens to see the tiny toddles that are made to flaunt in crinolines, or to strut solemnly in jackets and trousers. No freedom of movement is possible; the wee creatures think only of their clothes and of themselves; play feebly and affectedly, cry easily, and comfort themselves in all ways as nearly as possible like the artificial used-up men and women that they are likely to grow up into. Little as was the taste of French boys at all times for physical exercise, I am told it has almost wholly died out. The schoolmaster thinks himself dispensed from all further care on the subject if he has set up on his premises the eternal, intolerable *gymnastique*. Even where there is space for more, nothing is done. The very game of ball, the last remnant of a healthy spontaneous exercise in the French schools, has nearly disappeared. The boys walk about and talk, generally of worse things than politics.

And I could not but think that the effects of this unhealthy education were visible in the male population. The generation which has grown into manhood since the empire, of, say from eighteen to twenty-eight, seemed to me singularly undersized. I am barely a middle-sized man in England; yet of half a dozen waiters in the hotel where I put up at first, there was only one over whose head I could not look. I was told however by one friend,—though the assertion was contradicted by another—that the standard of height for the conscription, after having reached its minimum, was slightly rising again. I had not time to verify either statement. But except the picked corps of the army, a portion of the building operatives and labourers, and a sprinkling of really well-grown, handsome young men, of a type formerly very rare in France—evidently the sons of those rich malcontents of the Orleanist and Legitimist parties who have turned their backs in dudgeon upon Paris, and betaken themselves to a country life—I really saw no tall well-made men in Paris.

Very different was it with the horses. Here the improvement is unquestionable. Amidst many screws, and certain queer suspicious-looking creatures, with wonderful action of the forelegs, and the oddest falling off of the hind-quarters, there were many really beautiful animals, both under saddle and in harness. The omnibuses are capitally horsed, as well as most of the builders' carts—only the cab-horses have grown for the most part wretchedly meagre with too much work. Yet they do what they have to do very slowly, and strangely contrast in this respect with the speed of the omnibuses. I forgot to try and solve the cause of the difference. Certain it is that the stout little *Percheron* cab-horse of Louis-Philippe's time has disappeared, or is so worn out as to be unrecognizable.

Wide streets, less habitable houses, under-sized men, an improved breed of horses, such seemed to me among the more obvious outward fruits of the French empire in Paris. What is there below? Anything else than what the ruler has sought to establish! From what I have heard from men unknown to each other, living in quite different parts of Paris, different in station, religion, politics, occupations, I feel perfectly satisfied that the Third Napoleon has not succeeded in reconciling one single class of the population of his vast capital,—the throbbing heart of Continental Europe,—to his rule. A feeling of profound insecurity as to the future,

—a feeling of disgust with the present, which even the deepest Christian feeling could not overcome—were what I found everywhere. It is well known that the two aristocracies of birth and of wealth,—the Legitimist and the Orleanist—stand yet haughtily aloof. As to the working classes,—the very marrow as well as sinew of the French nation,—so far from their having become imperialized, it is the very reverse process which is taking place. The great increase among them of republican views was attested to me by several men whose authority on the point was decisive for me. "Before 1848," said one to me who had been the representative for a great town of France, "we were but "2,500 republicans in ——; now the "whole youth of the working classes "there are republican." Calmly and steadily, and with full faith in ultimate victory—not conspiring, but on the watch for every opportunity—these men await what they deem the inevitable future. They say openly that the republic of 1848 perished for want of republicans; that it shall not be so in future. They entertain no delusions as to the Bonapartist fetishism which prevails among the French peasantry. But they believe, and I think justly, that the life and thought of the nation are in its towns, and that, where these lead, if they show themselves really capable of leading, the peasantry must follow.

And let me say at once, that among these men I found no jealousy, no bitterness towards England. It was the same with all, whether those who for a time had inhabited our country, or those who had been compelled to no exile from their homes; all were alike frank and friendly towards us, as I had always known them. It was different—as I had found it twenty years ago—with the more educated, the professional classes—the classes that read the papers, and do not perhaps wholly disbelieve them. With these, the occasional fierce outbursts of the *Times*, or some other of our newspapers, careless to distinguish between the French people and its rulers, and whose worst performances in the way of sarcasm or invective are always carefully reproduced by the imperialist press, have rankled and do rankle deeply.

I do not mean to dwell here upon questions of foreign politics; but I will say that upon two points there appeared to be a thorough conviction in the minds of all,—the first, that the French occupation of Rome would cease ere long,—the other, that these visits of the Kings of Prussia and Holland to the Emperor evidently portended some new *rectification* of the French frontier, some new *revendication* of territory (both words are studiously used in an article on the subject in the *Presse*) to the north-east. On the first point I was informed by a devout Roman Catholic of the liberal school, anxious to see an end put to the scandal of the Romish government, and speaking at first-hand from a bishop, that the Pope's disease (diabetes) is expected to carry him off in six months—the more ominous symptoms, such as the swelling of the legs, having decidedly increased of late—and that this is the opportunity which is expected to be taken by the Emperor for withdrawing his troops. I am bound to say, indeed, that the mere handing over of Rome to Italy for a capital is not the consummation which all look for. Some, who know Italy and the Roman people, cling rather to the idea of a neutral Rome, not Italian, but universal—a little municipal republic, with a religious centre within it. They doubt whether Italy is yet in a condition to have a permanent capital, but rather incline to think that, when it has become so, Florence will be found to offer the best centre of political influence.

On the other point, I received information which left me no reason to doubt of what is plotting, and what, indeed, I have expected from the first. A vigorous French propagandism is being carried on both in Belgium and Rhenish Prussia. In Belgium, although the more intelligent classes, who know what freedom is worth, are strongly opposed to absorption, even the most vigorous champions of Belgian autonomy are com-

pelled to admit that it would not be difficult to obtain, under given circumstances, a vote by universal suffrage for annexation. On the one side, the manufacturers, whose superior skill already enables them to introduce their goods into France in the teeth of high duties, look forward to the throwing open of the whole French market to them without tax or toll. On the other side, the workman, who knows that, whilst he earns two francs a day by his labour in his own country, by crossing the French frontier he may get three francs and his food, is easily persuaded that the difference of earnings is that between royalty and imperialism. The only question as to Belgium is supposed to be, Will England let France hold the Scheldt? No such difficulty, indeed, occurs as to Prussia, which is expected to play the part of a German Sardinia, with the Rhenish provinces for a Savoy. Nearer than all, however, and plainly pointed to by the French journals, is considered to be the absorption of Luxemburg, Holland's outlying Germanic province. This, indeed, seems such a trifle that it is hardly ever discussed. But, in whatever quarter it may take place, some acquisition of territory is looked forward to as a counterpoise to the expected evacuation of Rome, lest the star of imperial *prestige* should wax pale. Of faith in any official denials on any such subject, I found no trace or thought anywhere.

Of internal politics I shall say little either. The act of travelling in itself impressed one with the feeling that the age was, indeed, one of expiring formalism. Passports, *octroi*, seem to subsist for the sole purpose of maintaining *employés;* they have evidently no faith in themselves. The simple declaration of nationality, on which an Englishman is admitted, must lead visibly to a suppression of passports for all. I had an amusing conversation on the subject with a fellow passenger, a gendarme at a seaport, who admitted that many persons passed before him as English, as to whose nationality he was quite uncertain, his conclusion being that it required "une certaine tactique" in such matters to know who was to be let pass, and who to be further questioned. As to the *octroi*, the sole remaining use which I see in it is that of training the people to patience before the doors of the *salle* are opened. Those who imagine the French to be an impatient race have only to watch with what exemplary patience they bear this process, even when arriving by a late night train.

But, if formalism be expiring, arbitrary power—the "*régime de l'arbitraire*," as the French well express it—is everywhere. As I was at Versailles, within an *octroi*-man's hut, in which a friend had taken shelter from a storm, there hung placarded an "*arrêté*" by the mayor, that, inasmuch as various thefts had taken place, which were supposed to have been committed by wandering gipsies, who professed to sell brushes and other goods, such persons were not to be admitted within the town. Technically speaking, the mayor, who has power to take temporary measures for public security, probably did not exceed his legal authority. But imagine a whole class of traders stopped from entering a town, not because they obstruct circulation, or otherwise hinder others, but because some of their number are suspected of dishonesty. Or take, again, the following case, which dates only a few months back, from the heart of Paris. A commercial firm, of republican principles, wishing to test the reality of the much-vaunted advance in liberalism of the imperial government, drew an old statuette of the republic out of a corner, and placed it on a high shelf in their counting-house. Not a fortnight elapsed before they were honoured with a visit from the commissary of police of the quarter. "You "have seditious emblems here, which "must be put away," began the official, who evidently did not even know where the *corpus delicti* might be, and vainly looked for it for some time, when they maliciously asked him to point it out, till at last, raising his eyes, he suddenly espied it.

I have given these two cases, trifles in themselves, simply as samples of the

small official tyranny which is exercised everywhere. The weight of the leaden hand, it may be said, is felt always and by all. It comes down now seldom or never clumsily in acts of open violence and Cayenne deportations. Experience has proved that government has a far easier way of getting rid of a man of business. Just arrest him, keep him three or six months in prison, then bring him to trial, and let the public prosecutor benevolently conclude for his acquittal. He goes away innocent and ruined. Such is the rule under which every worker in France, high or low, rich or poor, has to do his daily task. The tendency, in short, seems to be, to substitute for the despotism of forms a despotism of will—for a troublesome civil bureaucracy, the arbitrariness of military rule. Free trade is inaugurated; but a huge and formidable navy is built up. Passports are suppressed, but soldiers and *gendarmes* are everywhere; the Paris *sergens de ville*, I believe, are 10,000. And, though these, by their unvarying civility, offer, indeed, a most pleasing contrast to their predecessors, and have evidently won the confidence of the people, still they bear the sword, and, probably, are not meant, if occasion should require, to bear it in vain. Everywhere is the impress of a strong, clear will, careless of form and detail, but guided in all its operations by, I repeat it, a profound distrust, an unappeasable dread of the people over which it has to rule.

Of some of the more hopeful elements which France seems to offer for the future, I mean to speak in another paper. Let me, however, say at once, in justice to the French people, on a point on which I have heard much of late years, that, whilst I have heard recently frequent complaints of French rudeness, from the moment of starting, to the moment of return, I, for one, met with nothing but the civility and kindliness of old days. It is true, that I travelled second-class (*very* respectable people in France now travel third), and frequented no aristocratic lounges. I suspect that the rudeness of which our fellow-countrymen complain when travelling in France is mostly confined to the *parvenus* of the imperial *régime* and their lacqueys. Still, I have no doubt that worse than rudeness may easily be met by those who penetrate into the less frequented rural districts. "I assure you," said a French working man to me, "that I know many a place where the peasant looks upon an Englishman as he would upon a wild beast, and would treat him, if he dared, as if he were such." "And the same feeling exists towards the Prussians in the north-east," observed another. Such is the temper of those agricultural classes which are the source and mainstay of imperial power.

STATE EDUCATION, ITS PAST AND FUTURE: THE REVISED EDUCATION CODE.

BY THE REV. H. G. ROBINSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE TRAINING COLLEGE, YORK.

THERE is nothing so conservative as a vested interest. This is well seen in the excitement and opposition called forth by the revised Education Code, which issued from the penetralia of the Council Office, in the month of August. That code has some faults, and, at least, one practical absurdity; but, in the eyes of many of its most active opponents, the greatest and most damning fault is a ruthless trampling under foot of *vested interests*. Now, there are sometimes cases where the claims and rights of the individual must be offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of public weal; but, even then, there remains to the sufferer

the luxury of protest and complaint; and in the present instance it is as unreasonable to denounce managers and teachers of schools for the outcry they are making, as it would be to express surprise that sheep are sometimes restive under the shears, or that eels do not always lie still to be skinned. But, whatever opinion may be entertained of the decency or justice of the present excitement, there is no doubt that an important collateral advantage will result from it. It is making the question of Education the question of the season; and the subject stands a good chance of being very widely discussed, very generally studied, and, at last, we may hope, permanently settled on a sound and reasonable basis. And, indeed, if the ruling spirits of the Council Office had wished to rouse a dozing public to the active consideration of this question, they could not have devised any plan so likely to effect their object as that which they have thought fit to adopt.

Moreover, the suddenness with which the thing has been done—the quick, dexterous, unexpected jerk with which the New Code has been thrown among us—has all the bracing effect on the popular energies of one's morning plunge into cold water.

It is difficult to know how much acquaintance with educational politics it is safe to presuppose among general readers. Some of the lay public are, no doubt, well versed in the subject; but a great many have very dim notions of the functions of the Committee of Council, of the nature of pupil-teachers, certificates, augmentation grants, and such-like mysteries of the craft. These things, then, the reader must bear in mind, have sprung out of the relation in which National or Elementary Schools stand to the Government. Formerly, the management of a school was a simple business. The Patron, or Clergyman, or Committee of Managers, raised funds by voluntary effort, appointed a master, imposed a school-fee, provided a few books, and a little apparatus; and the thing was done. The National Society and the British and Foreign School Society were founded early in the present century to promote the education of the children of the poor; Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster suggested improved methods of teaching and management; a stronger interest was awakened in the work; it began to be felt and believed that to educate effectively called for more system and method, for more scientific processes, for a more exalted view of the teacher's requirements and position; objections were started and answered; and, at length, popular opinion became ripe for a very important crisis—for the interference of the State in the education of the people. This interference was, at first, extremely cautious in its nature, and very limited in its extent.

In 1832, the sum of 20,000*l.* was voted by Parliament, and administered by the Treasury, and was expended in grants for building schools, under the auspices of the National and British and Foreign School Societies. In 1839, the grant was raised from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* and its administration was confided to a special department, constituted for that purpose, viz. the Education Committee of the Privy Council. Under the auspices of this central body, a very elaborate educational system has been called into existence, and the parliamentary grant has year by year increased, till, in 1860, it reached 800,000*l.*

Now it must be observed that the system inaugurated by the Committee of Council is one which by its very constitution must expand and develop, and must also carry along with it a corresponding expansion and development of the annual grant. Of late years, perhaps we may say from 1852, when the amount was 160,000*l.*, the increase has averaged about 70,000*l.* per annum; and, if the existing system should be left undisturbed, this average increase will be steadily maintained for several years to come.

A glance at the various uses to which the grant is applied will show that this result is inevitable. In order to take advantage of the parliamentary vote for educational purposes a school must be

in connexion with the Council Office and open to the visits of the Government Inspector. It seems that in 1860 about 8,000 schools in England and Wales participated in the annual grant, while by the returns of the Education Commissioners it appears that there are in England and Wales about 23,000 public week-day schools supported by religious denominations. Hence, there were, in 1860, 15,000 schools still excluded from the benefits of the Council Office system. Of these schools, however, a certain number yearly qualify themselves for participation in the grant, and thus increase the demand made by national education on the public revenue. There is indeed no probability that the whole of these 15,000 schools would, even under existing arrangements, be able to meet the requirements of the Privy Council; so that we cannot settle future education estimates by a rule of three sum, and say that, if 8,000 schools cost the country a certain amount, the cost of 23,000 will be a proportionate amount representing the predestined maximum of the parliamentary grant. But, on the other hand, there has been a tendency to relax conditions and liberalize payments in favour of rural schools, which, if carried out to the full, might cause an increase above the estimated average, and even possibly go near to realize the seemingly exaggerated calculations of those who anticipate a steady upward advance to the formidable sum of five millions. As things are, however, it would be safe to reckon on a yearly increase in the payments to teachers. The Training Colleges annually send out nearly 1,500 students, entitled, as soon as they obtain schools, to an augmentation grant, which may be averaged at 16*l.* This calls for an increase in the annual grant of above 20,000*l.* As additional schools come under inspection there must be a further increase in the payments to the pupil-teachers and assistants, in the capitation grant on attendance, and in the costs of inspection itself.

It is obvious therefore that, as I before said, the increase in the education grant is, under existing arrangements, certain and inevitable; and, however great the merits of the Privy Council system may be, and however justifiable the anticipated growth of expenditure, it is certainly time to consider whether that system is the best possible, and whether that expenditure is followed by corresponding results.

It was this conviction which led to the appointment, in 1858, of a commission to inquire into the state of popular education in England; and the report of that commission has, in its turn, led to the issue of the revised code, about which so much is being said, and against which so many demonstrations have taken place.

It must, however, be observed that the revised code, though undoubtedly an *effect* of the commission, is by no means an exact expression of the opinions and recommendations of the Commissioners. On the contrary, though, with some modifications, it borrows from their report one or two of its leading features, yet, in some points—as more especially in its way of dealing with training colleges—it takes a course directly opposed to their suggestions and to the evidence on which those suggestions are based. Now, the Commissioners' report pronounces a verdict, in many respects, very favourable to the existing Privy Council system. But, while it acknowledges that, among other important results, a great increase has taken place in the number of children at school throughout the country, that the influence exercised by the elementary schools is very salutary, and that their tone and discipline are generally good, it accuses them of a very serious shortcoming as regards the teaching of the rudiments of education. In spite of trained teachers, active inspectors, and first-rate machinery, a very large proportion of the children of the working classes fail to acquire sufficient skill in reading to enable them to make any practical use of the accomplishment. This is the deliberately-pronounced verdict of the Royal Commissioners; it is supported to a very great extent by the Government Inspectors in

their annual reports; and no one, as far as I know, has come forward to controvert it. On this point managers and schoolmasters seem rather disposed to allow judgment to go by default.

In the absence, then, of any rebutting evidence we have no alternative but to believe that the statement of the Commissioners is in the main true. And if so, what follows? Why, surely, that a change of some kind is wanted. The least that should be required from an elaborate educational system, aided by State grants, is that those who take advantage of it should, as a rule, acquire the ability to read and write. To give this is not necessarily to educate in the full sense of the word, but it is to furnish the indispensable instruments of education. Where this is not given, it is very hard to say what is given; for a child who leaves school without being able to read is never very likely to do much for its own self-improvement, and will very soon lose those moral and religious impressions which it may have received through its attendance at school and its submission to school discipline.

Now, if these two facts—a necessarily increasing expenditure and an important deficiency of results—be clearly proved, no one will venture to deny that some modification of the existing system is called for. And, indeed, this is admitted by many violent opponents of the revised code. We may take it for granted, therefore, that, with the exception of some with whom personal interest outweighs every other consideration, the objection is, not to change in itself, but to the particular changes proposed, and to the manner in which they have been forced on the country. If this be so, we may hope that a full and free discussion of the subject will lead to suggestions on the one side, and concessions on the other, which may bring about a satisfactory and conclusive adjustment of the question. It is my wish to make this paper a humble contribution to this desirable result.

A careful examination of the revised code leads to the conclusion that its authors had three main objects in view:

(1) Economy of expenditure.

(2) Simplification and decentralization of system.

(3) The securing of a certain minimum of well-defined practical results.

Now, with regard to the first of these, the question at once suggests itself, Is retrenchment demanded, and is it desirable? The national expenditure is, indeed, sufficiently great, and has excited considerable indignation amongst financial reformers. Economy in the outlay of public money is popular in the abstract; but opposition is sure to be excited when any particular item is selected for economical experiment. And certainly the Education Grant is not a very grievous offender. Its progressive increase may have called attention to it; but, after all, when we consider the importance socially and politically of the work it aims at doing, we must admit that its aggregate amount is comparatively insignificant. It must, I think, be insisted on that, if the State is to take an efficient part in the promotion of National Education, and at the same time to extend its aid impartially to all whose position and necessities are the same, the public grant can never be less than 800,000*l.*, and ought to be considerably more.

But this is one of the first things to be settled, and on its settlement the future of education depends. What is to be the maximum of the parliamentary vote? Are we to stop short of a million, and say to educational expenditure, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" If so, then the system must be adapted to this law of finality, and schools now in receipt of public money must submit to a reduction in their grants in order that as many schools as possible may participate in the distribution. Abstract justice seems to require this; and yet it is certain that education will suffer by the enforcement of such a rule—for more good is done by the bestowal of liberal grants on a limited number of important schools than by the scattering of scanty streams of benefaction over a very wide surface.

But the revised code does not actually

recognise the principle of finality. Its provisions will certainly, if carried out in their present form, have the effect of reducing the amount paid to any individual school; but the grant itself will still be liable to indefinite increase, in proportion to the increase in the number of schools claiming assistance, and to improvement in the results on account of which the money is paid.

It becomes the duty of Parliament, therefore, to take up this question of expenditure, and to decide whether it is expedient, or, indeed, possible, to fix a positive limit to the Education Grant, and, if not, how, in the appropriation of the money, the conditions of economy and efficiency can best be harmonized. The revised code is a sort of attempt to deal with this question; but it is felt that the authors of that code occupy a position too purely official and too irresponsible to justify them in imposing their fiat on the country without some further appeal.

Another aim of the new code is simplification and decentralization. The official difficulties connected with the administration of the public grant are best known to official persons; and the Education Commissioners bring a great deal of evidence to show that there is some danger of the Council Office system "breaking down at its centre." It may be said, indeed, that *employés* in public offices are easily alarmed on this score; but still there can be no doubt that the complication of business involved in the administration of the Education Grant is great and increasing. Now, the simplification proposed by the authors of the revised code is the substitution of a single Capitation Grant for the various payments hitherto made to managers, masters or mistresses, and pupil-teachers. Such a mode of saving trouble seems reasonable and harmless enough, and would certainly to a very great extent have the effect desired. But there is one difficulty in the way. Hitherto school teachers, holding certificates of merit endorsed by the Committee of Council, have been in receipt of augmentation grants from Government proportionate to the grade of the certificate. The new process of simplification unfortunately cancels these grants at a stroke. Henceforth certificates are to have only an honorary character. This is loudly complained of as a breach of faith, and it must be confessed that it has that appearance. It is quite certain that, in reliance on the permanency of these allowances, many persons have become teachers who otherwise would not have done so, and many teachers of mature years, have, at considerable sacrifice, prepared themselves for and submitted to a severe and searching examination. If the Committee of Council have never actually committed themselves to the stability of the arrangement, they have in their relations with teachers taken its stability for granted, and have sought to impose conditions only justifiable on the supposition that it was stable. Here, then, we have a real live "vested interest," and the question is, What is to be done with it?

Under these circumstances, the ordinary rule is to look out for a *compromise*. And a compromise may surely be found. It might, for example, be insisted on that, in schools aided by the State, the teacher's salary must bear a certain proportion to the whole income of the school. Or again, the capitation grant might—according to a suggestion which I have somewhere met with—be divided into two parts, one payable for attendance, the other on examination; and the latter might be secured to the Teacher by the express terms of the Government Minute. At all events, it will not do to inaugurate a new system of national education with the perpetration of an injustice; and I am pretty sure that, in spite of all contravening pleas, the good sense and good feeling of most Englishmen will pronounce this confiscation of the certificate money an injustice.

The revised code, I have said, aims not only at *simplifying*, but also at *decentralizing* the system of education. One way in which it does this is, by leaving managers to make their own arrangements with pupil-teachers. There

is much to be said in favour of this change, for the circumstances of different places are so different that the unbending rigidity of Privy Council rules must often have produced inconvenience. But the Minutes are surely inconsistent in undertaking to fix the *times* of payment, while they leave the *amount* to be settled by the contracting parties. It will generally, no doubt, be an advantage to pupil-teachers to receive their payments weekly; but it will sometimes embarrass managers to make them on those terms.

We come now to the third and most important object which the new code has in view, viz. the securing of certain well-defined and positive results.

The leading feature, indeed, of the revised Minutes is *payment for results.* And, setting aside all suspicion of difficulties and all imperfections of detail, this principle is economically sound, and one which should, as far as possible, characterize disbursements of public money. Now, though it would be untrue to say that results have been disregarded under the system which it is proposed to supersede, yet it must be confessed that the *chief operations of that system have been directed to the provision of means.* And I say this to the praise of the system, and not to its disparagement." As things were twenty years ago, the provision of educational machinery was the most urgent want. And that want has been well supplied. It is worth while to consider the benefits for which we are indebted to the direct action or the indirect influence of the Committee of Council on Education.

A much higher standard of popular instruction has been set up. The truth has been brought home to men's minds, that teaching is an art that requires cultivation, and that, to be successful, education must be conducted on methodical and scientific principles. A large body of teachers have been called into existence, more or less highly trained for their work; and, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, unquestionably, for the most part, earnestly devoted to it. Neither must we pass over the improvements that have been effected in books and apparatus, and in the architecture and fittings of the school-building itself—a condition, this last, of some importance in connexion with education, as serving imperceptibly to teach the lesson that all things should "be done decently and in order."

But it is said that this large and liberal provision of means has not been followed by adequate results. To some extent we own the unsatisfactory impeachment, and can give several reasons for it. Irregularity of attendance on the part of very many of the children is undoubtedly one. Another is a want of appreciation, on the part of those who originated and have carried out the system, of the actual condition and requirements of the class to be educated. Another, again, is a tendency on the part of Government Inspectors, in their examinations of schools, to overlook the rudimentary subjects, and to encourage displays of more advanced and recondite knowledge. Another, again, is the prominence given to oral teaching—to the lecturing system, in point of fact—among the teachers, and their comparative want of ability to make much of a reading-lesson, or to explain lucidly the various arithmetical processes. Now, therefore, it is proposed to secure results by the simple process of paying for them. And, certainly, there must be a radical difference between education and everything else, if this process does not answer. But then, the result to be paid for must be something solid and tangible —something that can be weighed, and measured, and tested. The general character of a school, its tone and aspect, the moral atmosphere that seems to pervade it, are essences too volatile in their nature to be capable of reduction to £ *s. d.* Hence there is nothing left for experiment but positive *acquirement.* Accordingly, *acquirement* is fixed upon by the framers of the revised code, and acquirement, too, of the most elementary and fundamental character. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are the future pass-keys to the strong box of the Treasury.

The capitation grant is to be paid on the results of an examination in these three time-honoured branches of learning. And, however reactionary this may seem, there is very much to be said for the proposal. In the first place, *it tends to secure for the greatest possible number the necessary groundwork of all education.* If circumstances make it impossible for a child to learn anything else, he should at least be taught to read; and, whatever else a child may have the opportunity or the desire to learn, he should at all events learn to read as the first step. Hence a ready answer suggests itself to an objection strongly insisted on, that the effect of this scheme will be to banish everything but reading, writing, and arithmetic from our schools. It seems to me that the objectors are involved in a dilemma. Either there is time for teaching properly these elementary subjects, and also for teaching the higher branches; or there is not. If there is, there is no fear that the higher and more attractive subjects will be neglected by teachers regularly educated and trained. If there is not, will any one recommend that the children of the working classes shall be left without a competent skill in reading and writing, in order that they may pick up a smattering of geography or a few disjointed facts of history?

But it is argued by some that, if this test be applied, all education, properly so called, will be at an end, and that teaching will become as mechanical as it was under village pedagogues of the old school.

Those who think so do not seem sufficiently to understand the educating power of two at least of the three subjects referred to. The national-school boy can have no better discipline than a course of arithmetic, intelligently and scientifically taught. The reading-lesson, again, if given as it should be, is excellent training for the mind. The power to read easily and intelligently is itself evidence of awakened intellectual activity. Nay, the reading-lesson may be made to play a far more important part than it has yet done in the work of imparting general information. History, geography, common things, may often be better taught through this medium than by means of a discursive and wordy oral lesson, under which the class are too often, at the best, passive listeners.

Another argument in favour of the new Council Office test is, that it is not only the common foundation on which all schools must build, *but it is the most neutral of all neutral ground.* It is exactly the point to which an impartial central agency may direct its co-operation without trenching on local liberty as to matters where liberty is essential. And, at the same time, to help in this quarter is really to aid in the development of distinctive views and particular systems; for surely to provide the foundation is indirectly to assist in the superstructure.

For this reason I cannot fall in with the outcry against the Minutes on the ground that they make no account of religious instruction. If it were strictly true that they did not, yet if they put no impediment in its way, but left the Church and the other religious communities full liberty of action in this respect, there would be very slender grounds of complaint. It is surely the Church's mission to provide religious instruction for her members; and no severer accusation could be brought even by the Liberation Society itself, than to say that in our Church schools, where the supporters are churchmen, and where the clergyman is generally the acting manager, there is serious danger that religious instruction will be neglected unless the official vigilance of Downing Street shall interpose. If so, we must strangely in these days have forgotten the tender and touching precept spoken long ago, "Feed My lambs!" But, it will be urged, the temptation to concentrate his whole attention on the three paying subjects will be too much for the virtue of the teacher. I think too well of teachers to admit this; but, were it so, no harm can happen unless those three terrible Rs triumph over the virtue of managers also. For is not the teacher henceforth to be dependent on the managers for his salary? Is not

one half of the school income at least to have a local source? Will it not be easy for managers to say to teachers, or for subscribers to say to managers, "We "pay your salary, or we give our contri- "bution, on the condition that the "children attending your school are "properly instructed in Holy Scripture "and the Church's formularies, and "brought up to lead a godly and a "Christian life, as members of Christ "should be?" And will it be any very heavy burden on the clergyman to examine the children periodically in religious knowledge, and report thereon, if necessary, to the committee? Or again, what hinders the carrying out of a complete system of diocesan inspection under the direction of the Bishop, such inspection being confined to the moral and religious aspect of our schools? Having considerable faith in the Church and in her machinery, when properly worked, I do not think the consequences can well be disastrous to religion if she is made to accept her own responsibilities, and to do her own work. Neither, again, if reading the Bible presupposes ability to read, can I think it to be anything but an advantage to religion if the State will help us to secure this necessary, though secular, foundation.

But it is not strictly true that the code completely secularizes education. It preserves the denominational character of the schools. And this really is the essential thing. This makes purely secular education impossible, so long as the religious societies are true to themselves. Moreover, it appears by a statement of the Bishop of Lichfield, in his recent charge, that it has been intimated to inspectors of Church schools, that, under article 47 of the code, they may "recommend a "reduction of the grant by not less than "one-tenth, and not more than one-half, "for *deficiency of religious knowledge*."

So far it has been my feeling to uphold the general principles on which the revised code is based. When, however, we come to examine its details, it is no longer possible to speak so favourably. There is abundant evidence of hasty assumption, and of want of practical acquaintance with the subject.

In the first place, the examination test is somewhat overdone. To impose it on children of three or four years of age implies gross ignorance of child-nature, or a bias in favour of infanticide more becoming an officer of King Herod than a minister of Queen Victoria. A very simple change will rectify this blunder. Let a small capitation grant be payable on *attendance only*, in the case of all children under six years of age. In their case, attendance at school, with the control and discipline it involves, is a *result*.

It is a mistake equally unfortunate to impose conditions which will have the effect of shortening school stay; and everybody says that this will result from only allowing children above eleven to be examined once. Why not remedy this by a supplementary examination in more advanced subjects for those who have passed through all the groups?

Grouping by age, again, is strongly objected to by those who are most conversant with schools. It does indeed involve serious difficulties; but they have been so thoroughly ventilated by others who have handled the subject that I need not enlarge upon them. Now, in lieu of this arrangement according to age, the following might be suggested:— Let there be three or four grades of examination, and let there be a corresponding number of payments in an ascending scale, and so adjusted that a good school may receive on the whole a fair average grant. Let children be admissible to any one of these grades irrespective of age; but let no child be presented for examination more than once in the same grade. If tickets endorsed by the Council Office were given to those children who passed in the highest grade, it would excite some interest and emulation among them, and the tickets would afterwards serve them as certificates of attainment.

I have heard it remarked by an earnest friend to education, that the faults of the code may almost be excused, on account of the encouragement it gives to night-schools. This is, indeed, one of

its most commendable features; and I only regret that the boon is in some degree marred by the condition that a boy must have attained the age of thirteen before he can be regarded as available for the capitation grant. As boys cannot be made to stay in the day-school till they are thirteen, this condition interposes a *hiatus valde deflendus.*

Had I space, I should like, as in private duty bound, to enlarge on the subject of normal colleges, and on the treatment which they receive from the code. Very few words, however, must suffice. Of the limitation in the number of Queen's scholars, I do not complain, for I anticipate an overstocked market. The cessation of grants to lecturers—grants obtained by them after a severe examination—is a great hardship. It is indeed less defensible than the confiscation of augmentation grants on the certificate—for in the latter case there is the semblance of an equivalent; in the former there is none.

Again, the arrangements which tend to discourage residence for the full term of two years are open to serious objection; but they are so palpably the result of oversight, that they will no doubt be amended.

But I must hasten to a conclusion. The subject is not only important, but many-sided, and it is impossible thoroughly to discuss it within the compass of a paper of moderate length. The contribution which I offer to the discussion is only fragmentary. Approving of many of the principles on which the code rests, I still see difficulties connected with it which do not simply arise out of faults in the details, but are of the essence, so to speak, of the scheme. So complete an examination of several thousand schools as the code provides for is something new, and may give rise to new complications. There cannot be much embarrassment as to the standard by which the examiner is to be guided, but there must be a considerable increase in the number of examiners. So far there will be a set-off against any saving in other directions.

Again, payment by results involves some degree of financial uncertainty, and managers must, in arranging their expenditure, provide for the contingency of abatements in the grant. The hardship here is more apparent than real. It is as easy to live within a fluctuating income as it is to live beyond a fixed one. The teacher whose salary is derived partly from school pence must already have solved this problem.

Much has been said about the loss and inconvenience that will arise from irregularity of attendance, and from the tendency which children have to go from school to school, as caprice inspires them. These are serious evils; but, if they are in any degree curable, payment by results will help to cure them. The managers of schools in towns must enter into agreements with one another not to countenance aimless and causeless migration from school to school. To raise the school fee in the case of children who fail to secure any capitation grant will sometimes be found practicable, and will give parents a wholesome interest in regularity of attendance.

On the whole, however, we may be glad that the operation of the code is suspended. Time and opportunity are thus afforded for a thorough consideration of the subject; and it must now be discussed and decided by that great assembly whose verdict alone can justify such radical changes, and whose authority alone can reconcile everybody to them. The revised code can never reappear without very considerable modifications. Let us hope that those modifications will be such as to avoid injustice, to advance education, and, as far as possible, to satisfy objectors.

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SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESSES, AND WOMEN'S PART IN THEM.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE,

AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON INTUITIVE MORALS," "WORKHOUSE SKETCHES," ETC.

"CURE the world by science!" said an irate old gentleman to us this year in Dublin. "Don't talk to me of your Social Science! Make people read their Bibles, and teach their children, and keep their houses clean, and attend to their business instead of the alehouse; but don't talk balderdash about social science! Science indeed! *social* science! pshaw!"

Vain would it have been, no doubt, to try to persuade that excellent practical philanthropist that, like M. Jourdain, who had been "talking prose all his life without ever suspecting it," so he had been similarly studying Social Science; and that it even takes no small share of the same to teach people all the good things he desired. Equally hopeless would it be to argue with one who should question whether the evils of pauperism, crime, and vice were more likely to be cured by chance and isolated efforts, than by the intelligent method and co-operation of persons devoted to the task, and studying, *as a science*, the solemn problems of human misery, and its possible relief. The late meeting in Dublin of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science may be counted so definitely a success, as to establish the right of such congresses to be ranked among the more prominent institutions of our times. We think ourselves accordingly fully justified in inviting our readers to a careful consideration of the various aspects of such meetings, and their probable bearings on our present condition and future prospects.

At the first blush it is obvious that there are in them many points of unquestionable hopefulness and promise. We cannot promise to discuss the subject from the empyrean heights of wholly uninterested criticism. We feel, on the contrary, somewhat puzzled to conceive the mental state of the man who can do so; who witnesses without one glow of human sympathy so many persons assembled from every part of the kingdom, and even from distant countries, with the one recognised object of contributing what may lie in their power towards the common cause of "peace on earth, and good-will to man." Only in our age could such a purpose serve to collect such an assembly. *War*, indeed, has its councils, even among Caffres and Mohawks. The impenetrable mysteries of scholastic theology have called a thousand synods to determine the most recondite secrets of our great Maker's nature. Physical science, art, and literature have had their academies and institutions beyond numbering, in modern Europe. But it was reserved for the later half of our century to find even a name for that pursuit which directly tries to make mankind more good and happy, and fulfil as best they may, the second great

commandment in the Law. The mistakes, the failures, the displays of human folly and weakness (if such there should appear) at a congress like this, would make a lover of his kind rather inclined to grieve than to laugh, to lament any defect in a noble work rather than to glory over the weakness displayed by the workers.

On the other hand, there are some pertinent questions to be asked, and, perhaps, doubts to be entertained, respecting the existing mode of conducting these assemblies. We confess that on the face of it the idea is rather alarming of a large association of ladies and gentlemen, enjoying rights of membership on the qualification of a small subscription, and meeting together annually to read wholly independent and disjointed lucubrations, which, unless quite inadmissible in their character, the courteous secretary will hardly be willing to reject. That section of the community whose office in the social machine is that of the drag, and who unfortunately perform their functions whenever it is going *up* hill no less than down—these good persons have not failed to fasten themselves tightly on this new wheel of progress. "In every other science," they remark, "some period " of apprenticeship is admitted to be " necessary. But Social Science would " appear to be a Minerva, springing " fully armed out of the head of Jupiter. " People are surely made 'sociologists' " the moment they have taught a " child, or sent a thief to jail, or given " tea to an old woman. Nay, they " need not have practically done so " much as this. They may have evolved " some gigantic scheme for the benefit " of the universe merely, like the cele- " brated 'idea' of the camel, 'out of the " depths of their moral consciousness,' " and in the high regions of social " science they may disport them at " their own sweet will, almost as it were " in vacuo. It is nearly as good as " being clergymen, to be able to " preach (though it be but for twenty " minutes) and to know that nobody can " contradict them. The audience may, " indeed, applaud, but the laws of " Social Science utterly forbid all sibila- " tion." In other words, it is manifestly absurd to expect that any good can come of meetings so constituted.

We will endeavour, if possible, to obtain a correct idea of what Social Science itself purposes to be, what are its legitimate objects and necessary limitations. Then we shall briefly describe the past history and present condition of the Association for the promotion of this science; and, lastly, offer such replies as may seem just to the more prominent objections brought against it from various quarters.

The debate, whether Morals properly form a deductive or an inductive science, has occupied some of the greatest minds of the world. Do we obtain the laws of social and personal duty from certain principles implanted by our Creator in our natures; or must we seek for them among the experienced results of actions upon the happiness or misery of ourselves and mankind? Are we to *deduce* from the intuitive axiomatic principles of "Love thy neighbour," and "Be perfect," the remoter propositions which are to determine our special obligations, or are we to *induce* from the largest attainable basis of experience the generalizations which we may then erect into canons of morality? On the one side (that of ethics being independent of the happiness test) we have a grand array of noble names—Plato and Zeno, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Antoninus, Chrysostom, St. Bernard, Abelard, Cudworth, Jeremy Taylor, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Balguy, Hutcheson, South, Law, Fichte, and the two greatest moralists of any age—Bishop Butler and Immanuel Kant. And on the other side (that of ethics being the result of experience) we have another array, yet hardly of such names as on the former roll—Epicurus, Aristippus, Democritus, Machiavelli, Pomponatius, Gassendi, Sharrock, Cumberland, Locke, Grotius, Puffendorf, Paley, Bentham, and the one living great champion, John Stuart Mill. Again, on the one hand, different theories have been propounded respecting the origin,

nature, and limits of the Intuitive or Innate ideas, or Moral Sense of right and wrong. On the other hand, the nature of the Happiness test, and the persons who are to enjoy the same, are most variously stated. It may be either the *εὐθυμία*, the intrinsic happiness of the *mens conscia recti*, to be found in virtue itself, which we are (according to Democritus, Cumberland, and More) to note and follow; or it may be the *ἡδονὴ*, the mere "pleasure," of Aristippus; or the *εὐδαιμονία*, the general "felicity," present or future, of Epicurus or Paley. And, again, we may apply ourselves to the discovery of what will give *us*, individually, such Pleasure or Happiness here or hereafter; or we may merge our own interests in that of the mass of mankind, and inquire only what will produce "the Greatest Happiness of the Greatest Number." This last doctrine (so different from the selfish system of Paley, and illustrated with such power by Bentham and Mill) stands at this moment as the sole surviving representation of the inductive school of morals. Its lesson is even ostentatiously lucid—"Obtain from statistics the largest possible basis of facts, the most extensive accumulation of results of actions on the happiness of the community, and then induce therefrom the laws which, when so obtained, must be accounted to possess the sanctity of moral obligations."

We have been thus explicit in stating the great ethical problem, because we believe that a misapprehension exists as to the relation of social science to this controversy. It is supposed that all researches into the conditions of public welfare necessarily imply that we consider the results so obtained as ultimate principles of morals, beyond which there is no higher sanction of duty. Thus those to whom the names of Plato, Butler, and Kant, convey an impression not to be shared by Democritus, Paley, and Bentham, are unjustly prejudiced against a science which, in truth, involves no such concession. "What other view, then, can we hold?" Why, simply this—

The nature of all exact science is to teach us *abstract* universal principles. It cannot possibly descend below these to practical applications. By geometry I learn that a triangle is equal to half a rectangle under the same base and altitude, but no geometry can teach me whether one of my fields be a triangle with equal base and altitude with the adjoining rectangle. To know this I must see and measure them, and then geometry will tell me that the one contains half as many acres as the other. Likewise in morals, Intuition teaches me the axiom that I must love my neighbour, and reflection will deduce the proposition that I must relieve the wants of the poor to the best of my ability. But no deductive science of morals can teach me what are the wants of John Styles, nor whether he will be best relieved by alms or by employment. Where deductive science stops the inductive one must meet it, and, by a process which modern logicians have named traduction, we pass from one order of reasoning to another, and complete a science of ethics practically applicable to every detail of life.

But because induction has this great work to do, because the field which experience is to measure is of vast extent, because we need it to show us *how* to obey the moral law in our hearts, not therefore must it be mistaken for that law itself. Because it has taught us how to confer happiness on our neighbour, it must not set up happiness as the sole end of morality; because it has advised our benevolence what is expedient, it must not make benevolence a matter of expediency. Let the experimentalist, by all means, teach us how to educate the masses, but let him not ask the utility of enlarging the capacity for virtue in rational souls. Let him teach us how to emancipate the slave, but let him not to dare to question whether restoring to one sixth of a community the rights of manhood will, on the whole, conduce to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

We believe the utilitarian system to be philosophically untenable and morally

paralysing to the energies of all save the noblest souls. Therefore we repudiate all imaginary connexion between it and social science, and maintain that though it is the office of such science to supply the experimental basis of facts on which the moral law is to take effect, yet it appeals for its impulse of duty and its divine sanction to a very different principle, namely, to "the law written on the hearts" of all men, whether Jew or Gentile,

"The unwritten law Divine,
Immutable, eternal, not like these of yesterday,
But made ere time began."[1]

The province then of Social Science, as we would understand it, is simple enough. At the present stage our task is nearly the same as that which Bacon commenced for physical science in the *Novum Organon.* In the first place a vast accumulation of facts and observations, statistics and experiments, need to be gathered and constated. Then out of these, gradually, by induction, larger generalizations will be reached, one principle after another will be ascertained, and the laws regulating public health, crime, pauperism, &c., will be discovered. It is obviously impossible at first to know where exactly to look for the more important facts, and to choose among those presented to us only such as may be of permanent value. We must be content to act like a geologist at a quarry, and be satisfied though the workmen bring many worthless stones along with some precious fossils, out of which, by and by, may be framed a form of life and beauty all unseen hitherto by mortal eyes. The *general* benefits of the whole scheme may be summed up as follows. Of the *particular* practical achievements we will speak by and by.

1. The science itself is advanced by the accumulation, comparison, and verification of the discoveries of the leading students year by year, the facts they have noted, and the experiments they have made.

2. Individual students receive instruction and encouragement each from each, and are further immensely aided in carrying out their special tasks by acquaintance with all others similarly engaged in the kingdom, whose work and their own henceforth proceed with mutual co-operation.

3. Persons not hitherto occupied in practical philanthropy acquire an interest in one or other branch of the subject, and thenceforth give their influence, time, or money to the cause.

4. The Legislature receives with respect the opinions and advice of those who have made these matters their study, because they are now presented, not as isolated views of individuals, but as the deliberate resolutions of a large and respectable body of thinkers and workers.

In a word, the principle of associated action, whose adoption Channing so well described as one of the most distinguishing characteristics of our century, and one of the most powerful of future agencies in the world, is now applied to the promotion, not merely of war, nor commerce, nor the abstruse controversies of theology; not merely to the advancement of physical or mathematical science, of arts, or of literature; but directly and immediately to the promotion of the virtue and happiness of the human race. Social Science aims to embrace every department of the vast field wherein must be waged the warfare of Ormuzd against Ahrimanes, virtue against vice, innocence against crime, health against disease, knowledge against ignorance, peace against war, industry against pauperism, and woman against the degradation of her sex. No wonder that the mockers sneer at the immensity of the undertaking, as they did when the education of the poor was attempted twenty years ago, and the jest ran on the efforts to convey the "rudiments of omniscience" through a penny magazine. It *is* a gigantic science, that of the laws which govern human society. It is an enterprise almost hopeless in its magnitude, to attempt to cope with the sin and misery of the world, and, like Kehama, storm the citadel of evil on all sides, and drive at once,

[1] Sophocles, *Antigone*, 454.

"Self-multiplied, down all the roads of Padalon."

He who would say that the labours of twenty such associations in a dozen years could actually accomplish any one department of the task, would "talk Utopian;" but not the less must we wish God-speed to a plan which promises to do more than a thousand *isolated* workers have done or could do in centuries.

The first beginning of the Social Science congresses may be traced to a small meeting of persons interested in the reformatory movement, at Hardwick Court, in Gloucestershire, the seat of Mr. Barwick Baker, in the autumn of 1855. Before separating on this occasion, the members of the meeting formed themselves into a society, under the name of the National Reformatory Union.

In August, 1856, the society held at Bristol its first provincial meeting; which, in all respects, resembled those of the present congresses, except that subjects connected with crime and reformation were the only ones discussed in the sections. The extended interest excited by the proceedings of this provincial meeting suggested naturally that a still wider field of discussion should be opened. At the next assemblage, at Birmingham, in October, 1857, the "National Reformatory Union" merged in the "Association for the Promotion of Social Science," under the auspices of Lord Brougham. The second congress of the new society took place in Liverpool, in 1858, the third at Bradford, in 1859, the fourth at Glasgow, in 1860, and the fifth and last in Dublin, in 1861. On each occasion, the numbers both of speakers and audience at the meetings have shown a large increase, till the congresses have assumed their present proportions, and the vast halls of the Dublin Four Courts were not more than sufficient to contain the throngs of members and associates.

It may now be fitly asked, What work has been done by this new and gigantic machine? The answer is not far to seek. Of course a large share of the results of such meetings are of those *general* kinds which we have already indicated, and which cannot be reduced to definite statements, although we may form some judgment of their magnitude by the rise in the barometer of public opinion on all matters connected with the objects of the Association when treated by the press. It is a very few years ago since the *Morning Post* gave it as its opinion that one of the ablest heads in England was unquestionably cracked, because the owner stood foremost among the advocates for the reformation of juvenile criminals. We should be rather surprised in 1861, to find the labours of the Recorder of Birmingham thus treated even in journals remarkable for antiquity, both of date and of sentiment. A tone of contemptuous compassion was generally adopted by those "whose charity outran their discretion," and who believed that their fellow-creatures might be reclaimed from crime and pauperism. As to the lower class of journals, they merely sneered and jested, and hinted at the vanity and love of notoriety which are well known to underlie all philanthropy. Perhaps we have some vestiges of this bygone folly in some quarters yet; but the general tone is immensely altered. Those who first rowed hard against the stream of public feeling now find it carrying them forward with its tide.

But the Social Science Association does not lack specific achievements to allege in its own behalf, as well as general utility. In the first place, the whole legislation of the last few years on the subject of crime has been importantly influenced by its action. This last summer, in Dublin, the greatest achievement of all has been accomplished by the public recognition of Captain Crofton's Intermediate Convict System, as the only one which has ever successfully coped in this country with the problem of reforming adult criminals, and the consequent re-establishment of its founder in the post which he was on the point of quitting, in despair, to the probable ruin of his undertaking. Not only for Ireland is this beneficent plan now permanently secured, but we have

every reason to anticipate, ere long, its adoption in this country, since a deputation of several eminent Yorkshire magistrates and members of Parliament have been induced, from the results of the congress, to go over to Dublin on purpose to examine the practical working of the system, and have returned amply satisfied of its excellence.

Baron Holzendorff, one of the members of the Association, has already obtained its establishment in Prussia.

Much has also been effected by the Association, more or less directly, towards various other legal reforms—the consolidation of the Criminal Law, the improvement of International and of Quarantine Laws, Sir W. Page Wood's reforms respecting Charitable Trusts, the amendments in the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Laws, the Repeal of the Paper Duty, and many other movements in the right direction. The volume entitled "Trades' Societies and Strikes" embodies the results of two years' labour by a committee of the Association. It has become the standard work on the subject, and we cannot doubt it will be of vast benefit in arresting those disturbances of trade which have caused such misery to thousands, merely from their ignorance of social laws. The cause of Education, as Lord Brougham remarked at the last congress, has gained many advantages from the Association. The formation of co-operative societies, of which two hundred and fifty have been enrolled in the last twelvemonths, is another branch of progress.

Again, there are three subsidiary societies, all working in connexion with the Social Science Association, and vastly indebted to it for support. The Ladies' Sanitary Association circulates admirable tracts, and has lectures delivered in the poorer districts of London and throughout the country, instructing the people, and especially mothers, on those natural laws on whose observance the health of the community immediately depends. The Society for the Employment of Women has established the Victoria Printing Press, introduced women to the law copying trade, and is now actively prosecuting a scheme for the safe emigration of that most piteous class on whom the evils of woman's helplessness fall heaviest—women above the rank of servants, yet unable to earn their bread in England by any other industry. From an admirable paper, read by Miss Parkes, on the subject, at the congress, we are enabled to guess at the immensity of the want to be thus supplied. "A short time "since, 810 women applied for one "situation of 15*l.* per annum, and 250 "for another worth only 12*l.*" A branch of this Society has been formed, at the late congress, for Ireland. Lastly, the Workhouse Visiting Society, affiliated from the first to the Social Science Association, is also doing its work. Upwards of a hundred workhouses are now regularly visited, which, a few years ago, rarely received a drop from the plentiful spring of English charity, poured so freely on all save these most miserable paupers! Miss L. Twining's Home for the Instruction of Workhouse Girls has, we trust, in its present seventeen inmates, the beginnings of a scheme which, adopted through the country, shall rescue these girls from the present system, which has made the hard and heartless workhouse school one of the widest channels into the abyss of woman's degradation. Miss Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol, in starting the scheme for separate wards, with admission of voluntary charity, for the incurables, has worked already the relief of many hundreds of the most wretched of God's creatures. This last year, in Dublin, the meeting of the congress in that city awoke the interest and secured the entrance of a committee of ladies to the great South Dublin Union, where 1,400 sick are now blessing their presence. "It would be difficult," said the president, "to overrate the "importance of the reform of work-"houses, or the merits of Miss Twining, "whose care and time and great abilities "have long been devoted to the sub-"ject."

But it is beyond our knowledge or power to enumerate the different and

sometimes unexpected lines in which the action of the Association goes forward. Let us take one illustration more, and then leave the subject. At the congress of 1858, Mr. C. Melly read a paper, describing the fountains which he had erected in Liverpool, with the happiest effect in lessening the prevailing drunkenness. The Council allowed a separate edition of the tract, with the print of the fountain as a model, to be published; and it was extensively distributed during the congress. "The "effect has been to spread the establish- "ment of fountains over the whole "country; and it is certain that the "benefit thus derived has been owing "to the services of the Association." (Lord Brougham's Address, 1859.)

Our next step ought naturally to be, after specifying the merits of the Social Science Association, to add some statement of the objections, real or fictitious, urged against it. This is, however, we avow, a most alarming task. There is a sort of generalization about these objections which renders it by no means easy to express them in words. First, there is the name itself. One most able journal actually asserted that there was not, and could not be, such a thing as Social Science at all; thereby reducing the Association very much to the character of schemers in the South Sea Bubble! Far larger is that portion of the public who recalcitrate at once at the thing and the name, for the simple reason that both are new. "Sociology" is the sort of thing the Sorbonne would have condemned as "mal-sonnant et sentant d'hérésie." It conveys nearly the same unpleasant feelings to the mind as those direful compounds, "Neology," "Anthropomorphism," "Subjectivity," and the like. And then, has it not something to do with that horrid French system—what is it called?—"Socialism?" He who thinks such ideas as these can have no real influence, knows very little of the power of folly in the world.

A much more serious objection is that to which we have already partly referred—namely, the enormous magnitude of the field of operations, and the wholly irregular action of the forces. We admit that immense difficulties must, doubtless, lie a-head in the way of the Secretary and Council to organize and select the papers and speeches as year after year they multiply, so as to prevent the time of the meetings being wasted by indifferent contributions, while securing all those worthy of attention. As the heap of quartz grows larger it will be more and more difficult to extract all the gold. However, the world has little right to question the further wisdom of guidance hitherto so successful; and, perhaps, the utmost sagacity which can be shown in the case will be to follow Mrs. Browning's advice to the poet—

> "Keep up the fire,
> And leave the generous flames to shape themselves."

The most successful, however, of all the attacks of our witty contemporaries on the Social Science Association, are those which refer to the very considerable part taken therein by ladies; and to this, therefore, we shall devote the residue of our space.

There is a whole mine of jokes to be found at all times by the destitute in the subject of woman. Readers may remain in unmoved gravity while *men*, however absurd and ridiculous, are the subjects of sarcasm; but *women!*—"Law, master," as Diggory says, "you must not tell the story of the grouse in the gun-room, for, if you do, I *must* laugh." A silly old woman in a mob cap, or a silly young one in a crinoline, a Belgravian mother, or a "pretty horsebreaker," women who know Greek, and women who cannot spell English, ladies who do nothing but crochet, and ladies who write two hundred letters a day for Borrioboola Gha—it is pretty much the same; who can resist the fun of the thing, even if it be repeated rather frequently? Frankly we confess, for our own parts, that, while reason tells us the joke is rather superannuated, habit still induces us to enjoy it as ever fresh and new.

We do, indeed, sometimes figure to

ourselves the employer (we cannot say originator) of such a jest as a person not naturally of a lively disposition, but rather as one whom the requirements of a despotic editor compel sometimes to become jovial—one who has a "*concern*" to be diverting; who is witty, not so much by Nature as by Grace. We hear him crying in his extreme distress, "What shall I do to be funny? Who will show me any joke? *Date obolum Belisario!*" At last a blessed thought occurs to him, "We will stand on the old paths and see which were the ancient jests." And there, of course, in the first page of the first book he opens, from Aristophanes to Joe Miller, he finds a jibe at women. "Eureka!" exclaims the fortunate man; "why, of course, the women! That is always sure to succeed with the galleries." With a skip and a bound, and a sommersault, amazing to beholders, the solemn critic comes out a first-rate clown. "All right!" "Here we are!" "At them again!"

Of course it is a double piece of good fortune when (as on the occasion of the holding of the late congress in Dublin) Penseroso in Search of a Joke lights upon it in Ireland. One might almost indeed suspect that his necessities had driven him in that particular quarter, as Shakspeare says, "to taste the subtleties of the Isle!" The very dullest of Englishmen can always find a laugh for stories of Irish beggars, Irish bulls, and Irish cars. Possibly it may chance to be because he *is* dull that the quickness and brightness of the Irish mind strikes him as so amazing. He feels much like one of the hard-fisted *habitués* of an alehouse gazing at the rapid fingering of the fiddler. "Do look at un's hands how fast they go! Could'ee do the likes of that, man? Haw, haw, haw!" No other nation that we know of considers it so strange to be able to answer a simple question with vivacity, and to elaborate a joke in less than half an hour.

But to return to the women. A peculiar merit of the Protean joke against them is that it accommodates itself immediately to every new line of action which they may adopt. And, as in our day women are continually adopting new lines of action, the supply for the jest market seems really inexhaustible.

We would not on any account be discourteous to the sex; but yet we cannot help sometimes comparing them in our minds to a large flock of sheep, round which some little worrying terriers, with ears erect and outstretched tails, are barking and jumping, and (occasionally) biting in a wholly facetious manner. The foolish sheep run hither and thither; but, whichever way they go, the terriers hunt them out of *that* corner immediately. Now they rush into this thicket—now down into that ditch—now out again into the open field. Here are two sheep running away on one side, there is another going off in the opposite direction. "Bow, wow, wow!" cry the little dogs. "Bow, wow, wow! Don't go here—don't go there—don't separate yourselves—don't run together. Bow, wow, wow, wow!" At last the idiotic sheep (any one of whom might have knocked over the little terrier quite easily if it only had the pluck) go rushing, like the demoniacal swine, down into the very worst hole they can possibly find; and then the little dogs give a solemn growl, and drop their tails, and return home in great moral indignation.

We were for ever hearing of women's proper work being this, that, or the other. But, whatever they actually undertake, it is always clear that *that* is not the "mission" in question; they must run off and try some other corner directly. In the days of our grandmothers it was the frivolity of the Delias and Narcissas which was the theme of satire—

> "A youth of frolics, an old age of cards,"

was the head and front of their offending. It was a subject of scorn, that "most women have no character at all," and that, while

> "*Men*, some to business, some to pleasure take,
> Yet every *woman* is at heart a rake."

The "tea-cup age" passed away, and the

sheep rushed in an opposite direction. Women would be frivolous no more. They became "Blues!"—and the barking went on worse than ever! It was thought the wittiest thing in the world for Byron to sneer at his noble wife (who has so lately closed her life of honour, silent to the last regarding all *his* offences!) because she was

> "A learned lady, famed
> For every branch of every science known,
> In every Christian language ever named,
> With virtues equalled by her wit alone."

Efforts were made at the time to give young ladies, generally, an education which should transcend the wretched *curriculum* of the then fashionable schools—"French, the guitar, and Poonah "painting," with "history, geography, "and the use of the globes," thrown into the bargain as unimportant items. Then it was the acquirement of knowledge which was *not* "woman's mission," and which would infallibly distract her from it. It was supposed that "a "mother's solicitude for her children "depended on her ignorance of Greek "and mathematics; and that she would "be likely to desert an infant for a "quadratic equation." Those phrases which Sydney Smith called the "delight of Noodledom" were in continual circulation. "The true theatre for a "woman is the sick chamber." "The "only thing a woman need know is how "to take care of children; that is what "she was *made for*, and there is no use "attempting to overstep the intentions "of nature."

But of late a most singular transition has taken place. The sheep are running, it would seem, precisely where the terriers were driving them. The care of the sick and of children occupies the minds and lives of great numbers of women who have few or no domestic duties. Let us see how they are treated by the little dogs. Alas! we fear that we catch the sound of the bark again. "Ladies must not meddle with this school. "Ladies must not interfere with that hos-"pital. Ladies ought not to give evidence "before committees of Parliament. La-"dies cannot be admitted into workhouses. "Ladies ought not to make a stir about "the grievances they discover. Ladies "ought not to write papers about paupers, "and women's employment, and children's "education. And oh! above all earthly "things, ladies ought not to read such "papers, even if they write them. Bow, "wow, wow, wow!" They must (we are driven to conclude) nurse the sick without going into hospitals, and look after children without meddling in schools, and see evils but never publish them, and write (if they *must* write) papers about babies and girls, and then get some man to read the same (of course losing the entire pith and point thereof) while they sit by, dumb and "diffident," rejoicing in the possession of tongues and voices which, of course, it cannot have been "the intention of nature" should ever be heard appealing in their feminine softness for pity and help for the ignorant and the suffering.

Now, we confess, in all seriousness, to be rather tired of this kind of thing. It seems to us that the world does grievously need the aid of one-half the human race to mitigate the evils which oppress it; and if, in their early and feeble endeavours to fulfil their share of the work, women should make endless blunders, the error in our eyes is a venial one, compared to the inactivity and uselessness in which (in Protestant countries) so many of them habitually vegetate. Let us not be mistaken. The private and home duties of *such women as have them* are, beyond all doubt, their first concern, and one which, when fully met, must often engross all their time and energies. But it is an absurdity, peculiar to the treatment of women, to go on assuming that all of them *have* home duties, and tacitly treating those who have none as if they were wrongly placed on God's earth, and had nothing whatever to do in it. There must needs be a purpose for the lives of single women in the social order of Providence—a definite share in the general system which they are intended to carry on. The Church of Rome found out this truth long ago. The Catholic woman who does not marry takes it

almost as a matter of course that she is bound to devote herself to works of general charity and piety. While the Protestant "old maid" has been for centuries among the most wretched and useless of human beings—all her nature dwindled by restraint, and the affections, which might have cheered many a sufferer, centred on a cat or a parrot—the Romanist has understood that she has *not* fewer duties than others, but more extended and perhaps laborious ones. Not selfishness—gross to a proverb—but self-sacrifice more entire than belongs to the double life of marriage, is the true law of celibacy. Doubtless it is not an easy law. It will take some time to learn the lesson; for it is far harder to preserve a loving spirit in solitude than under the fostering warmth of sweet household affections. If the single woman allow herself to drift down the stream of circumstances, making no effort for better things, then the shoals of selfishness lie inevitably beneath the prow. To row against the tide of inclination more vigorously than others, to seek resolutely for distant duties when no near ones present themselves, to give more love while receiving less—such are the stern claims of duty on a lonely woman.

But, now that she is beginning to feel somewhat of these solemn obligations, that hundreds and even thousands of women of the upper classes are saying, "What shall I do with my life? for "neither balls, nor crochet, nor novels, "nor *dilettante* copying of drawings and "playing of music, satisfy my soul, and "I would fain do some little fraction of "good before I die"—shall we *now* spend our wit in trying to warn them off such fields as they may try to work, instead of helping them with all manly sense and tenderness? "Women are "invading the province of men. They "are not our equals, and they have no "business to do it." If the inferiority be so definite, the alarm is at least very groundless. We should not, I think, have raised the Volunteers, if it were the inhabitants of Madagascar who threatened to invade England. Let a woman's powers be set down to the lowest figure imaginable; let it be assumed (a tolerably large assumption!) that the most clear-headed and warm-hearted woman is the inferior in all respects of the most consummate masculine "muff" of her acquaintance, and that she ought to listen in humility and prostration of mind whenever he opens his lips (for the unanswerable reason that a moustache may grow upon them), still, with Herbert Spencer, we must ask, "Is it any reason, "because a woman's powers are inferior, "that she should be prevented from "using such powers as she *has?*"

We are not going to descend into that miserable arena of controversy, the question of the equality of men and women. To us, individually, it seems that the combatants have usually been about as wise as if they debated whether railway shares and the north star, a sonata by Beethoven and the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, were equal to one another. "Equality" is a word which hardly applies to moral and spiritual creatures at all. No two men are equal to one another in all ways—hardly in *any* way we can name, except in purely physical qualities of height, and weight, and strength.

But the *equivalency* of men and women is a very different question from their *equality;* and here it seems to us there is much to be learned from a fair consideration of the relative gifts divided (roughly speaking) between the sexes. There are many points on which most men are superior to most women. There are others (it can hardly be denied) in which most women are superior to most men. If these latter be on the whole as valuable points (if not as obtrusive ones) as the others, then there is a real *equivalency*, albeit not in one particular is there equality.

In plain language, we hold that the one is the pound in gold, the other twenty shillings in silver. More nicely speaking, the man is the gold sovereign, nearly everywhere and always at par. The woman is a pound cheque, which may or may not be payable to the bearer. The whole obscurity of the question has arisen from this—that the

peculiar value of woman is not by any means always to be produced. It never comes out in full save under conditions so favourable that as yet the world has but rarely offered them. The relation of equivalency which a cultivated and religious English or American lady bears to her well-matched husband, is one which has few parallels in other ranks, or lands, or ages. And the reason is clear. The bodily strength, the powerful understanding, the sound moral sense, the creative powers of man, can all secure more or less their own development. But the delicate physical beauty, the brilliant intuitions, the refined taste, the tender conscience, the loving piety, and the self-forgetting affections of women, as imperatively need an atmosphere of confidence and refinement in which to expand, as the *Victoria regia* needs warm and quiet waters in which to blossom.

But all this is in truth beside the mark.

A man has had his left arm bound up in a sling for many years. It is, no doubt, very stiff from disuse, very feeble, and at best a left hand, not a right one. The man at last bethinks him, "I declare I will take my left hand out of this sling; true, it is very little good—still there is a great deal I cannot do with my right hand alone." Would it not be rather absurd if a friend should suggest, "Don't do anything of the kind; your right hand can do everything much better by itself. As to the left (though it *has* five fingers too), it is meant for nothing but to hang in that sling round your neck. *Nature obviously never intended anything else.*" We believe that this same *left hand* of humanity is grievously wanted to do some of the world's work. Not, indeed, to do the right hand's part, but its own; to help in as perfect and needful co-operation as the two limbs of the same individual. Few signs of the future seem to us more promising than this, that the left hand is coming out of the sling—that women are putting themselves, however feebly and awkwardly at first, to their proper tasks. It is assuredly a topic of deep interest to *all*, both men and women. How can this unused hand be brought into activity? We are not going to dilate on women's

"Particular worth and general missionariness:"

but we think the following are some of the points in which their help is needed at this time.

We want, in the first place, the Religious and Moral intuitions of women to be brought out so as to complete those of men, to give us all the *stereoscopic view* by which we shall see such truths as we can never see them by single vision, however clear and strong. Old Iamblichus tells us that "the genius of women is most adapted to piety," and traces the aphorism to "the wisest of all others," Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus.[1] The ancient Germans, as Tacitus tells us, thought their women could approach nearer to the Deity than themselves. In all ages the piety of females has been noted. And why? Doubtless because their gentler natures and more retired lives peculiarly fitted them to receive in their unruffled hearts the breath of the Divine love, and listen to that inner voice too often unheard amid the clamour of the world. We come nearer to God through the affections, wherein lie woman's great power, than through the intellect wherein man excels. It is not the marble palace mind of the philosopher which God will visit so often as the humble heart which lies sheltered from the storms of passion, and all trailed over by the fragrant blossoms of sweet human affections. Yet all the light which the Divine Spirit has surely shed on so many thousands of pious women's hearts has almost been suffered to die away without illuminating further than the narrowest circle around them. We hardly any of us know what is the spontaneous religious sentiment of woman; for, when developed hitherto, it has been nearly always under the distorting influence of some monstrous creed imposed on her uncultivated understanding. We have had enough

[1] Iamblichus. De Vita Pythag. c. xi.

of *man's* thoughts of God—of God first as the King, the "Man of War," the Demiurge, the Mover of all things, and then, at last, since Christian times, of God as the Father of the World. Not always have men been very competent to teach even this side of the truth alone; for during more than a thousand years the religious teachers of Christendom were men who knew not a father's feelings, who thought them less holy than their own loveless celibacy. But the woman's thought of God as the "Parent of Good, Almighty," who unites in one the father's care and the mother's tenderness, *that* we have never yet heard. Even a woman hardly dares to trust her own heart, and believe that as she "would have compassion on the son of her womb," so the Lord hath pity on us all. Surely, surely, it is time we gain something from woman of her Religious nature! And we want her Moral intuition also. We want her sense of the law of love to complete man's sense of the law of justice. We want her influence, inspiring virtue by gentle promptings from within to complete man's external legislation of morality. And, then, we want woman's practical service. We want her genius for detail, her tenderness for age and suffering, her comprehension of the wants of childhood to complete man's gigantic charities and nobly planned hospitals and orphanages. How shall we get at all these things?

There are, of course, endless ways in which this may be done, and, thank God, is doing at last. Each woman helps it who takes her part in the labours of poor schools and asylums, of hospitals and visiting the sick, and in the beautiful duties of a country gentleman's wife or daughter among her natural dependents. Still larger is her sphere, if she can write the thoughts of her heart. Books like Mrs. Stowe's are each worth ten or twenty lives of philanthropic labours. Is there yet any other way? Can woman's influence ever come to us otherwise than in private conversation—in her visible work—and in her written books? It is an inquiry of much interest.

The truth is unquestionable, that the most ordinary human voice conveys a power over the emotions far greater than the same ideas would bring by writing. The presence of the individual who addresses us, his whole personality brought before us—face, figure, voice, motion—are immense levers of our feelings of sympathy. No *written* or printed words have half the power of the same words spoken by their author. J. D. Morell would explain the mystery philosophically. He tells us, "the nerve of the eye "is nearer to the frontal region of the "brain, and, being more nearly allied to "the intellectual organs, it is calculated "to convey impressions which appeal at "once to the understanding. The nerve "of the ear is nearer to the cerebellum, "and is more allied to the region of "passion and sentiment. Thus it is "calculated to appeal rather to the *feel-*"*ings and emotions* of our nature." (Psychology, p. 113.) "Sight," says Erdmann, "is the *clearest*, hearing the *deepest* of our senses."

The question whether this power ought ever to be used by women in the way in which it is most efficacious, namely, as addressing a number of persons at once, is not one to be decided too hastily. If the woman choose a subject belonging especially to men's concerns; if she fail to bring forward something worth hearing; if her manner be dictatorial or presumptuous, laying down the law like a man, instead of appealing for it like a woman; if she have too feeble a voice to be heard, or too great nervousness to speak aloud; in all these cases, we feel, she is in the wrong place. And still more decidedly do we feel that in no arena of angry debate—no position in which, *if she were a man*, she must expect to meet public disapprobation and contention—has she any right to be. In reality, nothing can be more ungenerous than the act of a woman by which she provokes opposition and disapproval as a man might do, and then appeals for defence and consideration as a woman. But do the opponents of feminine public speaking wholly forget that by far

the larger part of the addresses to which we all listen are made by *men* under circumstances which more effectually preclude reply, opposition, and the expression of disapproval, than we can require to guard even the silliest lady-orators? Do not the clergy of all denominations read to us, or speak to us, from their pulpits, in the enjoyment of the most sublime immunity from the chance of a groan or an ironical cheer, a reply that "that fact is not true," or "that argument is good for nothing?" Who will venture to affirm that, in the matters of morals and philanthropy to which we expect the addresses of women to be devoted, the same immunity enjoyed by the parsons may not be productive of, at least, as much benefit? Seriously, we think that a confusion is constantly made between two sorts of public speaking. One is *argumentative*, and the other *appealing and exhortative*. For public meetings, where lines of associated action are to be decided on, nothing can be more needful and appropriate than the argumentative address; but, that it should be of use, it is imperative that there be liberty of reply and refutation. The rule is clear. The speaker to whom no reply can be made, ought never to speak *as if it could*. He loses the immense advantages of the exhortative address, and (unless in the case of persons fully convinced beforehand of every point of his argument) it is a million to one if he can satisfy anybody. All this applies to woman's public addresses in this way. If the chivalry of men make it impossible for them to contend on equal terms with women, then women have no right to challenge such contention. It would be as wrong as for a gentleman to challenge to a boxing-match a sturdy yeoman, who honoured him too much to give him a downright blow. Women, therefore, should always consider any address they may make, as essentially an *appeal*—and not an argument.

In conclusion, we can only say, for certain purposes and under such limitations as we have specified, it does appear to us that the occasional addresses of women, read or spoken, may become an agency of some value in bringing about that end which every rational man must earnestly desire, namely, the introduction of the feminine element to its full place in the moral and religious feeling of the future. Whether by public reading, however, or merely writing papers on philanthropic subjects, the extreme usefulness of women has been demonstrated beyond dispute by the Social Science Association. It is no longer "an experiment to be tried," and we can hardly refrain from smiling at one critic's complacent assertion that it is "an innovation to be suppressed." (Parenthetically, we must express our curiosity to see the gentleman who will succeed in "suppressing" some of these ladies—Miss Carpenter, for instance—and in restoring them to crochet, potichomanie, and "diffidence.")

In nearly every department of the work there have been found ladies able and willing to afford substantial assistance; and, if it *were* true that some of them offered rather weak papers (or papers which sounded weak, being mangled in the reading by male substitutes), we venture to ask how many strong speeches are to be heard in *any* meeting, even such as are composed exclusively of gentlemen? In noting the progress of the Social Science Association, we trace everywhere the successful labours of women. While the public universally testify their sense of the excellent management of the congresses by the Founder and Secretary, Mr. Hastings, he himself publicly concedes no small share of the credit of his success to the aid of his assistant, the poetess, Miss Isa Craig, whose business talents excite the admiration of all connected with the Society. Lord Brougham announced, in 1859, that the most important papers hitherto presented had been those of Florence Nightingale, of which the Council thought it well to send copies to all the hospitals in the kingdom. It were idle to talk of the share which Mary Carpenter has had in one of the noblest departments of Social Science—the reformation of juvenile

criminals, and the education of vagrants and paupers. While the venerable Recorder of Birmingham has been the soul of the great movement for the reform of criminals, his daughters have worthily followed in his steps, and done most excellent service by affording us accurate accounts of the more important foreign and colonial reformatory institutions. Each of the three affiliated societies is worked almost exclusively by women. Lord Shaftesbury said, in his opening address to the Association at Bradford, "Not a little is "due to the share which women have "taken, and most beneficially taken, in "the business of this Society. I insist "especially *on the value and peculiar* "*nature of the assistance.* Men may "do what must be done on a large "scale; but, the instant the work be- "comes individual, and personal, the "instant it requires tact and feeling, "from that instant it passes into the "hands of women. It is essentially "their province, in which may be ex- "ercised all their moral powers, and all "their intellectual faculties. It will "give them their full share in the vast "operations the world is yet to see." Truly we believe it; and the Social Science Association will, we apprehend, reckon hereafter as not the least among its many achievements, that it has afforded the best and most appropriate of fields for the employment by women of one of the many powers disused by them hitherto, but doubtless designed by the Giver of every good gift to aid them to serve and bless mankind.

THE FAIR OPHELIA.

"Sweets to the sweet—Farewell!"

No more upon her cheek shall roses glow,
No more upon her brow shall lilies bloom;
But pansies, tender-eyed, each year shall grow
Upon her tomb.

The sweet reluctant zephyrs as they pass
No more her golden-rippled curls shall wave,
But low-voiced winds shall sigh amid the grass,
That clothes her grave.

No more the pearl-drops of the soft spring-showers
Shall gem the garlands her fair hands have made;
But slow sad rain shall sob among the flowers,
Where she is laid.

For her the dews shall weep, the winds shall moan,
And gentle Philomel, the whole night long,
Sing 'mid the misty moonlight all alone
Her mournful song.

And never more shall glad Remembrance rise
To bring her back to us in after years,—
Only sad Memory, to brim our eyes
With bitter tears.

THOMAS HOOD.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XLI.

CHARLES'S SECOND EXPEDITION TO ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

WHAT a happy place a man's bed is—probably the best place in which he ever finds himself. Very few people will like to deny that, I think; that is to say, as a general rule. After a long day's shooting in cold weather, for instance; or half a night on deck among the ice, when the fog has lifted, and the ghastly cold walls are safe in sight; or after a fifty mile ride in the bush, under a pouring rain; or after a pleasant ball, when you have to pull down the blind, that the impudent sun may not roast you awake in two hours; for in all these cases, and a hundred more, bed is very pleasant; but you know as well as I do, that there are times when you would sooner be on a frozen deck, or in the wildest bush in the worst weather, or waltzing in the hall of Eblis with Vathek's mama, or almost in your very grave, than in bed, and awake.

Oh, the weary watches! when the soul, which in sleep would leave the tortured body to rest and ramble off in dreams, holds on by a mere thread, yet a thread strong enough to keep every nerve in tense agony! When one's waking dreams of the past are as vivid as those of sleep, and there is always present, through all, the dreadful lurking thought that one is awake, and that it is all real! When, looking back, every kindly impulsive action, every heartily spoken word, makes you fancy that you have only earned contempt where you merit kindness! Where the past looks like a hell of missed opportunities, and the future like another black hopeless hell of uncertainty and imminent misfortune of all kinds! Oh, weary watches! Let us be at such times on the bleakest hill-side, in the coldest night that ever blew, rather than in the warmest bed that money will buy.

When you are going to have a night of this kind, you seldom know it beforehand for certain. Sometimes, if you have had much experience in the sort of thing—if you have lost money, or gone in debt, or if your sweetheart has cut you very often—you may at last guess, before you get your boots off, that you are going to have a night of it; in which case, read yourself to sleep *in bed.* Never mind burning the house down (that would be rather desirable as a distraction from thought); but don't read till you are sleepy with your clothes on, and then undress, because, if you do, you will find, by the time you have undressed yourself, that you are terribly wide awake, and, when the candle is blown out, you will be all ready for a regular Walpurgis night.

Charles, poor lad, had not as yet had much experience of Walpurgis nights. Before his catastrophe he had never had one. He had been used to tumble tired into his bed, and sleep a heavy dreamless sleep till an hour before waking. Then, indeed, he might begin to dream, of his horses, and his dogs, and so on, and then gradually wake into a state more sweet than the sweetest dream—that state in which sense is awake to all outward objects, but in which the soul is taking its few last airy flutters round its home, before coming to rest for the day. But, even since then, he had not had experience enough to make him dread the night. The night he came home from St. John's Wood, he thought he would go to bed and sleep it off. Poor fellow!

A fellow-servant slept in the same room with him—the younger and better-tempered of the two (though Charles

had nothing to complain of either of them). The lad was asleep; and, before Charles put out the light, he looked at him. His cheek was laid on his arm, and he seemed so calm and happy that Charles knew he was not there, but far away. He was right. As he looked, the lad smiled, and babbled of something in his dream. Strange! the soul had still sufficient connexion with the body to make it smile!

"I wonder if Miss Martineau or Mr. Atkinson ever watched the face of one who slept and dreamt," said Charles, rambling on as soon as he had got into bed. "Pish! why that fellow's body is the mere tool of his soul. His soul is out a-walking, and his body is only a log. Hey, that won't do; that's as bad as Miss Martineau. I should have said that his body is only a fine piece of clockwork. But clockwork don't smile of itself. My dear Madam, and Mr. Atkinson, I am going to leave my body behind, and be off at Ravenshoe in five minutes. That is to say, I am going to sleep."

He was, was he? Why no, not just at present. If he had meant to do so, he had, perhaps, better not have bothered himself about "Letters on the laws of man's nature;" for, when he had done his profound cogitations about them, as above, he thought that he had got a—— well, say a pulex, in his bed. There was no more a pulex than there was a scorpion; but he had an exciting chase after an imaginary one, like our old friend Mr. Sponge after an imaginary fox at Laverick Wells. After this, he had an irritation where he couldn't reach, that is to say, in the middle of his back; then he had the same complaint where he could reach, and used a certain remedy (which is a pretty way of saying that he scratched himself); then he had the cramp in his right leg; then he had the cramp in his left leg; then he grew hot all over, and threw the clothes off; then he grew cold all over, and pulled them on again; then he had the cramp in his left leg again; then he had another flea hunt, cramp, irritation in back, heat, cold, and so on, all over; and then, after half an hour, finding himself in a state of feverish despondency, he fell into a cheerful train of thought, and was quite inclined to look at his already pleasant prospects from a hopeful point of view.

Poor dear fellow! You may say that it is heartless to make fun of him just now, when everything is going so terribly wrong. But really my story is so very sad, that we must try to make a little feeble fun where we can, or it would be unreadable.

He tried to face the future, manfully. But lo, there was no future to face—it was all such a dead, hopeless blank. Ellen must come away from that house, and he must support her; but how? It would be dishonourable for him to come upon the Ravenshoes for a farthing, and it would be dishonourable for her to marry that foolish Hornby. And these two courses, being dishonourable, were impossible. And there he was brought up short.

But would either course be dishonourable? Yes, yes, was the answer each weary time he put the question to himself; and there the matter ended. Was there one soul in the wide world he could consult? Not one. All alone in the weary world, he and she. Not one friend for either of them. They had made their beds, and must lie on them. When would the end of it all come? What would the end be?

There was a noise in the street. A noise of a woman scolding, whose voice got louder and louder, till it rose into a scream. A noise of a man cursing and abusing her; then a louder scream, and a sound of blows. One, two; then a heavy fall, and silence. A drunken, homeless couple had fallen out in the street, and the man had knocked the woman down. That was all. It was very common. Probably, the woman was not much hurt. That sort of woman got used to it. The police would come and take them to the station. There they were. The man and woman were being taken off by two constables, scolding and swearing. Well, well!

Was it to come to that? There were bridges in London, and under them runs the river. Charles had come over one once, after midnight. He wished he had never seen the cursed place. He remembered a fluttering figure which had come and begged a halfpenny of him to pay the toll, and get home. He had given her money, and then, by a sudden impulse, followed her till she was safe off the bridge. Ugly thoughts, Charles! ugly thoughts! Will the dawn never come? Why, the night is not half over yet.

God in his mercy sets a limit to human misery in many ways. I do not believe that the condemned man, waiting through the weary night for the gallows, thinks all night through of his fate. We read generally in those accounts of the terrible last night (which are so rightly published in the newspapers—they are the most terrifying part of the punishment), that they conversed cheerfully, or slept, or did something, showing that they half forgot for a time what was coming. And so, before the little window grew to a lighter grey, poor Charles had found some relief from his misery. He was between sleep and waking, and he had fulfilled his challenge to Miss Martineau, though later than he intended. He had gone to Ravenshoe.

There it was, all before him! The dawn behind the eastern headland had flooded the amphitheatre of hills, till the crags behind the house had turned from grey to gold, and the vane upon the priest's tower shone like a star. The sea had changed from black to purple, and the fishing boats were stealing lazily homewards, over the gentle rolling groundswell. The surf was whispering to the sound of their coming. As window after window blazed out before the sun, and as woodland and hill-side, stream and park, village and lonely farm in the distant valley, waked before the coming day, Charles watched, in his mind's eye, the dark old porch, till there came out a figure in black, and stood solitary in the terrace gazing seawards. And as he said, "Cuthbert," he fell into a dreamless, happy sleep.

He determined that he would not go to seek Ellen till the afternoon. Hornby was on duty in the morning, and never saw Charles all day; he avoided him as though on purpose. Charles, on his part, did not want to meet him till he had made some definite arrangement, and so was glad of it. But, towards two o'clock, it came across his mind that he would saunter round to St. Peter's Church, and see the comical little imp of a boy who was generally to be found there, and beguile a quarter of an hour by listening to his prattle.

He had given up reading. He had hardly opened a book since his misfortune. This may seem an odd thing to have to record about a gentleman, and to a certain extent a scholar; but so it was. He wanted to lower himself, and he was beginning to succeed. There was an essential honesty in him, which made him hate to appear what he was not; and this feeling, carried to an absurd extent, prevented his taking refuge in the most obvious remedy for all troubles except hunger, books. He did not know, as I do, that determined reading will stop all cravings except those of the stomach; but he guessed it, nevertheless. "Why should I read?" said he. "I must learn to do as the rest of them." And so he did as the rest of them, and "rather loafed away his time than otherwise."

And he was more inclined to "loaf" than usual this day, because he very much dreaded what was to come. And so he dawdled round to St. Peter's Church, and came upon his young friend, playing at fives with the ball he had given him, as energetically as he had before played with the brass button. Shoeblacks are compelled to a great deal of unavoidable "loafing;" but certainly this one loafed rather energetically, for he was hot and frantic in his play.

He was very glad to see Charles. He parted his matted hair from his face, and looked at him admiringly with a pleasant smile; then he suddenly said,

"You was drunk last night, worn't you?"

Charles said, No—that he never got drunk.

"Worn't you really, though?" said the boy; "you look as tho' you had a been. You looks wild about the eyes," and then he hazarded another theory to account for Charles's appearance, which Charles also negatived emphatically.

"I give a halpenny for this one," said the boy, showing him the ball, "and I spent the other halpenny." Here he paused, expecting a rebuke, apparently; but Charles nodded kindly at him, and he was encouraged to go on, and to communicate a piece of intelligence with the air of one who assumes that his hearer is *au fait* with all the movements of the great world, and will be interested.

"Old Biddy Flanigan's dead."

"No! is she?" said Charles, who, of course, had not the wildest idea who she was, but guessed her to be an aged, and probably dissipated Irishwoman.

"Ah! I believe you," said the boy. "And they was a-waking on her last night, down in our court (he said, 'dăŏne in ăŏur cawt'). They waked we sharp enough; but, as for she! she's fast."

"What did she die of?" asked Charles.

"Well, she died mostly along of Mr. Malone's bumble foot, I fancy. Him and old Biddy was both drunk, a-fighting on the stairs, and she was a step below he; and he being drunk, and bumble-footed too, lost his balance, and down they come together, and the back of her head come against the door scraper, and there she was. Wake she!" he added with scorn, "not if all the Irish and Rooshans in France was to put stones in their stockings, and howl a week on end, they wouldn't wake her."

"Did they put stones in their stockings?" asked Charles, thinking that it was some papist form of penance.

"Miss Ophelia Flanigan, she put a half a brick in her stocking end, so she did, and come at Mr. Malone for to break his head with it, and there were a hole in the stocking, and the brick flew out, and hit old Denny Moriarty in the jaw, and broke it. And he worn't a doing nothink, he worn't; but was sitting in a corner decent and quiet, blind drunk, a singing to his self; and they took he to Guy's orspital. And the pleece come in, and got kicked in the head, and then they took they to Guy's orspital; and then Miss Flanigan fell out of winder into the airy, and then they took she to Guy's orspital; and there they is, the whole bilin of 'em in bed together, with their heads broke, a-eating of jelly and a-drinking of sherry wind; and then in comes a mob from Rosemary-lane, and then they all begins to get a bit noisy and want to fight, and so I hooked it."

"Then there are a good many Irish in your court?" said Charles.

"Irish! ah! I believe you. They're all Irish there except we and Billy Jones's lot. The Emperor of Roosher is a nigger; but his lot is mostly Irish, but another bilin of Irish from Mr. Malone's lot. And one on 'em plays the bagpipes with a bellus against the water-butt of a Sunday evening, when they're off the lay. And Mr. Malone's lot heaves crockery and broken vegetables at him out of winder, by reason of their being costermongers, and having such things handy; so there's mostly a shine of a Sunday evening."

"But who are Mr. Malone, and Billy Jones, and the Emperor of Russia?"

"They keeps lodging houses," said the boy. "Miss Ophelia Flanigan is married on Mr. Malone, but she keeps her own name, because her family's a better one no'r his'n, and she's ashamed of him. They gets on very well when they're sober, but since they've been a making money they mostly gets drunk in bed of a morning, so they ain't so happy together as they was."

"Does she often attack him with a brick in the foot of a stocking?" asked Charles.

"No," said the boy; "she said her papa had taught her that little game. She used to fist hold of the poker, but he got up to that, and spouted it. So now they poker the fire with a mopstick,

which ain't so handy to hit with, and softer."

Charles walked away northward, and thought what a charming sort of person Miss Ophelia Flanigan must be, and how he would rather like to know her for curiosity's sake. The picture he drew of her in his mind was not exactly like the original, as we shall see.

It was very pleasant summer weather —weather in which an idle man would be inclined to dawdle, under any circumstances; and Charles was the more inclined to dawdle, because he very much disliked the errand on which he went. He could loiter at street corners now with the best of them, and talk to any one who happened to be loitering there too. He was getting on.

So he loitered at street corners, and talked. And he found out something to-day for the first time. He had been so absorbed in his own troubles that all rumours had been to him like the buzzing of bees; but to-day he began to appreciate that this rumour of war was no longer a mere rumour, but likely to grow into an awful reality.

If he were only free, he said to himself! If he could only provide for poor Ellen! "Gad, if they could get up a regiment of fellows in the same state of mind as I am!"

He went into a public-house, and drank a glass of ale. They were talking of it there. "Sir Charles Napier is to have the fleet," said one man, "and if he don't bring Cronstadt about their ears in two hours, I am a Dutchman. As for Odessa—"

A man in seedy black, who (let us hope) had seen better days, suggested Sebastopol.

The first man had not heard of Sebastopol. It could not be a place of much importance, or he must have heard of it! Talk to him about Petersburg and Moscow, and he would listen to you!

This sort of talk, heard everywhere on his slow walk, excited Charles; and, thinking over it, he came to the door of Lord Welter's house and rang.

The door was barely opened, when he saw Lord Welter himself in the hall, who called to him by his Christian name, and bade him come in. Charles followed Lord Welter into a room, and, when the latter turned round, Charles saw that he was disturbed and anxious.

"Charles," he said, "Ellen is gone!"

Charles said "Where?" for he hardly understood him.

"Where? God knows! She must have left the house soon after you saw her last night. She left this note for me. Take it and read it. You see I am free from blame in this matter."

Charles took it and read it.

"My Lord,

"I should have consented to accept the shelter of your roof for a longer period, were it not that, by doing so, I should be continually tempted to the commission of a dishonourable action —an action which would bring speedy punishment on myself, by ruining too surely the man whom, of all others in the world, I love and respect.

"Lieutenant Hornby has proposed marriage to me. Your lordship's fine sense of honour will show you at once how impossible it is for me to consent to ruin his prospects by a union with such a one as myself. Distrusting my own resolution, I have fled, and henceforth I am dead to him and to you.

"Ah! Welter, Welter! you yourself might have been loved as he is, once; but that time is gone by for ever. I should have made you a better wife than Adelaide. I might have loved you myself once, but I fell more through anger and vanity than through love.

"My brother, he whom we called Charles Ravenshoe, is in this weary world somewhere. I have an idea that you will meet him. You used to love one another. Don't let him quarrel with you for such a worthless straw as I am. Tell him I always knew him for my brother, and loved him as one. It is better that we should not meet yet. Tell him that he must make his own place in the world before we meet, and then I have something to say to him.

"Mary, the Mother of God, and the blessed saints before the throne, bless you and him, here and hereafter!"

Charles had nothing to say to Welter, not one word. He saw that the letter was genuine. He understood that Welter had had no time to tell her of his coming, and that she was gone; neither Welter nor he knew where, or were likely to know; that was all. He only bid Welter good-bye, and walked home again.

When you know the whole story, you will think that Charles's run of ill-luck at this time is almost incredible; but I shall call you to witness that it is not so. This was the first stroke of real ill-luck that he had had. All his other misfortunes came from his mad determination of alienating himself from all his friends. If he had even left Welter free to have mentioned that he had been seen, all might have gone well, but he made him promise secrecy; and now, after having, so to speak, made ill-luck for himself, and lamented over it, here was a real stroke of it with a vengeance, and he did not know it. He was not anxious about Ellen's future; he felt sure at once that she was going into some Roman Catholic refuge, where she would be quiet and happy. In fact, with a new fancy he had in his head, he was almost content to have missed her. And Ellen, meanwhile, never dreamt either of his position or state of mind, or she would have searched him out at the end of the world. She thought he was just as he always had been, or, perhaps, turning his attention to some useful career, with Cuthbert's assistance; and she thought she would wait, and wait she did; and they went apart, not to meet till the valley of the shadow of death had been passed, and life was not so well worth having as it had been.

But as for our old friend, Father Mackworth. As I said once before, "It's no use wondering, but I do wonder," whether Father Mackworth, had he known how near Ellen and Charles had been to meeting the night before, would not have whistled "Lillibulero," as Uncle Toby did in times of dismay; that is, if he had known the tune.

CHAPTER XLII.

RAVENSHOE HALL, DURING ALL THIS.

The villagers at Ravenshoe, who loved Charles, were very much puzzled and put out by his sudden disappearance. Although they had little or no idea of the real cause of his absence, yet it was understood to be a truth, not to be gainsayed, that it was permanent. And as it was a heavily-felt misfortune to them, and as they really had no idea why he was gone, or where he was gone to, it became necessary that they should comfort themselves by a formula. At which time, Master Lee, of Slarrow, erected the theory, that Master Charles was gone to the Indies—which was found to be a doctrine so comfortable to the souls of those that adopted it, as being hazy and vague, and as leaving his return an open question, that it was unanimously adopted; and those who ventured to doubt it, were treated as heretics and heathens.

It was an additional puzzle to them to find that William had turned out to be a gentleman, and a Ravenshoe; a fact which could not, of course, be concealed from them, though the other facts of the case were carefully hushed up—not a very difficult matter in a simple feudal village, like Ravenshoe. But, when William appeared, after a short absence, he suffered greatly in popularity, from the belief that he had allowed Charles to go to the Indies by himself. Old Master James Lee, of Tor Head, old Master James Lee, of Withy Combe Barton, and old Master James Lee, up to Slarrow, the three great quidnuncs of the village, were sunning themselves one day under the wall which divides part of the village from the shore, when by there came, talking earnestly together, William, and John Marston.

The three old men raised their hats, courteously. They were in no distinguishable relation to one another, but, from similarity of name and age, always hunted in a leash. When no one was by, I have heard them fall out and squabble together about dates, or suchlike; but, when others were present, they

would, so to speak, trump one another's tricks to any amount. And if, on these occasions, any one of the three took up an untenable position, the other two would lie him out of it like Jesuits, and only fall foul of him when they were alone together—which, to say the least of it, was neighbourly and decent.

"God save you, gentlemen," said old Master Lee up to Slarrow, who was allowed to commit himself by the other two, who were waiting to be "down on him" in private. "Any news from the Indies lately?"

William and Marston stopped, and William said,—

"No, Master Lee, we have not heard from Captain Archer for seven months, or more."

"I ask your pardon, said Lee up to Slarrow; "I warn't a speaking of he. I was a speaking of our own darling boy, Master Charles. When be he a-coming back to see we?"

"When, indeed!" said William. "I wish I knew, Master Lee."

"They Indies," said the old man, "is well enough; but what's he there no more than any other gentleman? Why don't he come home to his own? Who's a-keeping on him away?"

William and John Marston walked on without answering. And then the two other Master Lees fell on to Master Lee up to Slarrow, and verbally ill-treated him—partly because he had got no information out of William, and partly because, having both sat quiet and given him plenty of rope, he had not hanged himself. Master Lee up to Slarrow had evil times of it that blessed spring afternoon, and ended by "dratting" both his companions, for a couple of old fools. After which, they adjourned to the public-house and hard cider, sent them to drink for their sins.

"They'll never make a scholar of me, Marston," said William; "I will go on at it for a year, but no more. I shall away soon to hunt up Charles. Is there any police in America?"

Marston answered absently, "Yes; he believed so;" but was evidently thinking of something else.

They had gone sauntering out for a walk together. Marston had come down from Oxford the day before, after an examination for an Exeter fellowship I believe, for change of air; and he thought he would like to walk with William up to the top of the lofty promontory, which bounded Ravenshoe-bay on the west, and catch the pleasant summer breeze coming in from the Atlantic.

On the loftiest point of all, with the whispering blue sea on three sides of them, three hundred feet below, there they sat down on the short sheep-eaten turf, and looked westward.

Cape after cape stretched away under the afternoon sun, till the last seemed only a dark cloud floating on the sea. Beyond that cape there was nothing but water for three thousand weary miles. The scene was beautiful enough, but very melancholy; a long coast-line, trending away into dim distance, on a quiet sunny afternoon, is very melancholy. Indeed, far more melancholy than the same place in a howling gale, when the nearest promontory only is dimly visible, a black wall, echoing the thunder of bursting waves, and where sea, air, and sky, like the three furies, are rushing on with mad, destructive unanimity.

They lay, these two, on the short turf, looking westward; and, after a time, John Marston broke silence. He spoke very low and quietly, and without looking at William.

"I have something very heavy on my mind, William. I am not a fool, with a morbid conscience, but I have been very wrong. I have done what I never can undo. I loved that fellow, William!"

William said "Ay."

"I know what you would say. You would say, that every one who ever knew Charles loved him; and you are right. He was so utterly unselfish, so entirely given up to trying to win others, that every one loved him, and could not help it. The cleverest man in England could not gain so many friends as Charles, with all his cleverness."

William seemed to think this such a

self-evident proposition, that he did not think it worth while to say anything.

"And Charles was not clever. And what makes me mad with myself is this. I had influence over him, and I abused it. I was not gentle enough with him. I used to make fun of him, and be flippant, and priggish, and dictatorial, with him. God help me! And now he has taken some desperate step, and, in fear of my ridicule, has not told me of it. I felt sure he would come to me, but I have lost hope now. May God forgive me—God forgive me!"

In a few moments, William said, "If you pause to think, Marston, you will see how unjust you are to yourself. He could not be afraid of me, and yet he has never come near me."

"Of course not," said Marston. "You seem hardly to know him so well as I. He fears that you would make him take money, and that he would be a burthen on you. I never expected that he would come back to you. He knows that you would never leave him. He knows, as well as you know yourself, that you would sacrifice all your time and your opportunities of education to him. And, by being dependent on you, he would be dependent on Father Mackworth—the only man in the world he dislikes and distrusts.

William uttered a form of speech concerning the good father, which is considered by foreigners to be merely a harmless national *facon de parler*—sometimes, perhaps, intensive, when the participle is used, but in general no more than expletive. In this case, the speaker was, I fear, in earnest, and meant what he said most heartily.

Marston never swore, but he certainly did not correct William for swearing, in this case, as he should have done. There was a silence for a time. After a little, William laid his hand on Marston's shoulder, and said,—

"He never had a truer friend than you. Don't you blame yourself."

"I do; and shall, until I find him."

"Marston," said William, "what *has* he done with himself? Where the deuce is he gone?"

"Lord Saltire and I were over the same problem for two hours the other night, and we could make nothing of it, but that he was gone to America or Australia. He hardly took money enough with him to keep him till now. I can make nothing of it. Do *you* think he would be likely to seek out Welter?"

"If he were going to do so, he would have done so by now, and we must have heard of it. No," said William.

"He was capable of doing very odd things," said Marston. "Do you remember that Easter vacation, when he and Lord Welter and Mowbray went away together?"

"Remember!" said William. "Why I was with them; and glorious fun it was. Rather fast fun though—too fast by half. We went up and lived on the Severn and Avon Canal, among the bargemen, dressing accordingly. Charles had nothing to do with that folly, beyond joining in it, and spending the day in laughing. That was Lord Welter's doing. The bargees nicknamed my lord "the sweep," and pronounced him to be a good fellow, but a terrible blackguard. And so he was—for that time, at all events."

Marston laughed, and, after a time, said, "Did he ever seem to care about soldiering? Do you think he was likely to enlist?"

"It is possible," said William; "it is quite possible. Yes, he has often talked to me about soldiering. I mind—I remember, I should say—that he once was hot about going into the army, but he gave it up because it would have taken him away from Mr. Ravenshoe too much."

They turned and walked homewards, without speaking a word all the way. On the bridge they paused and leant upon the coping, looking into the stream. All of a sudden, William laid his hand on Marston's arm, and looking in his face, said,—

"Every day we lose, I feel he is getting farther from us. I don't know what may happen. I shall go and seek him. I will get educated at my leisure. Only think of what may be happening

now! I was a fool to have given it up so soon, and to have tried waiting till he came to us. He will never come. I must go and fetch him. Here is Cuthbert, too, good fellow, fretting himself to death about it. Let us go and talk to him."

And John Marston said, "Right, true heart; let us go."

Of all their acquaintances, there was only one who could have given them any information—Lord Welter; and he, of all others, was the very last they dreamt of going to. You begin to see, I dare say, that, when Charles is found, my story will be nearly at an end. But my story is not near finished yet, I assure you.

Standing where they were on the bridge, they could look along the village street. It was as neat a street as one ever sees in a fishing village; that is to say, rather an untidy one, for, of all human employments, fishing involves more lumber and men than any other. Everything past use was "hit," as they say in Berkshire, out into the street; and of the inorganic part of this refuse, that is to say, tiles, bricks, potsherds, and so on, the children built themselves shops and bazaars, and sold one another the organic orts, that is to say, cabbage-stalks, fish-bones, and orange-peel, which were paid for in mussel-shells. And, as Marston and William looked along this street, as one may say, at high market time, they saw Cuthbert come, slowly riding along among the children, and the dogs, and the pigs, and the herring-bones, and brickbats.

He was riding a noble horse, and was dressed with his usual faultless neatness and good taste, as clean as a new pin from top to toe. As he came along, picking his way gently among the children, the fishermen and their wives came out right and left from their doors, and greeted him kindly. In old times they would not have done this, but it had got about that he was pining for the loss of his brother, and their hearts had warmed to him. It did not take much to make their hearts warm to a Ravenshoe; though they were sturdy, independent rogues enough at times. I am a very great admirer of the old feudal feeling, when it is not abused by either party. In parts of Australia, where it, or something near akin to it, is very strong indeed, I have seen it act on high and low most beneficially; giving to the one side a sense of responsibility, and to the other a feeling of trust and reliance. "Here's 'Captain Dash,' or 'Colonel Blank,' or 'Mr. So-and-so,' and he won't see me wronged, I know. I have served him and his father for forty year, and he's a *gentleman*, and so were his father before him." That is the sort of thing you will hear often enough in Australia. And even on the diggings, with all the leaven of Americanism and European Radicalism one finds there, it is much easier for a commissioner to get on with the diggers if he comes of a known colonial family, than if he is an unknown man. The old colonial diggers, the people of the greatest real weight, talk of them, and the others listen and mark. All people, prate as they may, like a guarantee for respectability. In the colonies, such a guarantee is given by a man's being tolerably well off, and "come of decent people." In England, it is given, in cases, by a man and a man's forefathers having been good landlords and honest men. Such a guarantee is given by such people as the Ravenshoes, but that is not the whole secret of *their* influence. That comes more from association—a feeling strong enough, as one sees, to make educated and clever men use their talents and eloquence towards keeping a school in a crowded, unhealthy neighbourhood, instead of moving it into the country; merely because, as far as one can gather from their speeches, they were educated at it themselves, twenty years ago. Hereby visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, with a vengeance!

"Somewhat too much of this." It would be stretching a point to say that Cuthbert was a handsome man, though he was very near being so, indeed. He was tall, but not too slender, for he had developed in chest somewhat since we

first knew him. His face was rather pale, but his complexion perfectly clear; save that he had a black mark round his eyes. His features were decidedly marked, but not so strongly as Charles's; and there was an air of stately repose about him, showing itself in his way of carrying his head perfectly upright, and the firm, but not harsh, settling of his mouth, with the lower lip slightly pouting, which was very attractive. He was a consummate horseman, too, and, as I said, perfectly dressed; and, as he came towards them, looking apparently at nothing, both William and Marston thought they had never seen a finer specimen of a gentleman.

He had strangely altered in two months. As great a change had come over him as comes over a rustic when the drill-sergeant gets him and makes a soldier of him. There is the same body, the same features, the same hair and eyes. Bill Jones is Bill Jones, if you are to believe his mother. But Bill Jones the soldier is not Bill Jones the ploughboy. He is quite a different person. So, since the night when Charles departed, Cuthbert had not been the Cuthbert of former times. He was no longer wayward and irritable; he was as silent as ever, but he had grown so staid, so studiously courteous to every one, so exceedingly humble-minded and patient with every one, that all save one or two wondered at the change in him.

He had been passionately fond of Charles, though he had seldom shown it, and was terribly cut up at his loss. He had greatly humiliated himself to himself by what was certainly his felonious offer to Father Mackworth; and he had found the estate somewhat involved, and had determined to set to work and bring it to rights. These three causes had made Cuthbert Ravenshoe a humbler and better man than he had ever been before.

"William," he said, smiling kindly on him, "I have been seeing after your estate for you. It does me good to have some one to work for. You will die a rich man."

William said nothing. One of Cuthbert's fixed notions was that he would die young and childless. He claimed to have a heart-complaint, though it really appeared without any foundation. It was a fancy which William had combated at first, but now acquiesced in, because he found it useless to do otherwise.

He dismounted and walked with them. "Cuthbert," said William, "we have been thinking about Charles."

"I am always thinking about him," said Cuthbert; "is there no way of finding him?"

"I am going. I want you to give me some money and let me go."

"You had better go at once, William. You had better try if the police can help you. We are pretty sure that he is gone to America, unless he has enlisted. In either case, it is very possible we may find him. Aunt Ascot would have succeeded, if she had not lost her temper. Don't you think I am right, my dear Marston?"

"I do, indeed, Ravenshoe," said Marston. "Don't you think now, Mr. Mackworth, that, if a real push is made, and with judgment, we may find Charles again?"

They had reached the terrace, and Father Mackworth was standing in front of the porch. He said he believed it was perfectly possible. "Nay," he said, "possible! I am as sure of seeing Charles Horton back here again, as I am that I shall eat my dinner to-day."

"And I," said Cuthbert, "am equally sure that we shall see poor Ellen back some day. Poor girl! she shall have a warm welcome."

Father Mackworth said he hoped it might be so. And the lie did not choke him.

"We are going to send William away again to look after him, father," said Cuthbert.

"He had much better stay at home and mind his education," said Mackworth.

William had his back towards them, and was looking out to sea, whistling. When the priest spoke he turned round sharply, and said,—

"Hey? what's that?"

The priest repeated it.

"I suppose," said William, "that that is more my business than yours, is it not? I don't intend to go to school again, certainly not to you."

Cuthbert looked from one to the other of them, and said nothing. A few days before this William and the priest had fallen out; and Mackworth, appealing, had been told with the greatest kindness and politeness by Cuthbert that he could not interfere, that William was heir to Ravenshoe, and that he really had no power over him whatever. Mackworth had said nothing then, but now he followed Cuthbert into the library, and, when they were alone, said,—

"Cuthbert, I did not expect this from you. You have let him insult me twice, and have not corrected him."

Cuthbert put his back against the door, and said,—

"Now you don't leave this room till you apologize for these wicked words. My dear old fellow, what a goose you are! Have not you and he always squabbled? Do fight it out with him, and don't try and force me to take a side. I ain't going to do it, you know, and so I tell you plainly. Give it him. Who can do it so well as you? Remember what an altered position he is in. How can you expect me to take your part against him?"

Father Mackworth cleared his brow, and said, laughing, "You are right, Cuthbert. I'll go about with the rogue. He is inclined to kick over the traces, but I'll whip him in a little. I have had the whip hand of every Ravenshoe I have had to deal with yet, yourself included, and it's hard if I am to be beat by this new whipper-snapper."

Cuthbert said affectionately to him, "I think you love me, Mackworth. Don't quarrel with him more than you can help. I know you love me." And so Cuthbert went to seek John Marston.

Love him! Ay, that he did. John Mackworth could be cruel, hard, false, vindictive. He could cheat, and he could lie, if need were. He was heartless and ambitious. But he loved Cuthbert. It was a love which had taken a long time growing, but there it was, and he was half ashamed of it. Even to himself he would try to make out that it was mere selfishness and ambition—that he was gentle with Cuthbert, because he must keep his place at Ravenshoe. Even now he would try to persuade himself that such was the case,—perhaps the more strongly, because he began to see now that there was a soft spot in his heart, and that Cuthbert was master of it. Since the night when Cuthbert had offered him ten thousand pounds, and he had refused it, Cuthbert had never been the same to him. And Mackworth, expecting to find his influence increased, found to his astonishment that from that moment it was *gone*. Cuthbert's intensely sensitive and proud nature revolted from the domination of a man before whom he had so lowered himself; and firmly, though humbly now, for he was altered by seeing how nearly he had been a villain, he let him see that he would walk in future in his own strength. Father Mackworth saw soon that Ravenshoe was a comfortable home for him, but that his power was gone.

And yet he knew that he could exercise a power little dreamt of. It is in the power, possibly, of a condemned man to burn the prison down, and possibly his interest; but he has compunctions. Mackworth tried to persuade himself that the reason he did not use his power was that it would not be advisable. He was a cipher in the house, and knew by instinct that he would never be more. But he let his power sleep for Cuthbert's sake.

"Who could have thought," he said, "that the very thing which clinched my power, as I thought, should have destroyed it? Are not those people fools, who lay down rules for human action? Why, no. They are possibly right five times out of ten. But as for the other five! Bah!"

"No, I won't allow that. It was my own fault. I should have known his character better. But there, I could not have helped it, for he did it himself. I was passive."

And Cuthbert followed Marston into the hall, and said, "You are not going away because William goes, Marston?"

"Do you want me?" said Marston.

"Yes," said Cuthbert. "You must stay with me. My time is short, and I must know as much of this world as I may. I have much to do; you must help me. I will be like a little child in your hands. I will die in the old faith, but I will learn something new."

And so Marston stayed with him, and they two grew fast friends. Cuthbert had nothing to learn in the management of his estate; there he was Marston's master; but all that a shrewd young man of the world could teach a bookworm, so much Cuthbert got from Marston.

Marston one day met the village doctor, the very man whom we saw, in the beginning of the book, putting out William (whom we then supposed to be Charles) to nurse. Marston asked him, "Was there any reality in this heart-complaint of Cuthbert's?"

"Not the very faintest shadow of a reality," said the doctor. "It is the most tiresome whimsy I ever knew. He has persuaded himself of it, though. He used to be very hypochondriac. He is as likely to live till eighty as you are."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A MEETING.

There was ruin in the Ascot family, we know. And Lord Ascot, crippled with paralysis at six-and-forty, was lying in South Audley Street, nursed by Lady Ascot. The boxes, which we saw packed ready for their foreign tour at the London Bridge Hotel, were still there—not gone abroad yet, for the simple reason that Herodias had won the Oaks, and that Lord Welter had won, some said seven, others said seventy thousand pounds. (He had really won nine.) So the boxes might stay where they were for a few days, and he might pursue his usual avocations in peace, all debts of honour being satisfied.

He had barely saved himself from being posted. Fortunately for him, he had, on the Derby, betted chiefly with a few friends, one of whom was Hornby; and they waited and said nothing till after the Oaks, when they were paid, and Welter could hold up his head again. He was indebted to the generosity of Hornby and Sir Charles Ferrers for his honour—the very man whom he would have swindled. But he laughed and ate his dinner, and said they were good fellows, and thought no more of it.

The bailiffs were at Ranford. The servants were gone, and the horses were advertised at Tattersall's already. It was reported in the county that an aged Jew, being in possession, and prowling about the premises, had come into the poultry-yard, and had surreptitiously slain, cooked, and essayed to eat, the famous cock "Sampson," the champion bird of England, since his match with "Young Countryman." On being informed by the old keeper that my lord had refused sixty guineas for him a few weeks before, he had (so said the county) fled out of the house, tearing his hair, and knocked old Lady Hainault, who had also come prowling over in her pony-carriage, down the steps, flat on her back. Miss Hicks, who was behind with her shawls, had picked her up, they said, and "caught it."

If Adelaide was beautiful everywhere, surely she was more beautiful on horseback than anywhere else, and no one knew it better than herself. She was one of the first who appeared in the park in a low-crowned hat—a "wide-awake." They are not *de rigueur* even yet, I believe; but Adelaide was never very particular so long as she could look well. She had found out how splendid her perfect mask looked under the careless, irregular curves of such a head-dress, and how bright her banded hair shone in contrast with a black ostrich feather which drooped on her shoulder. And so she had taken to wear one since she had been Lady Welter, and had appeared in the park in it twice.

Welter bethought himself once in

these times—that is, just after the Oaks—that he would like to take his handsome wife out and show her in the park. His Hornby speculation had turned out ill; in fact, Hornby had altogether made rather a handsome sum out of him, and he must look for some one else. The some one else, a young Austrian, Pscechenyi by name, a young fellow of wealth, had received his advances somewhat coldly, and it became necessary to hang out Adelaide as a lure.

Lord Welter was aware that, if he had asked Adelaide to come and ride with him, on the ground of giving her an afternoon's amusement, and tried to persuade her to it by fair-spoken common-places, she would probably not have come; and so he did nothing of the kind. He and his wife thoroughly understood one another. There was perfect confidence between them in everything. Towards one another they were perfectly sincere, and this very sincerity begot a feeling of trust between them, which ultimately ripened into something better. They began life together without any professions of affection; but out of use, and a similarity of character, there grew a liking in the end. She knew everything about Lord Welter, save one thing, which she was to know immediately, and which was of no importance; and she was always ready to help him, provided, as she told him, "he didn't humbug," which his lordship, as we know, was not inclined to do, without her caution.

Lord Welter went into her dressing-room in the morning, and said,—

"Here's a note from Pscechenyi. He won't come to-night."

"Indeed!" said Adelaide, brushing her hair. "I did not give him credit for so much sense. Really, you know, he can't be such a fool as he looks."

"We must have him," said Lord Welter.

"Of course we must," said Adelaide. "I really cannot allow such a fat goose to run about with a knife and fork in him any longer. Heigh ho! Let's see. He affects Lady Brittlejug, don't he? I am going to her party to-night, and I'll capture him for you, and bring him home to you from under her very nose. Now do try and make a better hand of him than you did of Hornby, or we shall all be in the workhouse together."

"I'll do my best," said Lord Welter, laughing. "But look here. I don't think you'll catch him so, you know. She looks as well as you by candlelight, but she can't ride a hang. Come out in the park this afternoon. He will be there."

"Very well," said Adelaide; "I suppose you know best. I shall be glad of a ride. Half-past two, then."

So at the time appointed these two innocent lambkins rode forth to take the air. Lord Welter, big, burly, red-faced, good humoured, perfectly dressed, and sitting on his horse as few besides could sit, the model of a frank English nobleman. Adelaide, beautiful and fragile beyond description, perfect in dress and carriage, riding trustingly and lovingly in the shadow of her lord, the happy, timid bride all over. They had no groom. What should a poor simple couple like them want with a groom? It was a beautiful sight, and many turned to look at them.

But Lord Saltire, who was looking out of the drawing-room window of Lord Ascot's house in South Audley Street, as they passed, turned to Marston, and said very emphatically—

"Now, I do really wonder what infernal mischief those two are after. There is an air of pastoral simplicity about their whole get-up, which forebodes some very great—very great"—here he paused, took snuff, and looked Marston straight in the face—"obliquity of moral purpose."

Meanwhile, the unconscious innocents sauntered on into the park, under the Marble Arch, and down towards Rotten-row. When they got into the Row they had a canter. There was Pscechenyi riding with Hornby, and Miss Buck-jumper, but they gave them the "go by," and went softly on towards Kensington-gate. "Who is the woman in the hat and feathers," said everybody who didn't know. "Lady Welter," said everybody

who did; and, whatever else they said of her, they all agreed that she was wonderfully beautiful, and rode divinely. When they came slowly back, they found Hornby and the Austrian were standing against the rail talking to some ladies. They drew close up, and entered into conversation. And Adelaide found herself beside Miss Buckjumper, now Lady Handlycross.

Adelaide was somewhat pleased to find herself at the side of this famous horsewoman and beauty. She was so sure that comparison would be favourable to herself. And they were. If ever an exquisitely formed nose was, so to speak, put out of joint, that nose was in the middle of Miss Buckjumper's face that day. Nevertheless, she did not show anything. She had rather a respect for Adelaide, as being a successful woman. Was not she herself sautering for a coronet? There was very soon a group round them, and Lord Welter's hoarse jolly laugh was heard continually. People, who were walking in the park to see the great people, paused outside the circle to look at her, and repassed again. Mr. Pelagius J. Bottom, of New York, whose father emigrated to Athens, and made a great fortune at the weaving business in the time of King Theseus, got on a bench, and looked at her through a double-barrelled opera-glass. There never was such a success. The Austrian thought no more of Hornby's cautions, thought no more of Miss Buckjumper or Lady Brittlejug. He was desperately in love, and was dying for some excuse to withdraw his refusal of this morning. Pelagius Jas. Bottom would have come, and mortgaged the paternal weaving business at the dice, but unfortunately his letters of introduction, being all addressed to respectable people, did not include one to Lord and Lady Welter. All the young fellows would have come and played all night, till church-time next morning, for her sake. As Lord Welter candidly told her that night, she was the best investment he had ever made.

They did not want all the young fellows though. Too many cooks spoil the broth. They only wanted the young Austrian, and so Lord Welter said, after a time, "I was in hopes of seeing you at my house to-night." That was quite enough. Fifty Hornbys would not have stopped him now.

Still they stood there talking. Adelaide was almost happy. Which of these staid women had such power as she? There was a look of pride and admiration even on Lord Welter's stupid face. Yes, it was a great success. Suddenly all people began to look one way and come towards the rails, and a buzz arose, "The Queen—the Queen!"

Adelaide turned just as the outriders were opposite to her. She saw the dark claret-coloured carriage, fifty yards off, and she knew that Lady Emily Montfort, who had been her sister-bridesmaid at Lady Hainault's wedding, was in waiting that day. Hornby declares the whole thing was done on purpose. Let us be more charitable, and suppose that her horse took fright at the scarlet coats of the outriders; however it was, the brute took fright, stood on its hind legs, and bolted straight towards the royal carriage. She reined it up within ten feet of the carriage step, plunging furiously. Raising her whip hand to push her hat more firmly on, she knocked it off, and sat there bareheaded, with one loop of her hair fallen down, a sight which no man who saw it ever forgot. She saw a look of amazed admiration in the queen's face. She saw Lady Emily's look of gentle pity. She saw the queen lean forward, and ask who it was. She saw her name pass Lady Emily's lips, and then she saw the queen turn away with a frown, and look steadily the other way.

Wrath and rage were in her heart, and showed themselves one instant in her face. A groom had run out and picked up her hat. She bent down to take it from him, and saw that it was Charles Ravenshoe.

Her face grew soft again directly. Poor thing! she must have had a kind heart after all, crusted over as it was with vanity, pride, and selfishness. Now, in her anger and shame, she could have

cried to see her old love so degraded. There was no time for crying, or for saying more than a few sharp words, for they were coming towards her.

"What nonsense is this, Charles?" she said, "What is this masquerade? Are you come to double my shame? Go home and take that dress off and burn it. Is your pride dead, that you disgrace yourself like this in public? If you are desperate, as you seem, why are you not at the war? They want desperate men there. Oh! if I was a man!"

They parted then; no one but Lord Welter and Hornby knew who Charles was. The former saw that Adelaide had recognised him, and, as they rode simply home together, said,—

"I knew poor Charles was a groom. He saw his sister the other night at our house. I didn't tell you; I hardly know why. I really believe, do you know, that the truth of the matter is, Adelaide, that I did not want to vex you now."

He looked at her as if he thought she would disbelieve him, but she said,—

"Nay, I do believe you, Welter. You are not an ill-natured man, but you are selfish and unprincipled. So am I, perhaps, to a greater extent than you. At what time is that fool of a German coming?"

"At half-past eleven."

"I must go to that woman's party. I must show there, to keep friends with her. She has such a terrible tongue. I will be back by twelve or so."

"I wish you could stay at home."

"I really dare not, my dear Welter. I must go. I will be back in good time."

"Of course you will please yourself about it," said Lord Welter, a thought sulkily. And, when he was by himself, he said,—

"She is going to see Charles Ravenshoe. Well, perhaps she ought. She treated him d—d bad! And so did I."

To be continued.

THE VICTORIES OF LOVE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

IX.—THE WEDDING SERMON.

Dear children, God is love, and love
Is everything. The truths thereof
Are as the waters of the sea
For clearness and for mystery.
Of that sweet love which, startling, wakes
Senses and soul, and mostly breaks
The word of promise to the ear,
But keeps it, after many a year,
To the true spirit, how shall I speak?
My memory with age is weak,
And I for hopes do oft suspect
The things I seem to recollect.
Yet who but must remember well
'Twas this made heaven intelligible
As motive, though 'twas small the power
The heart might have, for even an hour,
To hold possession of its height
Of nameless pathos and delight!

That good, which does itself not know,
Scarce is. Old families are so,
Less through their coming of good kind,
Than having borne it well in mind,
And this does all from honour bar,
The ignorance of what they are !
In the heart of the world, alas, for want
Of knowing that which light souls taunt
As lightness, and which God has made
Such that, for even its feeble shade,
Evoked by falsely fair ostents
And soiling of its sacraments,
Great Statesmen, Poets, Warriors, Kings,
(The World's Beloved), all other things
Gladly having counted nothing, what
Fell fires of Tophet burn forgot !
In Godhead rise, thither flow back
All loves, which, as they keep or lack
The appointed course and bound assigned,
Are virtue or sin. Love's every kind,
Lofty or low, of spirit or sense,
Desire is or Benevolence.
He who is fairer, better, higher
Than all His works, claims all Desire,
And, in His Poor, His Proxies, asks
Our whole Benevolence. He tasks,
Howbeit, His People by their powers ;
And if, my children, you, for hours
Daily, untortured in the heart,
Can worship, and time's other part
Give, without rough recoils of sense,
To claims ingrate of indigence,
Happy are you, and fit to be
Wrought to rare heights of sanctity,
For the humble to grow humbler at.
But if the flying spirit falls flat,
After the modest spell of prayer
That saves the day from sin and care,
And the upward eye a void descries,
And praises are hypocrisies,
And, in the soul, o'erstrain'd for grace,
A godless anguish grows apace ;
Or if impartial charity
Seems in the act a sordid lie,
Do not infer you cannot please
God, or that He his promises
Postpones, but be content to love
No more than He accounts enough,
Leaving Christ's right and left in heaven
To be to them, unenvied, given
For whom it is prepared. Let us,
Who are but babes in Christ, think thus
(Admiring them whose skill it suits
To adore, unscath'd, God's atttributes),

That all ambition bears a curse ;
And none, if height metes error, worse
Than his who sets his hope on more
Godliness than God made him for.
At least, leave distant worlds alone
Till you are native to your own !
Account them poor enough who want
Any good thing which you can grant,
And fathom first the depths of life
In dues of Husband and of Wife,
Child, Mother, Father : simple keys
To many Bible mysteries !
The love of marriage claims, above
All special kinds, the name of Love,
As being, though not so saintly high
As what seeks Heaven with single eye,
Sole perfect. Equal and entire,
Therein, Benevolence, Desire,
Elsewhere ill-joined, or found apart,
Become the pulses of one heart,
Which now contracts and now dilates,
And, each to the height exalting, mates
Self-seeking to self-sacrifice.
Nay, in its subtle paradise
(When purest), this one love unites
All modes of these two opposites,
All balanced in accord so rich
Who may determine which is which ?
Chiefly God's love does in it live,
And nowhere else so sensitive ;
For each is all the other's eye,
In the vague vast of Deity,
Can comprehend and so contain
As still to touch and ne'er to strain
The fragile nerves of joy. And, then,
'Tis such a wise goodwill to men
And politic economy
As in a prosperous state we see,
Where every plot of common land
Is yielded to some private hand
To fence about and cultivate.
Does narrowness its praise abate ?
Nay, if a brook its banks o'erpass
'Tis not a sea, but a morass ;
And the infinite of man is found
But in the beating of its bound.
The Word of God alone can lure
Belief to the snowy tops obscure
Of marriage truth. What wildest guess
Of love's most innocent loftiness
Ere dared to dream of its own height,
Till that bold sun-gleam quenched the night,
Showing Heaven's chosen symbol where
The torch of Psyche flash'd despair ;

Proclaiming love, in things divine,
Still to be male and feminine;
Foretelling, in the Song of Songs,
Which time makes clear as it prolongs,
Christ's nuptials with the Church, (far more,
My children, than a metaphor!)
And still, by names of Bride and Wife,
Husband and Bridegroom, heav'n's own life
Picturing, so proving their's to be
The Earth's unearthliest sanctity.
But, dear my children, heights are heights
And hardly scaled. The best delights
Of even this homeliest passion are
In the most perfect souls so rare,
That they who feel them are as men
Sailing the Southern Ocean, when,
At midnight, they look up and eye
The starry Cross and a strange sky
Of brighter stars, and sad thoughts come
To each how far he is from home.
God's Truth, when most it thwarts our wills
In show, then most in fact fulfils.
Love's nuptial highest, wherefore, see
In the doctrine of virginity!
For what's the virgin's special crown
But that which Love in faith lays down,
Transmuted, without shade of loss,
By the mere contact of the Cross,
To what love nuptial oft makes vow
With sighs to be, but knows not how!
Could lovers, at their dear wish, blend,
'Twould kill the bliss which they intend;
For joy is love's obedience
Against the law of natural sense;
And those perpetual yearnings sweet
Of lives which fancy they can meet
Are given that lovers never may
Be without costly gifts to lay
On the high altar of true love
In hours of vestal joy. Men move,
Frantic, like comets, to their bliss,
Forgetting that they always miss;
And this perpetual, fond mistake,
Which love will ne'er learn not to make,
On earth, to seek and fly the sun
By turns, around which love should run,
Perverts the ineffable delight
Of service guerdon'd with full sight,
And pathos of a hopeless want,
To an unreal victory's vaunt
And plaint of an unreal defeat,
Languor and passion.
Misconceit
May also be of vestal life.
The Virgin's self was Joseph's Wife,

And bridal promises are still
The goal that glads the virgin will,
Whose nature doth indeed subsist
There where the outward forms are miss'd,
In all who learn and keep the sense
Divine of "due benevolence,"
Seeking for aye, without alloy
Of selfishness, another's joy,
And finding, in degrees unknown,
That which in act they shunned, their own;
For all delights of earthly love
Are shadows of the heavens, and move
As other shadows do: they flee
From him that follows them, and he
Who flies, for ever finds his feet
Embraced by their pursuings sweet.
But each must learn that Christ's Cross is
Safety, ere he can find it bliss.
The powers that nature's powers can stem
Must come to us, not we to them.
The heavenward soul no measure keeps,
But, lark-like, soars by wayward leaps;
And highest achievements here befall,
As elsewhere, expectations small.
Then, even in love humane, do I
Not counsel aspirations high,
So much as sweet and regular
Use of the good in which we are.
As when a man along the ways
Walks, and a sudden music plays,
His step unchanged, he steps in time,
So let your grace with Nature chime,
Her primal forces burst like straws
The bonds of uncongenial laws,
And those who conquer her are they
Who comprehend her and obey;
Which let your one ambition be;
For pride of soaring sanctity
Revolts to hell; and that which needs
The world's high places, and succeeds,
Suffers as if a level shock'd
The upstepping foot. Be ye not mock'd:
Right life is glad as well as just,
And, rooted strong in "This I must,"
It bears aloft the blossom gay
And zephyr-toss'd, of "This I may;"
Whereby the complex heavens rejoice
In fruits of uncommanded choice.
This still observe: seeking delight,
Esteem success the test of right;
For 'gainst God's will much may be done
But nought enjoy'd, and pleasures none
Exist, but, like to springs of steel,
Active no longer than they feel

The checks that make them serve the soul,
They get their vigour from control.
Wherefore, dear children, keep but well
The Church's indispensable
First precepts, and she then allows,
Nay, bids a man leave, for his spouse,
Even his heavenly Father's awe,
At times, and her, his Mother's, law,
Construed in its extremer sense.
Jehovah's mild magnipotence
Smiles to behold His children play
In their own free and childish way,
And can His fullest praise descry
In their exuberant liberty.
Happy who in their lives are seen
At all times in the golden mean,
Who, having learn'd and understood
The glory of the central good,
And how souls ne'er may match or merge
But as they thitherward converge,
Nor loves outlast the thorn's brief flame,
Unless God burns within the same,
Can yet, with no proud disesteem
Of mortal love's prophetic dream,
Take, in its innocent pleasures, part,
With infantine, untroubled heart,
And faith that oft t'ward heav'n's far Spring,
Sleeps, like the swallow, on the wing.
Of wedlock's perils all the worst
By ignorance are bred and nurst.
Lovers, once married, deem their bond
Then perfect, scanning nought beyond
For love to do but to sustain
The spousal hour's completed gain.
But time and a right life alone
Fulfil what is that hour foreshewn.
The Bridegroom and the Bride withal
Are but unwrought material
Of marriage; nay, so far is love,
Thus crown'd, from being thereto enough,
Without the long, compulsive awe
Of duty, that the bond of law
Does oftener marriage-love evoke,
Than love, which does not wear the yoke
Of legal vows, submits to be
Self-rein'd from ruinous liberty.
Lovely is love; but age well knows
'Twas law which kept the lover's vows
Inviolate through the year or years
Of worship pieced with panic fears,
When she who lay within his breast
Seem'd of all women perhaps the best,
But not the whole, of womankind,
And love, in his yet wayward mind,

Had ghastly doubts its precious life
Was pledged for aye to the wrong wife.
  Could it be else? A youth pursues
A maid, whom chance, not he, did choose,
Till to his strange arms hurries she
In a despair of modesty.
Then simply, and without pretence
Of insight or experience,
They plight their vows. The parents say,
"We cannot speak them yea or nay;
"The thing proceedeth from the Lord!"
And wisdom still approves their word;
For God created so these two
They match as well as others do
That take more pains, and trust Him less
Who rarely fails, if ask'd, to bless
His children's hopeless ignorance,
And blind election of life's chance.
Verily, choice not matters much,
If but the woman's truly such,
And the young man has led the life
Without which how shall e'er the wife
Be the one woman in the world?
Love's sensitive tendrils sicken, curl'd
Round Folly's former stay; for 'tis
The doom of an unsanction'd bliss
To mock some good that, gain'd, keeps still
The taint of the rejected ill.
  Howbeit, tho' both be true, that she
Of whom the maid was prophecy
As yet lives not, and Love rebels
Against the law of any else;
And as a steed takes blind alarm,
Disowns the rein, and hunts his harm,
So, misdespairing word and act
May now perturb the happiest pact.
The more, indeed, is love, the more
Peril to love is now in store.
Against it, nothing can be done
But only this: leave ill alone!
Who tries to mend his wife succeeds
As he who knows not what he needs.
He much affronts a worth as high
As his, and that equality
Of spirits in which abide the grace
And joy of her subjected place;
And does the still growth check and blur
Of contraries, confusing her
Who better knows what he desires
Than he, and to that mark aspires
With perfect zeal, and a deep wit
Which nothing helps but faith in it.
  So, handsomely ignoring all
In which love's promise short may fall

Of full performance, honour that,
As won, which aye love worketh at!
It is but as the pedigree
Of perfectness which is to be
That mortal good can honour claim;
Yet honour here to scant were shame
And robbery; for it is the mould
Wherein to beauty runs the gold
Of good intention, and the stay
That leads aloft the ivy stray
Of human sensibilities.
Such honour, with a conduct wise
In common things, as, not to steep
The lofty mind of love in sleep
Of overmuch familiarness;
Not to degrade its kind caress
As those do that can feel no more,
So give themselves to pleasures o'er;
Not to let morning-sloth destroy
The evening-flower, domestic joy;
Not by uxoriousness to chill
The frank devotion of her will
Who can but half her love confer
On him that cares for nought but her:
These, and like obvious prudencies
Observed, he's safest that relies,
For the hope she will not always seem,
Caught, but a laurel or a stream,
On time; on her unsearchable
Love-wisdom; on their work done well,
Discreet with mutual aid; on might
Of shared affliction and delight;
On much whereof hearts keep account,
Though heads forget; on babes, chief fount
Of union, and for which babes are
No less than this for them, nay far
More, for the bond of man and wife
To the very verge of future life
Strengthens, and yearns for brighter day
While others, with their use, decay,
And, though love-nuptial purpose keeps
Of offspring, as the centre sleeps
Within the wheel, transmitting thence
Fury to the circumference,
Love's self the noblest offspring is
And sanction of the nuptial kiss;
Lastly, on either's primal curse,
Which help and sympathy reverse
To blessings.
God, who may be well
Jealous of His chief miracle,
Bids sleep the meddling soul of man,
Through the long process of this plan,

Whereby, from his unweeting side,
The wife's created, and the bride,
That chance one of her strange, sweet sex,
He to his glad life did annex,
Grows, more and more, by day and night,
The one in the whole world opposite
Of him, and in her nature all
So suited and reciprocal
To his especial form of sense,
Affection and intelligence,
That, whereas, in its earlier day,
The least flaw threaten'd love's decay,
No crime could now, on either's part,
Do more than make the other start,
And, full of pity, say, "It is
"I, somehow I, who have done this;"
And, whereas love at first had strange
Relapses into taste for change,
It now finds (wondrous this, but true!)
The long-accustom'd only new,
And the untried common; and, whereas
An equal seeming danger was
Of likeness lacking joy and force,
Or difference reaching to divorce,
Now can the finished lover see
Marvel of me most far from me,
Whom, without pride, he may admire,
Without Narcissus' doom, desire,
Serve without selfishness, and love
"Even as himself," in sense above
Niggard "as much," yea, as she is
The only part of him that's his.
I do not say Love's youth returns;
Love's youth which so divinely yearns!
But just esteem of present good
Shows all regret such gratitude
As if the sparrow in her nest,
Her woolly young beneath her breast,
Should these despise, and sorrow for
Her five blue eggs that are no more.
Nor say, the fruit has quite the scope
Of the flower's spiritual hope.
Love's best is service, and of this
Howe'er devout, use dulls the bliss.
Though love is all of earth that's dear,
Its home, my children, is not here.
The pathos of eternity
Does in its fullest pleasure sigh.
Be grateful and most glad thereof.
Parting, as 'tis, is pain enough.
If love, by joy, has learn'd to give
Praise with the nature sensitive,
At last, to God, we then possess
The end of mortal happiness,

And henceforth very well may wait
The unbarring of the golden gate
Wherethrough, already, faith can see
That apter to each wish than we
Is God, and curious to bless
Better than we devise or guess;
Not without condescending craft
To disappoint with joy, and waft
Our vessels frail, when worst He mocks
The sight with breakers and with rocks,
To happiest havens. You have heard
Your bond death-sentenced by His Word.
What if, in heaven, the name be o'er,
Because the thing is so much more?
All are, 'tis writ, as angels there;
Nor male nor female. Each a stair
In the hierarchical ascent
Of active and recipient
Affections; what if all are both
By turn, as they themselves betroth
To adoring what is next above,
Or serving what's below their love?
  Of this we are certified, that we
Are shaped here for eternity,
So that a careless word will make
Its dint upon the form we take
For ever. If, then, years have wrought
Two strangers to become, in thought,
Will, and affection, but one man
For likeness, as none others can
Without like process, shall this tree,
The king of all the forest, be,
Alas, the only one of all
That shall not lie where it doth fall?
Shall this most quenchless flame, here nurst
By everything, yea, when revers'd,
Blazing, like torch, the brighter, wink,
Flicker, and into nothing shrink,
When all else burns baleful or brave
In the keen air beyond the grave,
The air love gasps for, sickening here
Out of its native atmosphere?
  It cannot be! The Scriptures tell
Only what's inexpressible,
And, 'gainst each word, to make it right,
Themselves propound the opposite.
Beware; for fiends in triumph laugh
O'er him who learns the truth by half!
Beware; for God will not endure
For men to make their hope more pure
Than His good promise, or require
Another than the five-string'd lyre
Which He has vow'd again to the hands
Of whomsoever understands

To tune it justly here! Beware
The Powers and Princedoms of the Air,
Which make of none effect man's hope,
Bepraising heaven's etherial cope,
But covering with their cloudy cant
Its counterpoising adamant,
Which strengthens ether for the flight
Of angels, makes and measures height,
And in materiality
Exceeds our Earth's in like degree
As all else Earth exceeds. Do I
Here utter aught that's dark or high?
Have you not seen a bird's beak slay
Proud Psyche, on a summer's day?
Down fluttering drop the frail wings four,
Wanting the weight that made them soar!
Spirit is heavy Nature's wing,
And is not rightly anything
Without its burthen, whereas this,
Wingless, at least a maggot is,
And, wing'd, is honour and delight
Increasing endlessly with height.

PARIS REVISITED.

BY ONE WHO KNEW IT WELL.

SECOND ARTICLE.

I HAVE said that there were hopeful elements in Imperial France. Far more, no doubt, than any that I had a chance of seeing at work. But of the reality of three I had the means of convincing myself,—the *Associations Ouvrières*, or manufacturing and trading associations of working men—young French Protestantism—Liberal Roman Catholicism.

Whilst with us the cooperative principle among the working classes has been mainly applied to consumption, or has used consumption as the leverage for production, it has, on the contrary, started in France from production itself. I had visited Paris in 1849, when the "Working Associations" were numbered by the hundred. I had seen several of them, some of which are defunct, whilst others still subsist. The total number of them is now reduced to twenty-seven—almost all, indeed, ranking among the foremost establishments in their respective trades. There are the patriarchs of French associative labour, the "jewellers in gilt," doing their quiet business of about 8,000*l.* a year, who date already since 1834. There is the great association of masons, numbering its hundred members, with a number of smaller associations in the building trades following in its wake; it has suffered during the past year through some ill-judged undertakings, but is seeking now how best to avail itself of the lessons of the past. There are the arm-chair makers and the joiners of the Cour St. Joseph, who have weathered all the tricks of their managers, and have never lost their reputation for good work. There are the chair-turners of the Rue Popincourt, with their vast workshops, abundant stock, and admirably solid wares. There

are the file-makers, busy at work as ever on the patent which they have secured for themselves. There are the saddle-tree-makers of the Rue Pétrelle, one of the bodies in which employers and workers amicably coalesced. There are the jewellers—a different set from those above mentioned—brush-makers, lantern-makers, lamp-makers, a truly heroic band; umbrella and cane-makers, spectacle-makers, who unfortunately are said to be invaded by the mammonite spirit, and to be fast verging into a mere partnership. There are the tailors of the Rue Coq-Héron, a body, the existence of which was new to me, though dating, I believe, more than ten years back; at first such determined Proudhonists, that they endeavoured to do without capital or profit, charging cost-price to their customers, till a few failures to pay among the latter compelled them to be less absolute in their commercial principles; a somewhat singular set, who have kept studiously aloof from their associated brethren, but have, nevertheless, clung tenaciously together during the many years of imperial rule.

To my great disappointment, I had leisure to see but a few of those even which I have named, though I might have had access to all of them had time allowed. Let me say at once, that for those who have no clue to them, they are not easy to find out. Few have been able to retain the outward name of "association;" most of them only bear towards the public the style of ordinary or *commandite* partnerships. Only those who are aware of the facts will know to look for the associated masons under the firm of "Bouyer, Cohadon et C^ie.," or for the jewellers in gilt, under that of "Dreville, Thibout et C^ie." Whilst if any visitor, unprovided with a trustworthy introduction, should attempt to make inquiry into these bodies, he has but himself and the Imperial *régime* to thank, if he finds himself received with coldness and distrust. For the very existence of these associations is, so to speak, a standing miracle. In the days of the first brutalities of the Imperialist reaction, there was scarcely one but had its manager thrown into prison, or obliged to take to flight for fear of arrest. Thanks, it is believed, to the interference of the supreme ruler himself, the period of active persecution has indeed passed away—but under what conditions! So long as the several associations keep to themselves as towards the public, hold little or no intercourse with others, make no show of their existence, make no effort to propagate their principles, or to educate their members, they are left unmolested, at least by the supreme government itself. But it is only within the last few months, that one of them which had, for a wonder, retained outside its premises the title of "Association *fraternelle* des . . .," was compelled by a new commissary of police, with much ill-language, to erase the obnoxious profession of brotherhood. All must be prepared, at any time, to receive the prying visits of this personage, on some such pretext as that of asking whether they have lately sent away any workmen. (This happened to one of them within a fortnight of my seeing it.) Although the emperor, personally, may not be unfriendly to them, they know well that, under the arbitrary Imperial *régime*, they are at the mercy of any hasty, spiteful, or over-zealous official; that their managers may be arrested and placed *au secret*, *i. e.*, cut off from all communications, their books of business seized and carried off, long before any complaint could reach the fountain-head of power. And although, by the peculiar strength of their constitution and principles, they have, in many instances, been able to weather such a blow when it has fallen upon them, the dread of seeing the like recur acts with a paralysing force.

The check placed upon the intellectual development of the people is not less cruel. Complaints are rife on all sides of the ignorance of the working men; they themselves acknowledge it, bewail it. The workshops of the associations would seem to afford the very areas on which to supply the required

instruction. In entering one of these, I was singularly struck by its aptness for the purpose. I spoke on the subject to the manager—a right noble fellow. "Ah!" he replied, "I have seen those "workshops used as class-rooms night "after night, and it was quite pleasing "to hear our workmen of a morning, "instead of talking of . . . *des bêtises*, "discussing at their work some point of "grammar or of literature. But some "of our teachers were thrown into "prison, and others became afraid, and "others know that they would not be "allowed to teach, and so nothing is "done in that way . . . at present."

Let this clearly be understood—and we Englishmen can scarcely understand it—that no one in France can hold any educational class without official permission. Nor is this indeed a fruit of the new empire. Quite the contrary. Freedom of teaching has never existed, except under the Republic of 1848. It was for the crime of opening a free school in the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, that M. de Montalembert had to undergo that famous trial before the Chamber of Peers which so brilliantly inaugurated his public life. To revert, however, to the present; it would seem the simplest thing in the world to an Englishman that, when twenty or thirty men work together all day, and are anxious to learn in the evening, one of themselves should teach the others in a room on their own premises. Yet even this would be an illegal act; still more the teaching of a stranger, though invited by the associated body. But would the permission to teach be granted? Yes, to a person well approved of by the local authorities, warranted to teach sound Bonapartist doctrine. Do you wonder that, under such circumstances, the educational question is mostly postponed by the associated workmen? or rather, that they put up for the present with the stern practical education of labour, business, adversity, leaving letters to shift for themselves? Even social gatherings are forbidden to them. Let it not be forgotten that twenty-five persons cannot so much as legally dine together in France without official permission, and that the commissary of police has the right to be present whenever such a portentous event takes place.

Nor have the associations wanted for trials, even apart from actual persecution. The principle of association is essentially expansive; pen it up within four walls, it languishes, and too often withers. Many is the tale of internal trial which these worthy fellows have to tell, even apart from the struggles of the first launching of the association, generally quite a romance in themselves. Mostly speaking, it is the managers who have either involved the association in ruinous speculations, or have played false to it, establishing a connexion and feathering their nest for themselves. A singularly able and energetic man, whom I had known formerly as manager of the arm-chair makers, was ejected for conduct of the latter description. He sued the body which he had just left in damages, alleging that he used to earn as a workman six francs per day, that by becoming manager of the association he lost not only the chance of employment, but the skill of hand necessary to do his work, and was therefore entitled to compensation. The Court admitted this reasoning, and adjudged the association to pay him 1,800f a year. He is as good a workman as ever, and is doing business for himself, whilst receiving always the 1,800f. a-year from his old fellow-workmen. In other cases, not the managers, but the men play false. The chair-turners numbered at one time (1855) a hundred men, about one-fourth of the trade, and seemed likely to absorb it all. Some of their men thought they could make more money, and went off to set up a rival establishment. They are now but twenty-six, though still quite at the head of the trade in Paris for solidity of work, and possessing almost the monopoly of the French provincial trade. I trust the Great Exhibition of next year may show us some of their wares. As to the storms which the jewellers in gilt have had to

weather, they almost defy computation. To mention only the last: although their deed of settlement was most carefully prepared under legal advice, with clauses for the due preservation of the "inalienable fund," which is the mainstay of French associations, a retiring member lately contested the validity of these clauses; judgment was twice given against the association; and it was only by carrying the case to the final court of appeal, the Court of Cassation, that it obtained, not success, but a respite; the tribunal ruling that the plaintiff had proved no actual damage, till when it would be useless to decide on the validity of the impugned clauses. Let it be observed that these jewellers—eight in number, and who employ about twelve men in their shop, besides work given out—admit, and have always admitted, new members on moral grounds alone, without requiring a fraction of capital beforehand.

It is the universal experience of these bodies, that the trustworthy associate is he who joins for the sake of the principle, and not from the greed of gain. It would seem then, I said to them, that your form of association is not satisfactory, since it will not suit the mediocre man, let alone the bad. They fully admitted this, but declared that, under the present *régime*, debarred from free development, free instruction, free discussion, free social intercourse, it was impossible to do more. The true way of looking at them is, therefore, as normal schools of a new industrial system; whose members, winnowed by every gale, represent the very *élite* of the working population. For myself I can only say—and the same feeling has struck every person I know who has personally visited these bodies—that the French associated workman offers a quite peculiar type, and the very noblest I am acquainted with in France, of self-restrained vigour, grave thoughtfulness, and a thorough independence of manner, coupled with perfect courtesy. There are, perhaps, 400 men composing this "salt of the earth" of the Parisian working-classes; add to these the non-associated workers employed by them, forming an equal or greater number, and reckon the families at three heads a piece, and you will have a *minimum* of 2,400 persons forming, in scattered groups, the little world of associated labour. Nor should it be forgotten, that the effects of the new system in Paris spread in some cases over two generations already. Thus, the second manager of the jewellers in gilt was originally an apprentice in the association. And it was remarkable to observe how every one, without exception, who knew this little world—all who do not know it invariably deny its existence—saw *here* the main hope for their country in days to come. Nor does any working man doubt that, were the pressure from above once removed, the working associations would spring up again by the hundred, rich with the experience of the past?

Meanwhile, it should not be overlooked that, apart from the mere number of their members, or the amount of their business, there is an indirect influence exerted by these bodies, even in their present isolated condition, throughout the whole of their trade. The associated jewellers set the example to their trade of allowing an hour for dinner to the workman instead of half an hour, and it has been very largely, though not universally followed. The associated chair-turners have managed to keep their wages uniform, and, by means of various privileges which they afford to the workman, are able to command quite the pick of the trade. The same is the position, to a great extent, of all the associations. When prudently managed, they act, in short, as indices of the normal rate of wages, the normal conditions of labour, throughout their respective trades. If they are compelled to lower wages, to curtail a privilege, the workman knows that so it must be, and the whole trade submits to the reduction or curtailment.

There is indeed at present some talk, under the milder *régime* of later times, of founding a sort of general credit-agency for the associated bodies, which should undertake the management and securing

of loans to them, should look after their accounts, and receive or recover the interest of loans from them. The idea has been entertained for years, but it is only now that people timidly dream of trying to realize it. Timidly:—"I was "brought up before a court of justice "for conspiracy with men whom I had "never seen in my life," said an exemplary man, who has been one of the truest friends to association in Paris; "and am in no hurry to spend three "months in prison again." Always the leaden hand.

Among the most stable of the Paris associations, it should be observed, are one or two (such as the jewellers in gilt) among whom the religious, Christian principle is openly professed as the corner-stone of commercial association. It cannot be said that this is yet the case with others, for whom association itself seems as yet to constitute a sufficient faith for them to live by. Yet surely these associated workshops are the truest sanctuaries of honest work, upright fellowship, free speech, and manly independence in Imperial France; surely the men who have toiled in them for years under so many disadvantages, who have clung together so perseveringly through trial after trial, afford the most glorious human material for any high purpose. If a Christian faith has a home anywhere in France, it must be among them; they must be the members of some Church of the future in their country. But from which side is to come the initiation to that Church? From the Protestant? From the Roman Catholic?

I reckon French Protestantism as constituting certainly one of the hopeful elements of the France of the present day. Not that it can be said to be flourishing, or that I feel in anywise satisfied with its tendencies. It was never probably more torn asunder than it is at present. Apart from its two great divisions between the Lutheran and the Calvinist bodies, state-churchism and free-churchism, multitudinism, independency, rationalism, the doctrines of the Baptists or the Plymouth brethren, Wesleyanism, revivalism, are doing battle within it on all sides. The old staid traditional Protestantism, Lutheran or Calvinist, of thirty years ago, content to have won at last a recognised and salaried existence, and an established form of government, is almost a thing of the past. In addition to the salaried churches, unsalaried churches, chapels, schools, are springing up wherever almost a prefect allows them. Newspaper is set up against newspaper, review against review, to say nothing of pamphlets, volumes of sermons, and other publications. All this, I trust, indicates life, not death. That it is so, is proved to a great extent by the ever larger place which Protestants are making for themselves in the life of France. The time was, when a literary Protestant like Guizot was a solitary phenomenon. Now, works like the later ones of Madame de Gasparin, or M. Puaux' "History of the Reformation in France," reckon among the literary successes of the day. Protestant writers are found filling the pages or columns of the *Deux-Mondes*, of the *Débats*, to say nothing of the *Temps*, which is treated by some almost as a Protestant organ; whilst the monthly *Revue Chrétienne* occupies a really distinguished place among the higher order of periodicals. Protestants have won for themselves more than once Monthyon prizes; Protestants are constantly found heading the "Ecole Polytechnique," and otherwise distinguishing themselves in public competitions; whilst in number, extent, efficiency, Protestant charitable institutions almost invariably put to the blush those of their Roman Catholic neighbours. Nor is Protestantism compelled, as it used to be, to fight its battles unaided. Its importance as an element in French history is more and more recognised by French historians. Michelet's "History of Louis XIV" is full of the details of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the persecutions which followed it, whilst he absolutely refuses to speak of the Jansenists, complaining that the "very

" secondary question of a little Catholic " sect has been made a wall to hide " the enormous revolution which killed " France."

I went to hear probably the most remarkable personage of the Free Church, or the "Young Protestantism," as it might be called, of France, M. de Pressensé, editor of the *Revue Chrétienne*, whom I knew by his works only hitherto. It was in a free chapel of the students' quarter, that of the Luxembourg, which was almost wholly filled before the end of the service, and to a very large extent with men—a great proportion of M. de Pressensé's audience, I am told, consisting always of Roman Catholics. The discourse (which has in effect been reproduced in the last number but one of his review), though not, I was assured, one of his best, was extremely able, thoughtful as well as earnest, above all, suggestive. In his general considerations as to the worth of speech, as the mediator between man and outward nature, as the centre of unity among mankind, he went on as it were ploughing up deep truths at every step. For an intelligent, inquiring Frenchman of the present day, I can imagine no address more likely to set the mind at work upon inquiries of the highest purport, and to lead, under the guidance of God's spirit, to more important conclusions.

Is there more to be said? I fear not. I fear that, in thus endeavouring to retrace the effect upon me of M. de Pressensé's discourse, I have indicated that of French Protestantism itself at the present day. It is a leaven of truth; it does not represent a worship. You may see this in the painful indifference of at least half the congregation to all but the preacher's discourse. The want of reverence in French Protestant congregations, as evinced by constant late arrivals, has always been an eyesore to Englishmen. This evil certainly seemed to me to have sadly increased. In the instance in question, the chapel was scarcely half-full when worship began, and really only filled for the discourse. The reading of the Scriptures was practically unintelligible, through the tramp of feet. I saw persons, evidently frequenters of the chapel, duly provided with their hymn-books, pressing forward to nearly the front seats, and proceeding to talk together with the same *nonchalance* as if what was being read was a dull official report, and not what they, no doubt, professed to believe in as the Word of God.

The fact is, the Reformed French Church (I speak mainly of this, as the Lutheran will, I suspect, never be but an exotic in France, and is indeed dragged in great measure in the wake of its Calvinist sister) is, to use the expression of a friend, "eaten up with Independency." It was at one time, it is still officially, in a quite peculiar position among the Calvinistic Churches. It has a fixed liturgy, affording yet wide opening for extempore prayer; both the Liturgy itself, and the metrical version of the Psalms which accompanies it, being consecrated by the traditions of two centuries of persecution and martyrdom. But "young Protestantism" has well nigh thrown both aside. A new hymnal—I admit it at once, generally most admirably chosen, both as to words and music—the well-known "Chants Chrétiens," first ejected the old "Psautier," which it might usefully have supplemented; and, in the present instance, at least, extempore prayer took the place of the noble old confession of faith, and its kindred forms. In other words, the congregation has been substituted for the Church, the preacher has thrown the ritual under his feet. Even in the official places of worship, where the latter is yet adhered to, it remains still in a position of complete subordination; only the Lutheran Church timidly dares to whisper yet that worship consists in prayer, not in preaching. What is the consequence, indeed? Wherever the public prayers of the Church are neglected, or undervalued in comparison to preaching, if the craving for worship be not entirely dead, it will find for itself irregular means of satisfaction in prayer-meetings, and all the religious machinery of revivalism.

And such is, indeed, the present state of things in Paris among the French Protestants. The indifference to public worship is made up for by the ardour with which the devout rush to evening prayer-meetings at ladies' houses. A well-known English lay preacher appears to have been specially imported, for the sake of showing how the conversion machine could be worked with the most effect.

The able and thoughtful, and on many points, large-minded men, who lead "young Protestantism," are far from countenancing these extravagancies. M. de Pressensé has himself gently, but firmly, protested against them in his review. He does not see that such proceedings represent but another side of the work upon which he and his friends are themselves engaged. Lay-preaching, in all its unbridled fervour, is but one manifestation of the individual principle when left unchecked. And "individualism," by that name, is what M. de Pressensé and his colleagues of the *Revue Chrétienne* boldly and perpetually insist upon; they denounce "multitudinism;" their principles lead them already to undervalue or reject infant baptism.

Now, this individualist school of Protestantism in France is not a national one. It proceeds essentially from that most remarkable man, Vinet; it represents a Swiss influence: M. de Pressensé, if I mistake not, is a Swiss himself. I am far from saying that this influence is not a healthy and a useful one in imperialist France; I believe it is. It tends —as sturdy, earnest Dissent does everywhere—to bring out independence of character, to make men strong and self-reliant. Nothing can be more needed in the face of a centralizing despotism. But let one thing be felt clearly; so far as French Protestantism gives itself up to this influence, so far it foregoes all chance of ever providing a national form of worship for its country. What it is unconsciously doing is simply this; it is working out a 1789 in matters religious seventy years after date, tearing asunder the old, and setting free the new. But the centrifugal tendency which it represents is the very opposite of that which the nation is following out. *That*, on the contrary, is sighing for more, and more real, unity. Every wildest attempt at realizing a social utopia testifies to this longing; every act of blindest submission to a central autocracy proves it not the less. Accordingly, "young Protestantism" has itself the consciousness that it can never become national. "We do not pretend," wrote M. de Pressensé once in the *Revue Chrétienne*, "that "France should become Protestant; let "her become Christian after her own "fashion."

Is there any prospect of this from the Romanist side? A puzzling question. Never, indeed, in my experience of Paris, do I recollect a period when Romanism so obtruded itself on the view in Paris. There was a time, for years after the July revolution (1830), when the priest's gown had disappeared from the streets of Paris, let alone the shovel hat. At a much later period the first monk was run after as might have been an Uzbeck or a South Sea chief. Now, the gown is everywhere; the shovel hat of the "frère" is almost as common. Priests really flock through the streets in certain quarters; monks pass unnoticed; whole streets are occupied by convents. But, just in proportion to the prominence of the clerical element, I could see clearly, was the hatred which it excites. The papers teem with clerical scandals. A quiet man quite surprised me by the bitterness with which, on a mere mention of priests and seminarists, he burst out with a "when shall we be rid of them, *the filthy brood*" (*cette sale engeance*)! The approaching downfal of the papal power is evidently looked forward to among almost all classes as to a victory over a common enemy. Many of the worst foes to the present rule would, no doubt, make it a point of honour to themselves to enter into no undertaking which might hinder such a consummation. Artists who live by church-work, as painters on glass, boast of having no connexions with the priestly party.

So far, the Roman Catholic Church in France would seem to offer only the spectacle of an anti-national organization,—still threatening, but crumbling to its base under almost universal hatred and disgust,—kept up, on the one side, by its sway over the ignorant masses of the rural population, or over the female sex; on the other, by the ungracious support of a civil power which hates it and is hated by it, and knows neither how to live with it nor without it. Even within one of its own chosen spheres—that of female influence—it seems conscious of its own impotency. I took up one day on a lady's table a volume entitled "Retraite des Dames," by a canon of St. Sulpice, I think, whose name I am sorry to have forgotten. A "Retreat," be it understood, represented formerly a period during which pious Roman Catholics withdrew temporarily into a convent, or other religious house, to give themselves up to devotional exercises. Now, it would seem to consist mainly in listening to a course of lectures by some particular preacher, and in going through a few observances. The book was the result of such a course—very pleasant and interesting reading—sharp, telling, pungent, flavoured with anecdotes,—with the slightest possible film of Mariolatry here and there, and really a good deal of floating Christianity. But it gave one all through the sense that the writer was fighting for a lost cause—gallantly, audaciously, but with a foregone expectation of defeat. The opening chapter, or address, gave the tone to the book, "On the Uselessness of Retreats," the preacher pointing out the habits, the tempers, which would entirely neutralize any good effects of the practice. Repeatedly, in the course of the volume, he expresses his fears that his hearers will not profit by what he says. In one place, when denouncing the inconsistency of taking part in solemn religious exercises in the morning, and launching into gaieties in the evening, he openly declares that he *knows* that his advice will go for nothing. Between the whole tone of his book and that of the great Roman Catholic devotional writers of the seventeenth century there is an abyss. The whole of it amounts to little more than entreating his fair hearers not to be quite irreligious. He knows very well, he tells them, that they have to go into the world; all he begs of them is not to give themselves up quite to it; and, in cataloguing the reasons for their not doing so, the first is . . . that they will be more attractive thereby, since a woman who goes into the world and shows that she does not care for it, is sure to win more homage than one who is a slave to its caprices! What makes this style of argumentation more striking is, that the arguer himself is ashamed of it—blushes, as he says, to use it. You see evidently that it is the last resource of one who sees his influence escaping from him, and risks everything to retain a shred of it. There is a strange mixture of the sad and the ludicrous in another passage, where he complains of ladies for being such good theologians. Formerly, he says, the question was how much one should do for the love of God in a retreat; now it is how little. The question put to the priest is always, "Is it forbidden to—?" and if he expresses a doubt on the lawfulness of the act, he is overwhelmed with authorities from the fathers, from religious works, from the practice of other clergymen, to prove that there is no positive prohibition on the subject. There are, indeed, in the book, some really fine pages on the love of God, and its effect in filling the otherwise empty soul; and, in quite a different line, some just, and manly, and much-needed denunciation of the selfishness of spoiling children. But one must read the work in order to have an idea of the pains the poor canon takes to set off the truth he has to tell by his wit, so as never to be unpleasant when he wants to hit hardest. Nor is it possible to avoid smiling over his descriptions of dances and social amusements, with which he certainly has managed to get a very good acquaintance. To prevent scandal, however, as to the mode in which he has won it, he takes care to inform his hearers in one place that,

before speaking of fashionable dances, he had them performed before him by young ladies in their father's presence!

To those, therefore, who look ever so little below the surface, I repeat it, the Roman Catholic Church seems crumbling to its base. But has it a base? I trust yet that it has. The separation of the temporal power of the papacy from the spiritual is not looked for with hope only by those who see in it the downfal of the whole Church. That hope is shared by some of the most devout members of the Church. The Abbate Passaglia's pamphlet expresses the true and genuine feeling of many French, as well as Italian, Roman Catholics. Papal censures will not drive these from cherishing such feelings; to what farther conclusions they may yet drive them to, the future will show.

There are liberal Roman Catholics in France. There are men whose mind is open to all the currents of the present, — men of the broadest and most popular sympathies, of the widest practical benevolence, — who yet fulfil regularly the ordinances of their Church, and sedulously bring up their children in the practice of those ordinances. I am sorry not to have had time to study this most deeply interesting side of the Paris world more completely. The class of persons I speak of are quite different from the enthusiastic ultramontanes, some of whom I knew intimately in my younger days, and of whom Montalembert is the most prominent and dashing embodiment. They form no part of the "*parti-prêtre.*" I would fain have found leisure to ascertain how far their views of church reform would extend, where they think to stop on their present course. Speaking of what I have seen and heard, I can only say there are such men, with children around them, who give every prospect of growing up like their parents, and I can see as yet no more promising germ of hope for the future than that which they afford.

That French Protestantism, by mixing itself up more completely with the national life, by its literary successes, by the broader study of Christian antiquity, by its generous recognition of all that is truly catholic in Romanism, as testified by its present leading organs, is now powerfully contributing to help France to become "Christian after her own fashion," I have no doubt whatsoever. It is more and more identified with freedom of thought, with liberalism in politics. I can recollect the name of no Protestant among the cringing turncoats who have rendered themselves prominent under the imperial rule. But in its present state of internal dislocation, of professed "individualism," Protestantism has no real sympathy with that labour of social reconstruction which occupies the *élite* of the working classes, of which the "working associations" are till now the truest symbol, and of which the vague want is to be traced throughout every rank of society. The only form (one effort, some years ago, excepted) in which Christianity has as yet made itself really known to the working associations, and believed by them, has been exhibited to them by liberal Roman Catholics.

If then there be, as I trust, in these working associations the elements of a church of the future for France, it would seem as yet that its conscious Christianity, so to speak, its positive doctrine and worship, are likely to come to it from the Roman Catholic side. Farther I cannot speculate. Yet I cannot help saying that I know of no country in which a truly national church might so easily come forth as in France. The strong sense of national unity,—the tradition of Gallican independence,—the yearnings of the time for social union,—all seem to tend in this direction. The negative elements at least of the necessary church reform, instead of having to develop themselves, stare you, so to speak, in the face on all sides. Mariolatry, hierolatry,—which occupy already so small a place in the great Roman Catholic works of the "grand siècle," — amongst educated French Roman Catholics, of the male sex at least, may now be said to be nowhere; the prominence given to

them by priestly folly among the less educated is evidently sorely felt. As to the faith in papal infallibility—besides that the whole history of the Gallican Church is a protest against it—I think it may fairly be left to square itself as it may with Passaglia's "Pro Caussâ Catholicâ" and the outcome thereof. The enforced celibacy of the clergy is felt on all sides as a danger to the whole of one sex, and to the youth of both. Germany was far less prepared for religious reform when the monk of Wittenburg placarded his theses on the indulgences. A single man could probably not do now a work which needs to go farther than his, which must be much more reconstructive than destructive. But a single earnest bishop and half-a-dozen earnest priests might, I believe, under God's spirit, entirely change the face of Christianity in France, and give a noble nation that which, most of all things, it wants, a truly Christian, but at the same time truly national, church. Perhaps the example of far-off Poland may contribute somewhat to this result.

I have endeavoured to show some of the grounds of hope which a recent survey has seemed to show me in Paris. I must remind the reader that, to discover them, he must dig somewhat deep below the surface. The surface itself is disheartening enough. A city, of which one half is given up to gaiety and extravagance, whilst the other half pines for work; an artificial stimulus given to public works, to keep up the show of prosperity, and occupy the dangerous classes; an abiding, all-pervading mutual distrust between the ruler and his people; an increase of sensual indulgence in all classes, of frivolity, or worse, among the young; an ever-increasing appetite for speculation, whilst speculation itself is becoming more and more identified with dishonesty; an enormous military force, a police force scarcely less enormous; the political press colourless and neglected; a complete absence of everything like public spirit; religious ministrations frequented and despised, the church prominent and hated; such is the picture which the great continental capital presented to me. A bitter sight indeed for all who feel the weight of present evil; bitter above all, no doubt, to those who cannot reach to the conviction which lies deep in the hearts of all, though they may not venture, or care, or choose to express it, that, sooner or later, the Third French Empire will pass away like an evil dream.

Where lies the chief danger to it? It lies, I believe,—and the belief was confidently expressed to me by several informants,—in that very army which is the mainstay of imperial power. The Third Napoleon dare not engage in long, still less in continual wars, lest the army should become too powerful; he dare not remain long at peace, lest it should become too liberal; he dare not reduce it overmuch, lest he should be too weak; he dare not increase it overmuch, for he knows very well that the more numerous it is, the more it must become identified with the people. It is already so identified, far more than is really imagined. I had an opportunity of listening to the familiar conversation of two *gendarmes*, old soldiers (though young in age), and it certainly was the freest I heard in France among strangers to myself. I learnt from it what abuses of power can be perpetrated in the military organization of France; how civil despotism and the suppression of public opinion react on the army itself; how much of manly dignity yet remains in the soldier; how he may submit to present injustice and look forward to future justice; how cheap, finally, the soldier-policeman may hold the regulations of which he is the minister. The talk of those two *gendarmes* would alone have sufficed to show me how much of moral weakness lies behind the military strength of the imperial despotism.

GAMES AT CARDS FOR THE COMING WINTER.

The homely proverb about "all work and no play" applies to older boys than the typical "Jack;" but with this difference, that the recreation is desirable, not to counteract dulness, but to prevent the too great development of an entirely opposite quality of mind. In this railroad age of mental activity, our intellects march at such express speed, and with such heavy loads, that they must have stations at which to stop and grease the wheels; in plainer words, we must have amusement of some kind to relax our hardly-strained energies; and say what you will in praise of your more intellectual distractions, there is nothing so thoroughly efficient for the purpose as a good *game*.

Now, there are several classes of games. We must omit here all mention of the numerous healthy out-door exercises, such as cricket, quoits, &c., intended for the benefit of the body, confining our attention to the quieter fireside relaxations, more especially aimed at the mind. These may consist of three kinds; games of chance only, games of skill only, and games which combine the two. Games of chance only are most common in the form of *round games*, which furnish many a source of fun to children of all growths; but they have an objectionable element, in that they are wanting in interest unless played for money, which is, as far as it goes, an encouragement to gambling. Games of *skill* only are liable to an objection of an opposite nature, namely, that they excite *too much* interest—so much, in fact, as to cease to be amusing in the sense of relaxation. The chief of this class is chess, which is reckoned by many people the king of all games. We don't think so: we doubt if it ought to be called a *game* at all, for to play at chess well is certainly no relaxation; it is a serious mental exertion, far more trying to the brain than the great majority of employments men are usually engaged in; and, therefore, to go to chess as a relief from one's daily mental labour, is jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. First-rate artists in this line probably make chess their real work, and ordinary engagements their relaxation. The very idea of a contest with another person, in which we must either beat or be beaten by superior skill or talent, is not of itself calculated to promote repose of the mind. To obtain this we must resort to what requires less effort, and we find it in the third class of games, involving skill and chance together. This combination has every desirable quality; the watching of the chances gives the necessary rest to the mind, while the ever-recurring opportunities of improving them, or turning them in one's favour by skilful play, affords just the necessary amount of excitement to give interest in the game, and to keep the mental powers easily and agreeably employed. Whist, for example, is the very perfection of a game; it has so much chance in it, that the players have, for three-fourths of their time, only to observe the combinations as they arise; but the varieties of these combinations afford such frequent openings for tact and skill, that to play whist well is really as rare an accomplishment as to be a good chess player.

But there is a great dearth of good games of this class in England; whist and cribbage being almost the only ones we can name in general use. Christmas is coming, with its long evenings, when we must—

> —"stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> "Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> "And welcome thus the peaceful evening in."

And we hope to be forgiven by the more grave readers of our periodical for devoting a few pages to the description of three very excellent games, which are

so little known in this country, that they may almost be called new, and which we strongly recommend to the attention of our amusement-loving friends. These are *Quadrille*, *Piquet*, and *Bazique*. The two first are contained in Hoyle and in Bohn's Games; but it is impossible to learn either of them, *ab initio*, from these books, the descriptions are so complicated and confused. The third game we have never seen described in print at all.

We have endeavoured in the following pages to make the descriptions so clear and simple, that they may enable any person of ordinary intelligence to learn the games without further help; and as an additional means of explanation, we have introduced full examples, which, if played over, will furnish practical illustrations of the descriptions preceding.[1]

QUADRILLE

Is a game for four persons, something like whist. It was very popular and fashionable in England some two generations back, but is now almost forgotten.[2] It ought to be revived, for it has great merits. It demands less science, thought, and memory than whist; but still it gives ample scope for skilful play, and it is much more varied and amusing, and suitable for younger players. It is a highly original game, having some peculiar features, and therefore requires a little attention in beginning to learn, but the peculiarities are soon mastered, and are easily remembered.

Quadrille is played with a pack of forty cards, the eight, nine, and ten of each suit being rejected. The dealing and order of playing are similar to whist; except that it goes the *contrary way round*, the person at the right of the dealer being elder hand; that the cards must be dealt in parcels of two threes and a four to each person, and not singly; and that no trump is turned up, the trump suit being determined in another way. It is advisable not to shuffle the cards between the deals, but merely to cut them.

The order of value of the cards is very peculiar, being different in the two colours, and being also quite exceptional in regard to the suit of trumps. For suits *not trumps*, the order is as follows:—

Red Suits.	*Black Suits.*
King (highest).	King (highest).
Queen.	Queen.
Knave.	Knave.
Ace.[1]	—
Two.	Seven.
Three.	Six.
Four.	Five.
Five.	Four.
Six.	Three.
Seven (lowest).	Two (lowest).

For the *trump* suit the order of value is as follows:—

First comes the ace of spades, which, *whatever be the trump suit*, is always ranked as the best trump card, and is called *Spadille*.

Second in rank comes what would be the *lowest* card if the suit were not trumps, *i.e.* the seven if red, and the two if black; this is called *Manille*.

Third comes the ace of clubs, which, whatever be the trump suit, is always ranked as the third best trump card, and is called *Basto*.

Fourth, if the trump suit be red, comes the ace of the trump suit, called *Ponto*; if black there is no Ponto.

After these come the other cards of the trump suit in their usual order, so that the complete suit of trumps is as follows:—

If Red.	*If Black.*
Ace of Spades (Spadille).	Ace of Spades (Spadille).
Seven (Manille).	Two (Manille).
Ace of Clubs (Basto).	Ace of Clubs (Basto).
Ace (Ponto).	King.
King.	Queen.
Queen.	Knave.
Knave.	Seven.
Two.	Six.
Three.	Five.
Four.	Four.
Five.	Three (lowest).
Six (lowest).	

[1] It would be a great boon if some good authority would publish a set of good model games of whist, with explanatory remarks, such as are found so useful in chess, for example.

[2] We are indebted for much of the information contained in the present description of this game to a friend, who has preserved carefully the ancient traditions, and who has obligingly supplied the example and the short rules.

[1] The two black aces are always trumps, as hereafter explained.

It will be seen there are twelve trumps when the suit is red, but only eleven when black.

The three best trump cards, with the special names, are called "Matadores," or shortly "Mats." They have the privilege that the holder is not bound to follow suit with them when trumps are led, except the card led be a higher mat, which forces a lower one, if there is no other trump in the hand.

The cards being dealt round, and the players having examined their hands, a decision is come to about trumps and partners in the following manner.

The elder hand has the first option of nominating trumps and playing for the game; and he has also the power of deciding whether he will play alone against the other three, or will take a partner. His choice will be regulated by the nature of his hand.

First, let us suppose he has a very strong hand in one particular suit, say diamonds, and has also other good cards, so as to be able by himself to make *six tricks*, which is the object of the game; he says, "I play alone, with diamonds for trumps," or, "I play alone in diamonds." From this there is no appeal, and the game proceeds on his proposition.

But, secondly, suppose he has a moderately strong hand in one suit, so that he can probably make *four tricks*, he decides to take a partner to help him by getting the other two, and he then says, "I ask leave" (to take a partner). Now, if the second hand, or after him the third or fourth hand, choose to *stand alone* in any suit, they take precedence over the first hand's "ask leave;" giving *him*, however, the previous option of standing alone if he pleases. If no one makes this proposition, the elder hand, having thus obtained the *leave* he asked, names his trump suit, and calls, for his partner, the player who may hold the *king* of any suit, not trumps, he chooses to name; he says, for example, "I make diamonds trumps, and call the king of spades." The player who holds this card then knows that he is the partner chosen, although he must not reveal this fact except by his play; the other two, of course, know they are opponents, and regulate their play accordingly. If the caller happens to hold all *four* kings in his hand he may call a queen.

The third alternative for the elder hand is that in which he may have but poor cards, not sufficient to warrant him in playing for the game either alone or with a partner; in which case he says, "I pass," and waives his privilege, which passes on to the second player, and from him to the third and fourth, in turn. The one who ultimately undertakes the game, and nominates trumps, is called the *ombre*.[1] If the cards are pretty equally divided, all the players may "pass;" and then the one who holds spadille is *forced* to be ombre, and to nominate trumps, calling a king in the usual way. This is called "forced spadille." Some authorities, however, object to forced spadille, and prefer a fresh deal.

The trumps and partners being decided, play begins for tricks in the same manner as at whist, and subject to the same rules, except as before stated. The elder hand (to the *right* of the dealer) leads first, and the winner of each trick leads for the following one. The object is to win six tricks, called "game," which *ombre*, either alone or with a partner, undertakes to do; if he makes less, he is said to be *basted*, and has to pay a forfeit, as hereafter explained.

When six tricks have been won by either party, the play is discontinued, unless the winners should choose to undertake to make *all* the ten tricks, which is called the *vole*. A player alone would, of course, decide this himself; but if there are partners, the winner of the sixth trick tells his partner how many more he thinks he can make, and the latter then decides whether they will venture it or not. If it is undertaken and not obtained, the parties are punished by forfeits. The *vole* (which may, as a

[1] Most of the terms used in this game are from the Spanish; *ombre*, for example, is simply *hombre*, the man, the individual; *matador*, is one who kills.

mnemonic hint, be considered as cockney for "whole") is a separate speculation, quite distinct from the game as regards all its rewards and forfeits; it cannot be played for by forced spadille.

Each deal of cards constitutes a complete game.

We now come to the ultimate point of the game, the system of rewards and forfeits, which is somewhat complicated, and about which, unfortunately, there are no rules of positive authority. It varies according to different customs of playing, and, indeed, is often arranged by the players at their own pleasure. We will give what appears to us to be a very simple code, reasonable in principle and easy of application, and which agrees in all main points with the best authorities.

The game of quadrille is played with a pool. Each player is furnished with a little tray, and the large tray, or pool, is managed by any one of the four who will undertake it; this being, however, merely a matter of convenience, involving no speculation or risk. The players subscribe equally, on commencing, to form a common fund, which is put into the pool; and, as it is not always convenient to be handing about small *coins*, it is customary to exchange a portion of the fund for *counters*, which have a certain definite value, and are convertible back again into money at any time throughout the play. When the pool is thus made up, a number of counters are distributed to the players equally, say six to each, to enable them to meet certain payments they may perhaps have to make. We shall take one counter as the constant unit of value.[1]

The transactions are of three kinds—payments from the pool, forfeits to the pool, and payments between the players.

1. The *payments from the pool* are ordinarily *seven counters* each game, viz.:

One counter to the holder of each of the red aces.

One counter to the holder of each matadore.

Two counters for winning the game; divided, if won by partners.

2. The *forfeits to the pool* are founded on a principle universally applicable in quadrille, that whoever fails to win what he undertakes must forfeit the sum he would have obtained if he *had* won; the undertaking being thus considered in the light of a *wager*. Thus:—

If player alone be *basted*, *i.e.* make less than six tricks, he forfeits to the pool two counters. If he make only four, the adversaries win, and as *each* of the three is supposed to be equally instrumental in winning, each is accordingly paid one counter from the pool.

If ombre and partner be basted, *i.e.* make together less than six tricks, two counters are forfeited in like manner to the pool, which must be paid by ombre alone, he being assumed to be the party at fault. If they make only four tricks, the opponents, winning the game, receive from the pool the payment forfeited by ombre.[1]

The mats and red aces are always paid for to the holders, no matter how the game goes.

3. The *payments between the parties*, which are quite distinct and separate from the pool transactions, are as follows:—

If "player alone" win the game, he receives two counters from each of his three adversaries. If he fail to win it, he *pays* two to each.

If player alone hold all the three matadores, and win the game, he receives one counter additional from each opponent; but, if he fail to win, he *pays* one to each.

If ombre and partner hold between them all the three matadores, and win the game, they each receive one counter from one adversary; if they fail to win, they each *pay* one counter in like manner.

[1] A penny is a very moderate value for the unit counter; at this rate, five shillings may be subscribed by each player to begin with, and he will have very bad luck if he does not get half of it back again.

[1] In the case of five tricks being obtained by each party, it is often customary to lay the forfeit aside, to be taken by the winner of the next game; but this appears an unnecessary complication, leading often to much difficulty and confusion.

The *vole*, as we have already stated, is entirely a separate speculation from the game, the rewards and forfeits for it being arranged as follows:—If the vole is played for, and won, by two partners, each receives two counters from the pool, and two from one of his adversaries; if lost, the undertakers forfeit to the pool and the adversaries a like sum. If the vole is won by a player alone, he is paid four counters from the pool and two by each adversary; if lost, he pays like sums.

We will now give an example of a game for practice and illustration.

An ask leave in a red suit.

Eldest hand has—*clubs*, queen, knave, six, five; *hearts*, ace; *spades*, six, two; *diamonds*, five, four, two.

Second hand has—*clubs*, ace; *hearts*, queen, knave, seven, four; *spades*, king, three; *diamonds*, ace, queen, three.

Third hand has—*clubs*, king, four, three, two; *hearts*, six, five, two; *spades*, queen, knave; *diamonds*, knave.

Fourth hand (the dealer) has—*clubs*, seven; *hearts*, king, three; *spades*, ace, seven, five, four; *diamonds*, king, seven, six.

First hand passes; his longest suit is clubs, but in that he has the three mats and king against him. In spades he has manille; but that alone, or with one other only, cannot be calculated upon for a trick.

Second hand asks leave in hearts, having manille, basto, queen, knave, and four. He allows for manille falling to spadille, and will make basto—that is one trick. With queen, knave, and four, he must make one, probably two more tricks. The king of spades is a third, and the queen of diamonds a fourth trick. In order to establish his queen of diamonds, he will "call" the king.

Neither third nor fourth hands can play alone, as it will easily be seen that in no suit could either of them make six tricks; they therefore pass.

The second hand now says, "I play in hearts, and call the king of diamonds." Consequently, his partner is the fourth hand.

The lead being with No. 1, he leads a club, say the five; as he has four, he hopes that if ombre (that is, No. 2) has the king, his (No. 1's) partner (No. 3) may trump it. At all events, No. 1 will establish his queen knave of clubs. Ombre sees at once that No. 1 is an adversary; had he been his partner, he would have shown himself either by leading trump, or the called king (diamonds). Ombre, therefore, trumps with the four. No. 3 throws the two; No. 4 the seven.

Ombre now leads the three of diamonds to discover his partner. No. 3 throws the knave; No. 4 the king, discovering himself; No. 1 throws the five, being the worst diamond in his hand.

No. 4 now leads the three of trumps. This play shows ombre that he has a mat, and ombre knows it to be spadille, as he himself holds manille and basto. No. 1 is forced to follow suit with ponto; ombre plays basto; No. 3 throws the six.

Ombre leads manille; No. 3 throws the five; No. 4 the king; No. 1 small spade.

Ombre, queen of trumps; No. 3 the two; No. 4 the seven of diamonds (spadille, in common with the other mats, possessing the power of holding up); No. 1 the four of diamonds.

Ombre, knave of trumps; No. 3 three of clubs; No. 4 six of diamonds; No. 1 six of clubs.

The game is now won. The question remains whether ombre and his partner can play the vole. Now ombre knows his partner has spadille, that is one trick; he himself has three more certain tricks in his hand; he therefore declares to play vole. As follows—

Ombre, queen of diamonds; No. 3 anything; No. 4 anything; No. 1 follows suit.

Ombre, ace of diamonds; Nos. 3, 4, and 1, anything; ombre, king of spades; No. 3, 4, and 1, anything; and spadille must make remaining trick.

As to the payment—

No. 1 receives from the pool one counter for his ace of hearts; he has to pay to one of his adversaries one counter for their possessing all the mats, and two counters for their playing the vole.

No. 2 (ombre) receives from No. 1 or 2 one counter for mats, and two for vole. From the pool, one counter for red ace, one for manille, one for basto, one for game, and two for vole.

No. 3 pays as No. 1.

No. 4 receives from 1 or 3 as No. 2; from pool, one counter for spadille, one for game, two for vole.

What we have above described is the simple game, but it is very customary to play it with a slight modification called *preference*. In this, one suit, namely hearts, is given a preference in the nomination of trumps; thus, if the elder hand has asked leave, the second hand (or after him the third or fourth) may ask him "if it is in hearts," and if he says no, the other may ask leave by *preference* in hearts, which takes precedence accordingly. But it must be borne in mind that "standing alone" in any common suit always takes precedence of an "ask leave" in the preferred one.

In playing preference, all payments, rewards, and forfeits, are *doubled* when hearts are made trumps.

Sometimes there is a *double* preference, clubs (then called Mogul) being preferred over hearts, and when these are trumps all payments are quadrupled.

It is also very common to have the option of "purchasing a king." It may often happen that a player finds that the possession of a certain king, which he has not, would enable him to "play alone." In this case he may purchase it from the party holding it, giving one counter in payment (subject to increase for preference), and any card he can best spare from his hand. But if he then win the game he only receives from his adversaries one counter each, instead of two.

We advise the adoption of single preference, and the purchased king, as giving additional interest and variety to the game without adding to its difficulty.

The following simple rules will be of use to beginners; more advanced players may refer to Hoyle.

General Rules.

The following hints will be useful in judging what king to call. With queen and one other, call king of that suit. It is good to call the king of the suit of which you have the smallest number, as less likely to be trumped; but you should have *one* of that suit to lead. A red king is (other things being the same) less likely to be trumped than a black one.

If you have a hand capable of making nine tricks, it is better to purchase a king, and obtain the vole, than to play alone without it.

If you have a sequence in which a mat forms part, do not follow the whist rule of leading the highest, as the mats have the power of holding up. Lead the highest *below* the mat.

Finessing is scarcely ever admissible in quadrille, the number of cards being too limited.

For Ombre.

Your first lead should generally be a small card of the suit you have called, in order to discover your partner.

If your partner leads a small trump, play your highest, and lead your highest trump again.

Never play for the vole unless the location of all the mats has been revealed.

For Ombre's Partner.

Your first lead should not always be the called king. Leading trumps will often be better; for example,—

Whatever you have, if ombre is fourth player when you lead, lead your best trump, and, if it wins, your next best and so on. In other positions play as follows:—

If you have spadille or manille with one other, or if basto with two others, lead a small one.

If you have manille or basto alone, or basto with one other, lead the mat, to strengthen your partner's hand.

If you have only a few small trumps, lead the called king.

If, when ombre leads for the called king, you happen to have also a sequence to it, play the lowest. It gives ombre valuable information as to the state of your hand.

For Ombre's Opponents.

Never lead trumps the first lead. Afterwards you may be guided by your hand.

Nor the called suit, unless you have so many that you hope your partner may trump it.

Try to get to lead *through* ombre *up to* your partner.

If towards the end of the game you have second and third best trump, ombre having first and fourth only, lead one.

The other games we are about to describe are for *two* persons only, and are therefore very useful; for it is not always easy for two persons who have to be much together to find themselves agreeable occupation, and if they are driven to play, cribbage is almost the only game of combined chance and skill at present in use. Cribbage is not a bad game, but these we now propose are much superior, both in interest and in the amount of skill they bring into play.

PIQUET

Is by far the best game of cards, for two persons, that exists. It is much played abroad, but is scarcely known in England. It is somewhat difficult to describe clearly, but a little perseverance and attention will soon master it, and when once acquired it is easy enough, the difficulty lying only in the description. We have found intelligent children, under their teens, who, having once learnt the game, will play it very correctly.

It is played with a pack of thirty-two cards, all below the seven being excluded, which is called a "Piquet pack," from this game. The cards rank in the usual whist order — ace, king, queen, knave, ten, nine, eight, seven.

A hundred or a hundred and one points constitute the game, which may last several hands, or be over in one. The score is made partly by combinations of cards held in the hand, and partly by playing.

The two players deal alternately. We will call the non-dealer the elder hand. The cards having been shuffled and cut in the usual way, the dealer gives out twelve cards to each, dealing them in twos, and not singly. He then takes the eight cards that remain (called the "stock"), and slightly separates them into two packets of five and three, the former at the top, and places them between the players. The upper five are supposed to belong to the elder hand, the lower three to the dealer. There are no trumps in this game.

The elder hand has then the privilege of discarding any number of cards from his hand not exceeding five (he must discard one at least), and taking a corresponding number from the top of the stock. If he does not take all his five, he may look at those he leaves, concealing them, however, from the other player.

The dealer may then discard, and replace in like manner, taking the cards from the stock in the order in which he finds them. He is not bound to discard any, but he may, if he pleases, take all that remain, or any number of them. He may look at any cards of his own portion of the stock he leaves behind; but if he does, the elder hand may demand to see them too, after playing his first card, or naming the suit he intends to play.

The hands being thus made up, the elder hand proceeds to score for the combinations he may hold, in the following manner. There are three things in the hand may be scored; namely, (1) the *point*; (2) the *sequence*; (3) the *quatorze*.

(1.) The *point* is counted by the party who has the most cards of one suit; the elder hand states how many he has; if the dealer has not so many, he says "good," and the elder hand scores one for each card; if the dealer has more, he says "not good," and the

elder hand, scoring nothing, passes on to the next item. If the dealer happens to have the same number, he says "equal," and then the elder hand must count and declare the number of the pips—the ace counting eleven, the court cards ten each, and the others what they are. The highest number of pips make the cards "good," and invalidate those of the other party. If the number of pips are equal, neither score.

(2.) The second item is scored by the party who has the best *sequence*, that is, the greatest number of consecutive cards, not less than three, of the same suit, or if an equal number, those of the highest rank;—thus, ten, nine, eight, seven, are better than ace, king, queen; but ace, king, queen, are better than king, queen, knave; and so on. A sequence of three cards, no matter what, counts three; of four cards, four; beyond this ten are added, so that a sequence of five cards counts fifteen; of six cards, sixteen; and so on. The elder hand declares his best sequence; if the dealer has a better, he says "not good;" if only inferior ones, he says "good." In the latter case the elder scores, not only for the best sequence, but for every other he holds in his hand; all the opposite party may hold being invalidated. If the best sequences are equal, neither score.

(3.) The third item is called the *quatorze;* from the fact that four aces, four kings, four queens, four knaves, or four tens in one hand, if "good," score fourteen. *Three* of either kind score three. In deciding which party is to score, the higher cards are better than the lower, but any four cards take preference of the best three. Thus four tens are better than three aces; but three aces are better than three kings, and so on. The elder hand names his best four or three, to which the dealer says "good" or "not good," as the case may be; and, as with the sequence, the one who has the best, scores all others he may hold, while those of the opponent are all destroyed.

The point and sequence, when scored by either party, must be shown to the other; the quatorze need not be.

The items in the elder hand thus being counted, the holder lays down one card, thus beginning the "play." The dealer plays to this; but, immediately before doing so, he names and counts all *he* has to score in his hand. The play, the object of which is to gain tricks, follows the ordinary whist rule; the second player being obliged to follow suit, if he can, and the best card winning. If he cannot follow suit, he loses the trick, throwing away any card he pleases.

The scoring of the play is peculiar. The first player of every trick counts one for the card he so plays; but, if the second player wins the trick, he also counts one. The party who takes the last trick counts an extra one for it, and if either player wins the *majority* of tricks, he scores an extra *ten*.

This is the ordinary game. There are some additional scores for extraordinary cases; but, before we mention them, it will be well to illustrate the foregoing directions by an example of an imaginary hand, which we recommend learners to play over; it will show that although the description appears complicated, the practice is very easy.

A and *B* play at piquet. *A* deals. and gives *B* the following cards: nine, seven, of spades; ace, nine, seven, of hearts; ten, nine, eight, of diamonds; ace, knave, ten, nine, of clubs.

A gives himself king, queen, eight, of spades; queen, knave, ten, eight, of hearts; king, queen, of diamonds; queen, eight, seven, of clubs; leaving the remaining cards in the stock in the following order:—Ace of spades at the top, then king of hearts, seven of diamonds, knave of diamonds, king of clubs, ten of spades, knave of spades, and the ace of diamonds at the bottom.

B discards nine and seven of spades, and nine and seven of hearts, taking in the four upper ones from the stock.

A discards eight of spades, seven and eight of clubs, and takes in king of clubs, ten and knave of spades, leaving the ace of diamonds unappropriated.

The following dialogue then ensues :—

A. What is your point?

B. Five.

A. Good.

B. (Shows the diamonds.)

A. What sequence?

B. Knave, ten, nine, eight, seven.

A. Good.

B. Also knave, ten, nine of clubs (shows these and the diamonds).

A. Have you any quatorze?

B. Three aces.

A. Not good.

B. Then I score five for the point, fifteen for the sequence in diamonds, and three for that in clubs, making twenty-three.

B. (Plays knave of diamonds) twenty-four.

A. I score fourteen for four queens, and three for three kings, total seventeen.

A. (Takes the trick with queen of diamonds, and says) eighteen.

A. (Plays king of spades) nineteen.

B. (Takes it with ace) twenty-five.

B. (Plays ten of diamonds) twenty-six.

A. (Takes it with king) twenty.

A. (Plays queen of spades) twenty-one.

B, (Throws away nine of clubs) twenty-six.

A. (Plays knave of spades) twenty-two.

B. (Answers with ten of clubs) twenty-six.

A. (Plays ten of spades) twenty-three.

B. (Answers with knave of clubs) twenty-six.

A. (Plays king of clubs) twenty-four.

B. (Takes it with ace) twenty-seven.

B. (Plays ace of hearts) twenty-eight.

A. (Eight of hearts) twenty-four.

B. (King of hearts) twenty-nine.

A. (Ten of hearts) twenty-four.

B. (Nine of diamonds) thirty.

A. (Knave of hearts) twenty-four.

B. (Eight of diamonds) thirty-one.

A. (Queen of hearts) twenty-four.

B. (Seven of diamonds) thirty-two.

A. (Queen of clubs) twenty-four.

B. Then I score one for the last card, thirty-three, and ten for the majority of tricks (he having made seven), that makes me in all forty-three.

A. And I score twenty-four.

These numbers are then scored towards the game in any convenient way. Some people mark them down with a pencil; some have peculiar counters. We have found by far the most convenient plan to be a board with holes and pegs, like a cribbage-board, only with a hundred and one holes instead of sixty-one.

We have now to notice certain *extraordinary* chances which affect the scoring in this game; and these are four, the *carte blanche*, the *repique*, the *pique*, and the *capote*.

Carte blanche is a hand which, when first dealt, contains neither king, queen, nor knave; this counts ten, taking precedence of every other score.

When either party counts thirty or upwards in hand only, the other counting none, he adds *sixty* on this account to his score. This is a *repique*.

When the elder hand counts something less than thirty in hand, but can make it up to thirty, by *play*, before his adversary counts one, he adds *thirty* on this account to his score. This is a *pique*. It is obvious that a pique can never be gained by the dealer, as his adversary always counts one for the first card he plays.

If either of the players gain *all* the tricks, he scores *forty* for them, instead of ten for the majority. This is *capote*.

Pique, repique, and capote, are not unfrequent; but the occurrence of carte blanche is exceedingly rare.

We have said that the score, being verbally counted through the playing, is not registered till the hand is over; but, when both parties happen to have arrived near a hundred, it becomes necessary to register piecemeal in the proper order of priority. This order is that the carte blanche counts first, then the point, then the sequence, then the quatorze, and lastly the points made by playing, as they arise.

The skill required in piquet applies to the rejection of cards from the hand,

and to the play, both which offer excellent scope for intelligence and knowledge of the game.

BAZIQUE.

Is a game, probably of late invention, and of quite a novel kind. It is played with *two piquet packs* of cards, shuffled well together, and used as one. The cards rank as in whist, with the exception that the *ten* comes between the ace and the king. One hundred points[1] make the game, which may be marked in the same manner as those at piquet, except that they are scored at once, as they arise.

The players deal in turn. The dealer gives eight cards to each, not singly, but in parcels of three, three, and two. He then turns up the seventeenth as the trump card, places it aside, and puts the remainder of the pack conveniently between the two players.

The play for tricks then commences by the non-dealer leading a card, which the other party replies to; but the rules of playing are peculiar; the second player is not bound to follow suit, but may play any card in his hand he chooses; if the suit *is* followed, the highest card wins; if not, the card led wins, unless a trump is played upon it, as trumps command all the other suits.

The winner of the trick takes it up and puts it aside; he then takes a card from the top of the pack into his hand; and, after his opponent has done the same, he leads a card for the next trick, and so on till the pack is exhausted; the number of eight cards being thus constantly retained in the hand of each player.

The tricks made score nothing, and are of no value except for certain cards they may contain, as we shall hereafter describe.

The points are scored according to certain cards and certain combinations, which the players may from time to time become possessed of in their hands; and the skill lies in so playing as to promote these combinations. They are as follows.

Four aces in the hand count ten; four kings, eight; four queens, six; four knaves, four. King and queen of the same suit are called "marriage," and score two; but the marriage of trumps scores four.

The ace, ten, king, queen, and knave of trumps together, form what is called the "sequence," and score twenty-five.

The knave of diamonds and queen of spades together, form "Bazique," and score four. If this occurs twice in the same player's hand, it is called "double bazique," and scores fifty.

The seven of trumps scores one; but it has this privilege, that it may be exchanged for the trump card, which is often a great advantage when the latter forms one of the sequence.

Now in order to score any of these items, they must be "declared;" and this can only be done immediately after the party holding them has won a trick, and before he has taken a new card from the pack; he then lays the cards to be declared face upwards on the table, where they remain, only still being considered part of his hand, and played for tricks as he pleases, just like the others. The object of keeping them exposed is to enable the adversary to see that they are not declared twice over; for example, no ace which has formed part of four aces declared can form part of another four; and no king or queen married can be married again, and so on; but any card already declared can be again declared in a different class of combination; as for example, cards declared in a sequence may be again declared in fours, or married, or form part of a bazique, &c., as opportunity may permit.

The combinations are registered as they are declared, and the playing goes on as before described until the last card of the pack and the trump card (generally changed to the seven) only remain; the winner of the last trick takes the former of these, and his opponent the trump and after this the declarations cease. Any declared cards lying on the table are taken up into the hands, and a new rule

[1] Some players make the game 1,000; but, as all the items then count in tens, this is a needless and cumbersome complication.

of play begins; the second player being now obliged to follow suit if he can, and, if not, to trump the trick. So the whole eight cards are played out, and the winner of the last trick scores one.

Each player now gathers up the heap of tricks he has taken, and, looking them over, reckons up the number of aces and tens they contain, for each of which he adds one to his score. Towards the end of the game it may sometimes happen that both parties might score up to one hundred by this means, and in such case the *majority* on either side only should be scored, which would either determine the game in favour of one party, or at any rate allow another hand to be commenced.

Bazique is a very pretty game, and very amusing, from the provoking difficulties it sometimes puts the players in as to what cards they shall play or retain, so as to do the least possible harm to their chance of scoring—difficulties which often bring a good deal of skill into exercise.

There is always a danger of carelessness in beginners neglecting to take cards from the pack at the proper time; and there is a salutary punishment for this, in a rule that whenever a player, in order to make up his proper number of eight, requires to take cards from the pack at an improper time, he shall forfeit one point for every card so taken.

Bazique being an unwritten game, we will conclude by a few rules for the guidance of young players; although practice and intelligent observation are the best teachers in all games.

1. Do not part with either sequence or bazique cards while there is any chance of your making them, as the scores for these are so high.

2. Look out carefully for any exhibition on your adversary's part of two sequence cards of the same kind, which will show you you cannot make a sequence, and will relieve your play. The same for bazique cards.

3. Make your tens and aces in your tricks whenever you can, unless you have a fair opportunity of soon declaring four aces. Every one you let go into your adversary's tricks is two points against you. Take any aces or tens he plays whenever you can do so without detriment to your hand, as each one taken is two points in your favour. Husband your small trumps, as they are useful for this purpose.

4 If in doubt whether to save up kings or aces, prefer the former, if you can by that means put your aces into your own tricks; for though the four aces count two more than the four kings, the latter will marry, and may go freely, after declared, into your adversary's tricks without doing you harm. It is difficult, after having declared four aces, to avoid losing some of them.

5. Avoid, if possible, showing your adversary that he cannot make the sequence or double bazique; you will thus often hamper his game, and may save some of your own aces and tens from being taken by him.

6. Be very careful in the play of the last eight tricks; notice what cards your adversary had previously lying on the table, and make what use you can of the knowledge, in order to try to save any aces and tens of your own, and to get any you can of your adversary's.

7. In this, as in all other games, *keep your temper.* W. P.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NAVVY.[1]

CHAPTER I.

STRUGGLES FOR A LIVELIHOOD.

I was born at Wimbush, near Saffron Walden, in Essex. My father was a labouring-man, earning nine shillings a week at the best of times; but often his wages were reduced to seven shillings.

There was a wonderful large family of us—eleven was born, but we died down to six. I remember, one winter, we was very bad off, for we boys could get no employment, and no one in the family was working but father. He only got fourteen pence a day to keep eight of us in firing and everything. It was a hard matter to get enough to eat.

One very cold day, that we had nothing at all in the house, my mother called me.

"Bill," says she, "you must go out and beg a few turnips for dinner to-day, for we have nothing to eat."

I took a bag, and presently I lit on a farmer, and said to him,—

"I've come out to ask for a few turnips, sir, if you'll please to give 'em me."

"You can go down the field," he says, "and pull some, if you can get 'em up."

I went; but the ground was so hard, I was forced to cut 'em out with a bill-hook. When I brought them home we had to thaw them before the fire before we could pare them for boiling.

At last, mother she went off to the church parson, and stated the case to him how she was situated. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a shilling, and ordered her to go to a woman as kep' a little shop, and get half a bushel of bread baked. She got besides a lap-ful of broken victuals, that the cook looked up for her; and, when she came home, she found us still cooking the frozen turnips, and little expecting such a dinner! Before we'd cleared the table father come in; and mother sat down as soon as we had all finished and read us a chapter in the Book—where it says the Lord will provide for us; and that is what made me remember about it.

Mother still goes on, to her old age, reading a chapter after she's had her food—let it be breakfast or dinner; and I don't suppose any body ever sees her now, but what she's a-murmuring something over to herself as she goes along. She is a real good woman, and knows her Bible well. My younger brother, Benjamin, took after her; he was a very religious man, and my mother's favourite son. He lived foreman to a man in Kent for three years. He was just married then, and he had three births and three deaths in those three years. Then he buried his wife; and at the end of the three years he died himself. He now lies buried at Saffron Walden; and mother can see his grave out of her window. She will never leave the place as long as she is alive, and when she dies she must be buried there beside him, in a plot of ground she has bought on purpose; for she can't get over the loss of "her Benjamin," as she used to call him. I don't think mother has ever forgotten that it was me as 'ticed Benjamin away from home, to go rambling about the country for work. She never can help bringing it up against me. Let me come home when I will, she always opens her Bible at the verse where Jacob says, "If mischief befall him by the way, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." She does not mean it unkindly, but somehow it always seems to come over her to read *that* whenever she sees me again.

[1] This paper is exactly what it professes to be—the story of a Navvy's life, taken down from his own narration, facts and sentiments together, just as they came.

The first work ever I did was to mind two little lads for a farmer. I drawed them about in a little cart, for which I got my breakfast and a penny a day.

When I got older I went to tending sheep. I was about seven year old then. My mistress was a very gay woman, fond of company and dress, and going about; and this often caused them to fall out. One day when I was in the room, missis wished to go to some party. Master would not take her, and she got very angry, and stood behind him making faces at him, little thinking he could see her; but he was shaving before the glass and so caught sight of her faces. Presently he turns round and sets upon her. "Shut the door, Bill," calls out my missis to me. I rose and bolted the door in a great fright, but the servant maid had heard them and come down stairs, and so in at another door, and separates them, for she was used to their ways.

While I was at this place one of the maids lost her pocket, with three and sixpence in it. It was one of them old-fashioned side-pockets women used to wear. She blamed me for it, and said I had stolen it; and I went home crying to father. He got in a passion, and said, he "knowed his boy would never be a thief;" but things went on for a fortnight or three weeks, and nothing could be heard of the pocket.

Then mother says, "Well, father, now we must go to the cunning woman;" and so we all went. When we got to the place we found a little old thatched house all on the one floor; and, looking in over the half door, we sees a little funny old woman a-sitting up in the chimbley corner.

"Come in, neighbour," she says directly. "Is this the boy?" she says, like as if she'd knowed all the time what we was come for.

Then she took up some cards and begun working 'em about and shuffling 'em, and gave 'em to mother to cut.

"Is not there a dark person there?" she says.

"Yes, very dark," mother says; "about two or three and twenty."

"Ah! I shall soon find it all out; cut the cards again," says the old lady. So mother cuts again, and she then shows mother a little picture.

"I see who it is," says mother.

Being a little lad, I runned up to try if I could see too, but could not make much out of it.

"Now, I'll tell you who it is, and where it will be found, neighbour," says the old woman; "and I'll never let the man rest till it *is* found."

"Dear me!" says mother; "don't torment him," she says.

Well, the end of it was, the pocket was to be found in a basket of my father's, but he was not to touch it himself, not upon no account.

That very night, after he had done his work, Richard the cow-man comes down to father's—

"Ben," he says, "I can't rest."

"Why, what's the matter wi' ye, Dick?" says father.

"I don't know, but I feel terrible uneasy;" and then he falls a-telling father all about this pocket, and how he'd stolen it himself, and could get no rest till he put it into a basket of father's that he used to carry his victuals in, and which hung up behind the door of the small beer-cellar at the master's.

They went up to the farm, and the maid beat down the basket with a long shovel she had (to take the bread out of the oven), so as nobody should not touch it, and there dropped out the pocket with the three and sixpence in it just as the old cunning woman had said.

I stopped in that place, at Farmer G——'s, two years. Missis would still keep going on with her parties and company, o' rum o' minding her farm and her dairy; and this brought them at last to poverty. Last time I lit on 'em, he was a-mending a barrow in the streets of Lincoln. I took him into the "Red Lion" and gived him two or three quarts of ale and the change out of half-a-crown. "Mr. G——," I says to him, "I should think some of them crusts you used to chuck away, and never give to a poor person, would come in rather handy now?"

"Yes, Bill," he says, "they would; "but I little thought then I should ever have come to this."

But it was all caused by his wife's idle extravagant ways.

CHAPTER II.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

My father used to work at times for Squire G——"; and, when I was a little boy, they used to have me up to clean the knives and run of errands.

The Squire was a young man then, not of age yet. He used to have a friend from London to go out shooting with him. Let the young Squire go out a-shooting when he would, he'd always have me to go along with him. It used to be their fun to set me on a horse, and then fire the gun and start off the horse to run away. I used to cling on tight by the horse's mane, and that amused them.

When I was about twelve years old I went to live with Farmer S——. He was a very honest, respectable man. When he was young, he fell in love with one of his father's servant-maids, which made the family very angry. They would give him no money, nor nothing to settle upon; so he hired himself as a labourer on his father's farm, ploughing and doing his work just like a servant; and out of his own wages he sent the young woman to a boarding-school, and paid for her education for two or three years. When she returned from school he married her, and took a little one-horse farm; he used to get on by dealing in pigs and sheep. He never had but one price. What he'd say his pigs was worth, he'd have it. He'd never bate a halfpenny; but then he was always fair and honest. All the dealers could trust his word, and a poor man would go and buy a pig on him.

His elder brother had married a farmer's daughter, worth a deal of money, and they used to laugh at him because he was married to a servant.

"Ah! never mind," he'd say; "if you have any clothes made, you pay a tailor for making on 'em; now there's nothing I wear," says he, "but what my wife makes me. See, in twenty years, how much it will cost you in making clothes for you and your family; and see if my wife won't save a fortune," he says, "in making clothes for her family and minding her dairy."

(The elder brother had to keep two servants to mind his dairy, but the younger had never a one.)

Long before the end of the twenty years the eldest brother, who had married the rich wife, failed, and came to poverty. He was always drinking and swearing, and thought he was quite safe because he'd got all the money. Then the other brother bought the old farm from him, and went back to live in his father's house, for all he had once been turned out of it. He paid his men better than what the other farmers did, and never missed going to church twice regular. He prospered and throve, and got on in his good ways, and became a very rich man.

I often think of his words, and I did as he telled me in one respect.

"William," he'd say to me, "if ever you choose a young woman, look out for one whose hair lies straight on her head, for she'll be sure to have a good temper."

"Look at your missis," he'd say, "look at *her* hair, and be sure you try for a poor servant girl," says he. "I'm married to a servant, though my father turned me out of the house for it, and see how I am off now."

When I got a little older, I used to keep looking out for all the young woman with straight hair. I fixed upon one in my own village, but she was all on for us to get married, and I wanted to stop till we was older; so we fell out and she went to service. When her twelvemonth was up she married the cow-man. She sent me a letter to say she did not think no more about me, but had got married to some one else.

"Thank the Lord for it!" I sent her word back, "I only hope you'll have a happy husband."

I soon begun to keep company with another young woman, whose name was

T——. Her father had nineteen children; but he would not have any of them christened; he would call them anything that come up—sometimes Betsy, sometimes Sarah, just as it happened. I used to call this girl "my little mouse," because she worked hard all the summer, and laid by a store for the winter. She used to work in her father's brickfield, for he was a brickmaker; but the end of it was, she killed herself with it.

She was the only woman ever I knew killed herself by hard work. She used to do just the same as a man, and she was nearly as strong.

She had a sister who was stronger than a man; she still travels the country as a show. Just before she was born, her father had some ferrets. He was nearly caught with them one day, and he ran home thinking he was followed, and threw the ferret into his wife's lap, telling her to hide it under her apron; but she was frightened, and fell right down on the floor, and the ferret ran away.

Soon after, she had this little girl born, with red eyes, as red as flames, and white hair, as white as snow.

She is married now, and gets a lot of money by going about to fairs. She is so strong, that she can lift a blacksmith's anvil up by her hair. She also lies down and has the anvil placed on her chest. Anybody may take up the anvil and satisfy themselves that there is no deception in it. She generally goes about the north parts of England, and I have met with many who have seen her scores of times.

After I lost my poor "little mouse," I felt very uneasy in my mind, and I did not rightly get over it for about two years.

In the meantime I quarrelled with my master through going to the public-house. I had often made up my mind to run away from home, and had even started a few miles on the road, but the thoughts of my mother always brought me back again. However, this time I really did go; and a brother of "the mouse" came along with me for company.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE TRAMP.

After I left home, I started on the road "tramping" about the country, looking for work. Sometimes I'd stop a few weeks with one master and then go on again, travelling about; never long at a time in the one place. I soon got into bad company and bad ways, and at times it would come over my mind that I thought more about the devil than I thought about my Saviour; but still I kept wandering on in that long lane and found no end to it.

This is the way we used to carry on. Perhaps I'd light of an old mate somewhere about the country, and we'd go rambling together from one place to another. If we earned any money, we'd go to a public-house, and stop there two or three days, till we'd spent it all, or till the publican turned us out drunk and helpless to the world. Having no money to pay for a lodging, we had to lie under a hedge, and in the morning we'd get up thinking, "What shall we do?" "Where shall we go?" and perhaps it would come over us, "Well, I'll never do the like again."

We'd wander on till we could find a gang of men at work at some railroad or large building; sometimes they would help us, and sometimes they would not. Once I travelled about for three days without having anything to eat. We'd always sooner take a thing than ask for it, and the devil kep' on tutoring me to steal, till at last, seeing some poor labouring man's victuals lying under a hedge, I jumped over and took them. I thought to myself at the time, "I'll never get so low again, but always keep a shilling in my pocket, sooner than get to this pitch."

I came away, till I got some work in Sussex, as a "tipper." I got four shillings a day, working Sundays and all. I bid there eleven weeks till I had saved nine pounds, and then I left to come to London by the train. There I got along with bad company, and spent three or four of my pounds, and then

turned towards Derby, where I spent the rest of my money, and had to lie again in a stable. From there I walked into Yorkshire.

While I was in Yorkshire I met with a young gentleman who had a fine house of his own, but would spend all his time in the beer-shop. One day he saw me there and called out,

"Well, old navvy," he says, "can you drink a quart of ale?"

"Thank you, sir," says I.

"I dare say now you could sing a good song about shooting, could not you? and hunting, and all?" he says. "Can't you tell us a good tale?"

"Yes, sir. I don't sing much, but I can make a noise about anything you ask me."

"Well, if you will stop along of me, I'll keep you in drink as long as you like to sing me songs," says he.

"Master," says I, "I'll have you! I do like my beer."

I stopped at the public-house with the young gentleman, holloing and shouting and drinking, and up to all sorts of wild pranks. He could not abide to be left alone, because of the "blue devils," as we call them. He had been drunk every day for three months; so he would do anything to get some one to keep him company.

I stopped with him a fortnight drinking Yorkshire ale at sixpence a quart, while he drank rum and brandy, and soda water between whiles. But at the fortnight's end I had to run away, I could not stand it any longer. He'd have killed me with it if I'd gone on.

Then I went to work at Bradford, where I stayed about six or eight weeks. Here an engine was to start upon a new line; and the contractor gave us a load of beer (about four barrels) for the opening. I was not satisfied with the way the man drawed this beer; and so, as soon as his back was turned and the crowd all round us, so as he could not see, three of us got hold of a barrel and rolled it down the hill and over the hedge, knocked in the head of it, and drank out of our hats, which we dipped into the cask.

Not content with all this, we must still go to a public-house and have some more; and there I bid, till the landlord throwed me out in the road, where I laid till morning, while the rain poured down, and the water ran off both sides of me.

About four o'clock the sun rose, and some man came by and woke me up. "Hullo, old navvy," he says, "you're wet, ain't you?"

"Yes," I makes answer. "I was wet enough inside when I came here last night, but I am wetter outside now."

"I should think a quart of ale would do you good, now," says the man, "would not it?"

"It'ud save my life," but I little thought what I was saying on at the time; but I got my quart of ale, drink'd it, and wished him good morning. "Thank you, old fellow," says I; "if I see you on Saturday night I'll give *you* a quart, or two if you like; I'll make you fine and drunk," I says, and I went on, till I meets some of my mates a-coming to work—then I falls into the hedge till they are passed, because I was ashamed to meet them, same as all of us is, when we've been drinking.

After this, I went to a small place called Wales, on the Sheffield and Grimsby railroad, and there I was taken bad, through this very drinking, and gave myself up for dead.

I had not written home for two years; and about this time my mother, reading in the paper about a man found drowned at Hull, took it in her head it was me. She always had a custom, every New Year's day, as the clock struck twelve of the noon, of taking her Bible, a-setting it up on its back and then letting it fall open where it would; and from the place where it chanced to open, she could tell all what would happen through the year—good or bad. She goes on the same still in her old age. If she is in the house she sits and watches the clock till the time comes round; and, if she is out of doors, she takes her Bible with her—but she never misses it upon no account.

On the New Year's day after my ill-

ness mother opens her Bible at the 15th chapter of Luke, and the 32d verse—"For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." Then she took that for a sign, and felt quite happy about me, and was sure I should soon return home; and so I did, not long afterwards.

I was still very ill, and kept at home with my mother about six months afterwards. My mother, being a good sort of woman, was unhappy about my wicked ways. She was always down on her knees a-praying for me—still I was regular 'shamed to do the same, though I kept getting away by myself, and thinking, "Well, my mother is right—I will give myself up to the Lord." It kept getting a hold on me, and I said, "If I get round this time I will still keep on in my good promises."

But I was no sooner well than I turned out "tramping" again, and got first with one and then with another, till it all went out of my head.

CHAPTER IV.

CAROLINE.

While I was at home this time, I worked for a farmer in the neighbourhood. I was eating my dinner the first day I went to this new place, when I saw the servant-girl a-tinging the bees. I spoke to her. "Young woman," I says, "you make rare music with those shovels while I have my dinner."

Upon this, out comes the missis, and says, "Bill, do you know I never allow anybody to speak to my servants?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says I; "I'll think of that another time. It won't make much difference to me."

"Why, whotten sort of missis," I say, "is this, Caroline?"

"Oh," she says, "they don't never allow me to speak to any one."

"Well, then, I'll not speak any more," says I, "if this be the way. I did not know what she was," I says.

A little time after we was walking out, and talking to ourselves about love tales, or summat of that, and we made up our minds we'd keep each other company; and it so happened that about the same time "Van Humbug" come round with his wild beasts.

Caroline asked her missis if she might go and see him.

"Oh, yes," says she; but the master had a mistrust that I was going with her, and he watched me away from work, to see whether I went home; so I turned on my road home, and came round and met her. We went together to see the beasts; but, as we was returning back, master come along to meet us.

"Oh, Bill!" she says, "here comes master."

I jumped over the hedge so quick he never seed me, but still he could hear some footsteps.

In the morning, when I went to my work, "Caroline," I says, "did master see me?"

"No," she says, "but he *heered* ye; and he finely went on after I got home.' But all this made us only the more determined upon keeping company.

I had to call Caroline up every morning at four, to get the key of the stables for me out of master's room.

A few mornings after we'd been to see Van Humbug, she'd brought me the key, and we stood a-talking for some little time—I had one foot in the house and the t'other out—master come down. "There!" he says, "now I've ketched ye. I thought I could not see the stable door open. I'll have none of this," he says, "in my house."

Says I, "Well, sir, I ain't in your house."

"You *are* in the house," he says.

"No, sir, I'm only half in and half out," says I.

"Well," he says, "you'll have to go or else the servant will, for I won't allow no talking here."

"If you discharge any one, sir, discharge me," I says. So I had my money on Saturday night, and left through it. I got work close agen' home, and they would not even let her come to chapel, for fear she should call in the house as she passed. After this master got that angry about my leaving him, that he

hardly knew what to do. First he blamed me about a Blenheim spaniel that was killed by an old servant, who had a dislike to it. He said I come up to his house at night, and killed it out of spite, and he sent the pleceman after me, and had me up for it. But they found out I was in Cambridge town, about fourteen miles away, the day the dog died, and so he was forced to let me go. The next thing this farmer did was to search the servant's box, where they found six apples; and, though there was twenty bushel in the place, he had her up for it, and they gave her six months' imprisonment. Her father and I bailed her out till the trial for ten pounds; and, as her master wished her to come back to him, she actually went and lived there again for three weeks, thinking that after that he would not have the heart to send her to jail, for she'd lived nine years with them altogether. But when the trial come on he sent her to Springfield, and from there they moved her to Ilford.

I believe her master was out of his mind at times. He would drink a gallon of rum a day, if he could get it, and did not care what he said if he could do any one an injury by it. Last time I heard of him he was quite mad, and in confinement. When Caroline was in prison, he confessed how he had acted against her; but, it was too late to be of any use.

I went up to London as soon as Caroline was moved to Ilford jail, thinking I might get to see her there; and I went to the magistrate for an order to see her, saying I was her brother; but she had only one brother, and he had been there before me; so they would not let me in. However, I got work close by, and stopped there, that I might be near her, till she come out, and I saw her that very day. I thought she looked fatter and fresher after she come out than she did before. They treated her as a servant all the time she was in prison, and they gave her a character, and got her a good place afterwards in London, where she stayed four years. My mother used to write to her, and tell her any news she could get of me; but, hearing at one time that mother had given me up for dead, she married a 'bus imprietor, and she is now doing well, keeping a little beer-shop in ——. I sometimes go to see her still, and she'll set before me anything I like to eat; but I don't see so much of them as I might do.

CHAPTER V.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

When Caroline came out of prison, I started off again on my travels over the country. "Now, Bill," says my mother, "do promise me to try and turn over a new leaf." I laughed at the old lady, and turned over a page in her Bible, and says, "There, mother, that's soon done, then;" but I did make up my mind to lead a better life than I had done, though it took me a long time and a good deal of trouble. Sometimes I got a little better, and then went back again. I kept on going backwards and forwards. When first I took up to be steady, it seemed as if something came to me and kept whispering in my ear, "It's too late! It's too late!"—and then all my old ways would come over me—drinking, and swearing, and poaching, and all such things, and drive my good thoughts away. So I went on, for months and months.

My mother did all she could for me, but when I was away from her I used to forget all about what she said. Even then the Lord would not let me rest. Sometimes he would send me warnings, which brought me round for a time.

I never forgot one thing that happened near my home, and that has kept me from swearing many a time when I've had an oath on my lips. This is how it was. The time I was young, my father used to drive a malt waggon. One day he says to me—"Now, Bill, you may drive along till you come to Birch-hanger gate."

I did so, as my father telled me, and when we got there, I called out "Gate!"

The toll-keeper was very cross at being disturbed, for it was only four o'clock in the morning. He came and sweared out at me. "I'd rather be in hell," he says, "than keeping a gate for a week." Father came down from the waggon, "What are you saying to the lad? you'd best hold your tongue, for you don't know how long before you might be there," he says. Sure enough, when we came through the gate again, at twelve in the day, they was just a-carrying of him into the house dead. The man drove a coach a few miles down the road, while his wife took the tolls, and he had dropped down dead off the box of his coach. I never cared very much for swearing after this, for it always came across my mind about this gate-keeper.

I was tramping with some more lads through Wales, and we came to a terrible wild out-of-the-way place, where there was a lone cottage. We camed up to the town to ask for summat to eat. The woman could not make much out of what we said, but she took hold of my jacket and pulled me into the house and give us some brown stuff—sort of porridge it was. I did not care much for it, but the old woman kept on asking me if I liked it; so I said "Yes." We stopped all night; and, before we went to bed, they asked us if we ever made a prayer? "No," we said; "we never thought much about that." But the master of the house made all the family go down on their knees (and we had to do the same) while he made a prayer for us, and the same thing again when we got up on the Sunday morning. Then we was a-going away. "Where are you going?" says the master; "I won't let you travel on Sunday;" and we was forced to bide with them till the Monday. They was real pious people—there was the poor old gal going out in the morning, milking her goats and singing her hymns all the while. I've often thought on them since, when I've been tempted to go about of a Sunday.

It was not long after this that I got sent to prison. I was working at Hastings, when we struck there. The ganger he came up and reckoned three or four on us, and then he upped with his fist and knocked me down; and as fast as I got up he hit me down again. Says I, "Well done, old chap! you're going it gradely; but you're got a rum 'un to deal with this time," I says; "you 'aint a-going to serve me as you have some of the drivers—leathering on 'em just when you like."

Another makes answer, and says, "Go it, Black un," he says (they used to call me "Black un" when I was young), "Go it, Black un, I'll come in and help you;" and he comed up and caught hold of the ganger while I horse-whipped him, for I was a driver then; and another of them joined us. They come and ta'en us the next day, and had us locked up in Lewes Jail; two on us got two months, and the other one month. We was all very happy and comfortable there, though we were kept rather short of victuals. There they learnt me to spin mops, and it was there that I got hold of most of my scholarship. I learned to read from the turnkey—a very nice man. He come and stand by my cell door and help me to a word whenever I asked him, and a church parson used to preach to us every morning of the week—and very good it was! It did me a deal of good going to prison, that time—it learned me to be a scholar and a better man. Another of the three with me in prison got run over by a waggon soon after we came out: they took him to the hospital, but he only lived three weeks afterwards. He used to send for his mates to come and see him, and talk to us so that we could not bear to hear him.

"Look at me," he'd say, "what a fine young man I was, when I went out to work that morning, and now see how I am cut down, like the grass. Never be so wicked no more as you have been, but remember those sarmints what was preached to us in Lewes Jail." He'd send such beautiful letters to our hut before he died, that I could not stop to listen to them, they made me cry so. It was a blessing for him, poor chap, that he died when he did, for I believe he went the right way; but it

was all owing to his being sent to Lewes Jail, for before that, he was a wicked one as ever lived, and he came out from there an altered man, and kept so till the day he met with his accident.

These things kind of made an impression upon me, and kept me straight for some time; and then maybe they'd go out of my head again, when I got along with bad company. It made me feel very bad when my little favourite sister died, and wanted to see me, and mother did not know where I was. My brother Benjamin at last found me out, and brought me word; but then I could not go home, for I'd been drinking and pawning my clothes, and I was ashamed to go and see them all. But I took this very much to heart. I thought it was a judgment on me! She was so much younger than I was, and yet she was called off first.

And then my brother Benjamin was taken the next. I used often to walk seven miles to see him when he was ill; and he would talk to me, and tell me how to behave better. He was a real pious man. Then I got hold of a parson in Herefordshire. I broke my ankle, and he used to come and sit with me, and I could talk to him and ask him questions. I found out more from him than from any other since I came out of Lewes Jail.

When a working man don't hear anything but swearing, and jeering, and laughing all the week round, for month after month, he can't hardly get it out of his head again rightly; but, if somebody will come on the works at dinner-time, and read, or talk to us, the men will mostly like it, and be glad to listen. It always does some good, if it is only the being spoken to, now and then, like as if we was the same flesh and blood with other people.

We are wonderful tender-hearted, too. A "navvy" will cry the easiest thing as is. If you'll only talk a little good to him, you can make a navvy burst out crying like a child in a few minutes, if you'll only take him the right way.

CHAPTER VI.

MY WIFE.

When I was at work at Baldock, in Hertfordshire, about ten years ago, I lodged at a public-house. Just opposite, lived a young woman, a straw-plaiter, who I used to notice many a time, though she did not so much as know me by sight.

It was six years since Caroline had married, and I had never seen any one I cared about in all that time. Now I made up my mind to marry this girl.

I used to say to my young landlady, "That's the girl I'll have for my wife, if I ever have a wife at all; her hair is so nice and straight."

"Why, and so would *my* hair be nice and straight, Bill," says my young landlady, "if I liked to put it so."

"Ah, but you've got a bad temper," says I; "I won't have nothing to say to you."

Well, I left Baldock after a bit, and had never spoken to Anne but once, and that was one evening when I chanced to meet her taking a walk.

"So you're out for a walk, young woman?" I says to her. "Yes, I am," says she, and that was all that passed between us; but I have watched her times after times a-sitting in her father's house, plaiting straw and singing the while. She was the cleanest-looking girl, as I thought, in all the town, and fresher-coloured than she is now. I then went to Barnet, where I bid three months. I lived as steady as possible all the whole time, and saved up 4*l.* 15*s.* on purpose to marry upon, though I'd never even asked her about it.

"Now," I says to my mate, "I shall go back to Baldock again and see if I can't winter there." Says he, "No, don't go back there; the work is all done."

I did not say no more, but I went. As I came into the town I met a girl I had never cared much about, though she'd have liked to take up with me well enough.

I followed her down the street, and presently she comes up to Anne and

says, "La, Anne, here's Bill come back." "And who's Bill?" says Anne. "Why don't you remember him? he used to live close agen' your house." "That dark chap," she says (for I was wonderful dark in those days). "I'll show him to you; he's coming down here to see if he can get lodge."

So I went back to the public-house where I used to live, and soon I lit on her going along—

"Well, Anne," I says.

Says she, "I don't know who you are."

"Are you got ever a sweetheart?" I says.

"No," she makes answer; "none I've got and none I want."

"If ever you do want one I'll keep you company," I says, "if you like."

"Agreed," says she.

So then I took up to her and kept on walking with her for about five weeks, and we settled to be married the next fair-day—and so we were. It was a very quiet wedding; but they came with a drum and an old tin-kettle to give us the rough music. Some people tell you it's unlucky to marry; but all I can say is that it's the luckiest day's work that ever I done in my life.

And now, perhaps, you'd like to hear the way I was broke of drinking. When first I married I used to sit and look at my wife plaiting till the blood run out at the ends of her fingers; and, when she'd done a good bit I'd say, "Now, old gal, go and sell that plait and get me a pint of beer."

She'd say, "Bill, you ought not to go on like this;" but still she'd sit and plait and give me the money. Sometimes I'd say—"Well, I'll try and get better some day; but some money I want and some money I must have."

"Now, Bill, it's of no use my trying to get on and you a-trying agen' me all the while; we shall always be bad off," she'd say; "we should both pull one way."

"If we put the sheet over the beam, and both pull the same way, we shall soon pull it in two in the middle"—that was an old saying as I had heard. "Never mind, old gal! I'll alter some day."

"I don't know *when*, Bill; but I am afraid you won't alter till the Lord Almighty alters you."

One day I went as usual to the public-house, where I was in the habit of spending seven or eight shillings a week in drink. "Good evening, Mrs. W——." "Good evening, Bill."

"What fine caps you always have on your head, Mrs. W——. How do you get them?" says I. "Why, take them out of fools like you, to be sure," says she.

"Thank you, Mrs. W——; I hope that's done me good," I says; and I went straight home and off to bed without saying a word to anybody. Then I considered about what Mrs. W—— had called me. I says, "It's done me good; she shall never call me fool again;" and from that I spent no more money at her beer-shop; but still I never said nothing about it to my wife as long as we staid in that place. Some little time after, we left to come up to London—

"Bill," says my missis one day, all of a sudden, "what was the matter with you that night you came home and went to bed and would not speak?—the time father came to the room-door to ask if there was anything amiss with you—you said you'd tell me some day."

"And so I will, old gal; I'll tell you now," and I fell a-telling her all Mrs. W—— had said. "Thank God!" she says, "I hope it has done you good."

"It has; for the future I'll be the master of a publican; and, I'll tell you what, old gal, you shall have a fine cap as well as Mrs. W——." She says, "I won't." I says, "You shall! and if ever I come home and find you without a cap on your head I'll pull your hair down." So, the Saturday night following, I carried my wife home a guinea.

Says she, "As this is the first time you've ever brought home a bit of gold, I'll rub my eye on it for luck. I am afraid this won't last for long, Bill. It's

quite like you'll be wanting some of this money back before the week is over."

"No, old gal, I shan't!"

"Well, we shall see—if the Lord spares us," she says; but she did not believe me all the time. However, I've still remained taking my money home ever since, and she always buys just what she likes with it, and lays it out to the best advantage.

But I don't suppose any body has ever had a better wife than I have—if they have as good.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR LAST TRAMP.

I'll tell you about some of the journeys my missis and me has taken together through the country.

We stopped about London till I could get no more work; and, as our money was nearly gone, we set out for Oxford. We had only two shillings with us when we started; and the first night we had to give eightpence for a bed. We lodged at a place where two men came into our room after we was in bed. However, we did not think nothing of that; for we've often slept in the room with eight men, and once there was twenty of us all together in one room.

These men were drovers coming from some fair, and they had with them about two hundred pounds.

In the morning when I woke I see the two men lying fast asleep on the bed, and as drunk as ever they could be! The money had all shaken out of their pockets, and was lying heaped about all over the bed.

Says I to my wife, "Look, old gal; there is a mess of gold lies there. If we had some on it."

"Ah," she says, "Bill, you might take a sovereign."

"But, belike, it's all marked," says I; "they might know it again; and should we not look well if they was to take us up and put us to prison for stealing?"

"Yes, we'd better leave it alone," she says; "never mind, we shall get round in time."

So we got up and went down and had our breakfasts. By-and-bye the drovers came down stairs. "Master," I says, "is your money all right? It laid all over the bed this morning."

"Oh, yes," he says; "it's all right; was that you, then, in the room upstairs?"

"Me and my missis here."

"Have a drop to drink? What would you like?"

"No, sir, thank you; I don't care much about anything to drink; but, if you'll let me have it in money, I shall be glad of it, if it's all the same to you."

So he put his hand in his pocket and gave me a shilling; and I believe that shilling done me a deal more good than what the sovereign would have done, if I'd taken it.

We went on to Oxford, where I started to work for about two months, and stopped all that winter at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. There was no work to be got; but we had made enough in the harvest to keep us through the winter. In the spring time, when our money was gone, we came on to Warwick, where we bid a few days, while our two or three shillings lasted us. On the Saturday morning we found we'd got nothing left, and no victuals for the next day.

Says I, "Whatever shall us do, old gal?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Bill; I thought 'Brommy' would have been to see us, or Abram Baxter," she says. "I made sure they'd have seed us and given us a shilling or two. I'll bet a guinea," she says, "if that 'Brommy' don't come now, I'll never give him nothing no more."

We stopped at our lodge to see whether he'd come, but he never come nigh us. We set all day talking of it over, one to another. It is not our way, don't you see, to ask any one to help us, unless it's one of our own sort. We don't mind taking a few shillings from people like ourselves, so as we can do the same for them another time; but we never begs of anybody else. It's against our rules.

At last evening came. "I'll tell you what, old gal, you'll have to go out and

sing in the streets" (for my wife was a most beautiful singer, and knew a'most every tune you can name, unless it is that one about "Boney going over the Alps;" she never could rightly manage that one; but ask her for anything else and she'd sing it to you directly).

"Oh, Bill," she says, "I don't like; I'm 'shamed, Bill," says she.

But by a deal of 'suading I got her to go out along of me, and in about an hour she'd made four and ninepence. The ninepence she got all at once for one tune, that a man wanted very particular; and he was so pleased with the way she sung it, that he gave her the ninepence down.

"There! let's leave off now, Bill," she says, "at the hour's end. 'Taint worth while to keep on when we've got enough." "Well, we'll go home, then. We can do till Monday morning, anyhow;" and so we went home; and, thank God, we've never had to come back to her singing in the street again, and I hope we never shall.

When we left Warwick on the Tuesday morning, we went to Birmingham and stopped till harvest time came round again. We went to Coventry on purpose to show my missis "Peeping Tom" (it is an old image stuck up in the corner of the street), and then we came back to Birmingham. From thence we travelled to Wolverhampton, Stourbridge, Worcester, and Malvern, walking from thirty to thirty-three miles a day. We have done thirty-six sometimes.

At Ross we bid a twelvemonth; and from there my wife and I set off on a tramp of more than four hundred miles, stopping every night, and walking all day. It took us a month and three days. We never did a bit of work all the time. It was a bad harvesting, and we had saved money enough to keep us till we came home to my mother's in Essex, where we stayed with the old lady three days. After that we went to Stratford for one twelvemonth, and saved money to carry us into Kent and keep us through a good bit of the harvest, by which we made ten pound, and came to Chatham. There my wife was taken ill with the fever, and I had to wait upon her day and night. She was ill very nigh a twelvemonth altogether; and I had to nurse her as best as I could, and clean the house, and cook, and make her gruel and everything, for we could not afford to pay a woman to help us. We did not get to work again till next harvest, when we had to sleep in a barn, and we both of us got the agur together; and I could not do much work then. When we got a little better, a man took pity upon me, and put me watchman over two housen. I was there about three weeks, and then he got me another little job, and we got a few shillings together and took our things out of pawn. From that I went to work up at Rochester Bridge; and, when winter came on, I got work in a tunnel at Ford Ret, for about three months. It is rather chokey kind of work, all done by candle-light, and the smoke makes the air thick and misty. Once, when I was in Dorsetshire, I was in a tunnel that fell in at both ends. There was only one man and me and some horses buried in it, and he drove a hole through the ground (he was about eight hours doing it), and then he and me got out, and left the horses in for three days and nights. We had to lower corn and water to them through the hole, till we could dig them out again; but we were none of us hurt. When I went away I left my wife at Chatham, and used to send her five shillings a week; and she saved money out of that! I was away nine weeks, working at different places, and went down to see mother. From Essex I walked to see my sister, who was in service in London, forty miles in one day, and she paid my fare to return home to Chatham; and a man came after me to go to work in Chatham Dockyard, for Mr. R——. I staid there two years and a half, and then Mr. R—— sent me up to London, where I have lived ever since, working at different places under different masters.

Ever since then things have seemed to go the right road with me.

LIFE'S QUESTION.

Drifting away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream ;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend :
Such is our progress :
Where is the end ?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend ;
Such our fidelity :
Where is the end ?

Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still :
Where to repose ourselves ?
Whither to tend ?
Such our consistency :
Where is the end ?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream :
Firm the reality
Under the dream :
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend :
How we have conquered
Not known, till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind :
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot bend :
Roots firmly clasping
The rock, at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud :
Clear shine the stars, through
The rifts of the shroud :
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend :
Spite of our waverings
Approved at the End.

Henry Alford.

DR. LUSHINGTON, MR. HEATH, AND THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir,—The newspapers have commented freely and largely upon the judgment of Dr. Lushington in the case of the Rev. Dunbar Heath. They have been nearly unanimous in expressing contempt for the defendant. Many of them, the High Church newspapers especially, have manifested nearly equal contempt for the judge. The *Spectator* appears to think that neither the defendant nor the judge is so much to blame as the Thirty-Nine Articles. This trial adds one more proof, it intimates, to the mass of proofs, that clergymen of this day who subscribe a document which was compiled in the sixteenth century, involve themselves in an ignominious slavery, and in probable, almost certain, falsehood.

As this valuable newspaper has mentioned me amongst those who *may* be affected by Dr. Lushington's judgment, and who *must* be affected by the tyranny of those Articles, I ask your permission to say a few words upon the subject. I need scarcely say that no one but myself is responsible for my opinions.

1. I cannot join the press, secular and religious, in its opinion of Mr. Heath. That opinion is a very safe one. Mr. Heath has used expressions which will be at least as disagreeable to any school of rationalists, English or German, that I ever heard of, as to the most orthodox. What he calls his "system," is rather more disagreeable to those who, like me, belong to no school, rationalist or orthodox, than it can be to any of them. His language is that of an ingenious, erudite, solitary, eccentric thinker. He has been annoyed by certain statements and phrases of his brethren which seem to him, not irrational, but unscriptural. He has tried to correct them by philological crotchets which half a dozen persons in England may understand, or may perceive to contain the hint of truths; which few or none will adopt. It is easy, therefore, to say that he is a wanton disturber of the peace, a man whose sole object is to perplex the faith of his fellow-Christians for his own amusement. Any one who has read the Sermons from which the extracts in the charges against him have been culled —any one who knows anything of his life—will have seen that this suspicion, however plausible, is false. He is a gentleman and a scholar; he is a faithful parish priest. He attaches an importance to his own notions and phrases, which no one else can attach to them; but evidently he loves the common faith of Christians above them. He is one of those persons whose eccentricities in themselves can do the least possible harm, whose faith, even in his eccentricities, does good. They may become mischievous, they do become mischievous, when they are separated from their context, made the subject of discussion in a Court, hawked about in newspapers. Thus the religious public of England are led to think that *such* eccentricities are contrary to the Articles, and that a thousand outrageous exaggerations to which they listen Sunday after Sunday—exaggerations which startle the cultivated and confuse the ignorant—are not contrary to them. I heard a clergyman in a fashionable Evangelical church, at a fashionable watering-place, preach a sermon during Passion Week in which he said, in the broadest language, that our Lord dared not speak before Pontius Pilate, because He knew that He was not innocent, but guilty. This preacher would never have been brought into the Arches Court. He meant to proclaim the doctrine that Christ was bearing the sins of men. He was proclaiming it in such a way as to insult the consciences of the most devout, and to perplex all simple people. He was showing that he thought the

grandest and most awful event in the history of the universe was a subject for wild statements and tricks of oratory. I thank God that outrages of this kind are not punishable, that no one is mad enough to think of punishing them. Yet they are committed continually. And they have the quality of mischievousness which Mr. Heath's novelties want; they degrade a popular belief, and make it odious.

If the clergy of the Isle of Wight had a little considered that the phrases which most galled them in Mr. Heath's speech and writings were of a kind which would command no sympathy, and would work their own cure,—if they had been led to ask themselves whether there might not be confusion in their own speech and thoughts which needed correction and rectification—I think they would have paused before they urged their Bishop to prosecute a brother, and so would have saved the Church and Theology from a great injury. The common plea for such prosecutions is this, "We cannot afford to lose great theological distinctions; we cannot let philosophical notions be mingled with Revelation."—Very well! But what if through this prosecution you *have* effaced great theological distinctions? what if you *have* mixed philosophical notions with Revelation? Mr. Heath had said truly that the phrase "immortality of the soul" is not a scriptural phrase. He had gone on in his rash way to speak of the idea as also unscriptural. This must be stopped. How do you stop it? In one of the charges against Mr. Heath the "immortality of the soul" is confounded with the eternal life which Christ is declared in Scripture to have manifested to men. Now I possibly do not despise the author of the *Phædon* quite as much as some of my brethren despise him. I think a man whom Augustin recognised as one of the instruments of his conversion need not be deemed altogether profane. But however Augustin might have loved Plato, he would have resisted to the death the identification of his idea of the immortality of the soul with the Divine and eternal life set forth in the Gospel. That identification has, I believe, never received a formal episcopal sanction till now. The Bishop of Winchester, in his charges against Mr. Heath, has set his seal to it. So that the advantage of bringing a man into Court whose words have no authority and will carry no weight is this, that you obtain a solemn ecclesiastical authority for blotting out a great theological principle, for erecting a tenet of philosophy into the place of it! Blessed effect of persecution! If experience ever could teach Churchmen, the splendid irony of this fact might do us some good.

2. Be it remembered that these *charges* proceed from a bishop or his assessors, who were hampered by none of the difficulties which surround the judge who had to pronounce upon their validity. What then are we to say of the complaints which some of our High Church journals make of that judge, or of the general tone of contempt which they are wont to indulge in on other occasions respecting laymen who pretend to meddle in Church questions? I cannot read Dr. Lushington's decision on this question without seeing in it traces of a tenderness, humility, desire to do justice, which I believe I should look for in vain in most learned divines. My feeling when I had read it was, "Oh, that "this excellent man had given full scope "to his lay instincts! oh, that he had "simply followed his common-law tradi-"tions! Then Theology would have "been safe in his hands. He has en-"dangered it by listening to our pro-"fessions—by trying to accommodate "itself to our notions. His lay piety "would have taught him that belief "must be in a living person, an actual "redeemer. He has confused himself "with doctors till he supposes that, "according to the Articles, faith is "in a tenet or in itself. His proper "lore would have led him, in examining "one article of a code, to compare it "with the rest, to consider it in "reference to the purpose of the whole "document. Playing the ecclesiastic, he "supposes that it is possible to fix the

"sense of one Article, without asking "himself whether that sense does not "absolutely contradict the rest, and the "other formularies to which a clergyman "pledges himself." And so through a most natural feeling, derived from the opinion and practice of divines, that the Articles are contrived as meshes to their consciences—as hindrances to the free expression of thought and belief—he has arrived at an interpretation of the 11th Article, which appears to condemn—(1) All who acknowledge our Baptismal Service, and believe that infants without conscious faith are accepted by God. (2) All strong Calvinists who think that Christ died for the elect, and not for mankind.

Since this judgment affects so many in both sections of the English Church, I am almost ashamed to speak of an utterly unimportant person who belongs to neither of them. But as the *Spectator* alluded to me, I frankly and at once own that I am one of that large company which this sentence, according to its obvious construction, would separate from the ministry of the Church. I have always taught, and by God's help always mean to teach, that we are accepted by God in Christ the Head of all men; that our faith is grounded upon what He is, and what He has done, and is in no sense the cause of our acceptance; and that this faith is in a redeemer, not in any tenet about particular redemption or general redemption. This doctrine may be condemned by Dr. Lushington's reading of the 11th Article. I fear it is. I cannot help that. I must preach this Gospel or none.

His reading of the 2d Article also seems to establish that meaning of the word "propitiation," which is its undoubted meaning in Greek and Hindoo mythology. Any one who should deny that a propitiation meant to most heathens the effect of a human sacrifice in averting the wrath or purchasing the favour of a Divine being, would deny plain facts, an abundance of which have been collected by Dr. Magee. But I have always maintained, and always mean to maintain, that this idea, which is deduced from the practice of those nations whose sacrifices the Scriptures declare that God hates, is not the idea of it in the Old or New Testament; that when our Lord declared that God so loved the world as to give His Son for it, He condemned the idea for ever, and made the opposite idea to it the explanation of His sacrifice; that in this sense, and not in the heathen sense, St. Paul affirms that Christ is set forth as a propitiation for the sins of the world; that in this sense, and not in the heathen sense, we thank our Heavenly Father, in our Eucharistical service, that of His tender mercy He has given his only Son to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption, and that He has made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. I have maintained, and mean to maintain, that in this sense, and not in the heathen sense, the Reformers preached Christ's death as a Gospel to man, and that whatever portions of the other sense cleaved to these words, were the relics of that Romish notion of satisfaction against which they were protesting. I have maintained, and mean to maintain, that the 2d Article, by making the union of the Divine and human natures in Christ the ground of the doctrine that He made a sacrifice for the original guilt, as well as the actual sins of men, negatives the one principle, ratifies the other. So long as I believe the union of the Son with the Father to be the key-stone of Christian Theology, so long will I, to the utmost of my power, combat a notion which I conceive practically destroys their unity, and introduces a horrible sense of conflict between them. If Dr. Lushington's decree has left even a doubt upon the question, whether we are bound to accept the Magee notion of propitiation, all who feel as I do ought to assist Mr. Heath in prosecuting his appeal. I think I have shown that many who entirely disagree with me have as much interest as I have in that appeal. Mr.

Heath ought himself to do his utmost to promote its success, by expressing his regret for having used language which has conveyed a sense to his readers, that he declares was utterly unlike the sense it conveyed to him. Should the Privy Council, after such an apology, reverse the decree, no one, perhaps, will be more relieved than the admirable judge of the Inferior Court. A more reluctant sentence was evidently never passed. It seemed to him necessary for the sake of maintaining the credit of the Articles. Should it be found necessary for their credit, for the interests of Theology, for the peace of the Church, to deal more gently with the defendant—a few bitter divines may be angry, a benevolent layman will certainly rejoice.

3. And now I will venture to ask why I am bound by the opinions I have expressed, or by any which I have not expressed in this letter, to wish myself free from the obligations of those terrible sixteenth century articles? I find the nineteenth century spirit—the spirit which expresses itself in these prosecutions, and in the shouts of triumph which the religious newspapers utter over every man who has been deprived of a living—very tyrannical and very mean. I find the construction which nineteenth century wisdom puts upon the Articles, exceedingly hard and narrow, utterly inconsistent, it seems to me, with the Theology of the Fathers or of the Reformers, of the Creeds and of our Prayers. I find each nineteenth century sect and school ready to spring at the throat of every other. I find divines and prelates of the nineteenth century ready, or at least, submitting to accomplish the wishes of these sects, and of the journals that represent them. I fully believe that if these sects and journals, and their instruments, have their way, there will be an end of the documents which restrain their violence, to which they must appeal, and which, by fair means or foul, they would compel to speak their language. But is that a reason why I should enthrone these sects and journals, and denounce what I believe to be so much deeper, larger, less cruel than they are? The doctrine of the *National Review* is, that one must exalt the present above the past in order that the future may be better than the present. I utterly repudiate that doctrine. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is, I hold, the maxim of all true reformation. I know of none which has not appealed to the past against the present, and which has not *thus* won blessings for the future. Old charters have always been the barriers against prerogative, the grand helps to the assertion of eternal principles. Let the *Spectator* rebuke our cowardice as much as it pleases; let it warn us of the danger of preferring our ecclesiastical emoluments to truth; but let it not hope to make us more true and less selfish, by binding us in slavery to an age which has tried long to worship God and mammon together, and which, if a better spirit is not infused into it, will end with proclaiming mammon to be the only God.

Your obedient servant,

F. D. Maurice.

TWO SONNETS.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

I.—TO MRS. J. S. B.

Dear Friend, once, in a dream, I, looking o'er
The past, saw the Four Seasons slow advance
Dancing, and, dancing, each her cognizance
So gave and took that neither dancer bore
Her sign, but in another's symbol wore
An amulet to lessen or enhance
Herself: till as they fast and faster dance
I see a dance and lose the dancing four.
Thus thy dear Poet, at his sportive will,
Commingling every seasonable mood
Of old and young, and the peculiar ill
Of each still healing with the other's good,
Bends to a circle life's proverbial span
Where childhood, youth, and age are unity in man.

II.—TO TOCHTERCHEN, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

As one doth touch a flower wherein the dew
Trembles to fall, as one unplaits the ply
Of morning gossamer, so tenderly
My spirit touches thine. Yet, daughter true
And fair, great Launcelot's mighty nerve and thew
Best clove a king or caught a butterfly,
(Since each extreme is perfect mastéry
—Accurate cause repaid in the fine due
Of just effect—) and, child, it should be so
With Love. The same that nicely plundereth
The honeyed zephyrs for thy cates and wine
Should train thee with the tasks of toil and woe,
Or hold thee against adverse life and death,
Or give thee from my breast to dearer arms than mine.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD."

A FEW weeks ago public attention was again called to the state of the press in France. The law by which the signature of articles in newspapers has been made cumpulsory there was commented on by special correspondents, and a contrast drawn between the signed newspaper articles in that country and the anonymous pamphlets which have of late become so prevalent there, in favour of the latter.

One might have looked for some further notice of the matter, some weighing of the merits of the two systems—the personal and impersonal—in our papers. But nothing happened.

With the exception of one leader in the *Times*, on which I propose to make a few remarks, not a word was said on the subject. This is a great pity, for it is a most important one, and deserves the best attention we can give to it. People tell us, and very truly I think, that the press has become a fourth estate in the realm. Many believe it to be, or at any rate that it is likely soon to be, the most powerful of the four. We are all interested then in thinking about it, and making up our minds, each for himself, how far at present it is in a healthy state—whether we ought to be satisfied with it as it stands, or to try to get it amended, and in what particulars. Each of us may be able to do but little towards any reform which he may think desirable, but that is no reason why he shouldn't do what he can. And so every Englishman, who values the freedom which we have, and is anxious that it should take no taint in our generation, ought to give as much spare thought as he can to the consideration of what the press ought to be like in a free country. As soon as he turns to this part of his social duties he will find this question of anonymous writing meet him at every step. Any man's honest thoughts on the subject may be of some use to others; so I shall make no excuse for giving mine; and I hope the intelligent part of my countrymen will give me a hearing. I do not ask this as an outsider, but as a member of the fourth estate myself, and one who has had much experience of public writing both in his own name, and anonymously. At any rate, I have this claim on their attention, that I am writing against my own interest; for, selfishly speaking, anonymous writing is to my taste by far the pleasantest, and, if I didn't believe that there are serious objections to it on public grounds, I most assuredly should never say a word against it.

Let us see then, in the first place, what the *Times* has to say on the subject. There is nothing like having a text, and the higher the authority from which the text is taken the better.

The article in question, after giving a sketch of the present state of the French press, goes on, "Ministers and "writers in France are alike convinced "that anonymous writing carries power, "and that the power is lost as soon as "the anonymous character is given up." Everybody in England will agree with the French ministers and writers so far. No doubt anonymous writing does carry power. In other words, over and above the weight or power which a given article would carry by reason of its intrinsic worth, it does, in fact, carry a surplus weight and power by reason that it is anonymous. Certainly that surplus power which its anonymous character gives it the article will lose when that anonymous character is given up. But the article will still carry the weight and power which its intrinsic worth gives it; and the question for us is, not whether anonymous writing carries power, not whether power is lost when the anonymous character is given up—both these we all answer at once with the *Times* in the affirmative—but whether it is good or not for the country that this extra power should be taken off the article, that the article should stand for what it is worth, and for neither more nor less. This question is just the one which the *Times*, and all other thick and thin advocates of anonymous writing, simply ignore.

Then comes one of those knock-me-down assertions which meet one so often in the leading journal, and to the liberal use of which I believe it owes much of its undoubted power,—"There "is not the smallest doubt in any quarter "but that anonymous writing is the "only eligible or effective form of public "writing. About that fact there is no "question at all. The only question is, "whether public writing should be "allowed to be powerful or not—in "other words, whether the action of "a free press should or should not be "tolerated.'

This is what was familiarly known in our younger days as "a facer." One feels fairly grassed and on one's back for a moment or two after reading it. "Anonymous writing the only effective

"public writing! About that fact there "is no question at all!" No question at all! Then the less said the soonest mended, and we had better lie quietly where we have fallen, and look placidly up into the sky. But presently, when Leviathan has passed right over us, and we are conscious that we have still some power of discerning what is and what is not left in us, we sit up, and look the matter in the face again. "Anonymous the only effective form of public writing?" Why, who are in very fact the most effective living public writers, the few men who are moulding the thought of our day? Maurice in theology, Mill in political science, Darwin in natural science, Ruskin in art, and the rest of them! Take what realm of thought we will, and what do we find? The effective men, the most serious writers, scarcely ever write anonymously; several of those above-named, never. Come down a step lower to current literature and what do we find? Why, that the custom of signing, or at any rate of ear-marking articles and dropping the impersonal, is coming into use more and more in periodical literature, in the monthly and weekly magazines more especially. Surely this is one form of public writing, and an eligible and effective one for certain purposes, or it would not be so much in demand.

But on this point of the comparative efficiency of anonymous writing take the most notorious case in point for the last dozen years—the volume of Essays and Reviews. There is no one of them that would not have passed unnoticed in one or other of the Quarterlies had they been published anonymously. Their effectiveness lay, somewhat perhaps in the grouping, but chiefly in the names which were affixed to them. Has it been for the good of the nation, the Church, the writers themselves, that their names were published? I can have no hesitation in answering, yes.

If, however, by "public writing," writing for newspapers only is intended, surely it is throwing dust in our eyes to put the proposition in this form. "Public writing" must mean all writing that is published. But, taking the words in their narrowest sense, are they true then? By no means. To go no farther than the *Times* itself, what portions of it are the most effective? I believe that the letters on important questions, signed by persons who are known to understand their subjects, are far more effective than leaders. Take one question which has been up lately, "rifled ordnance." Does not a letter signed "Armstrong," or "Whitworth," carry more weight here than a dozen leaders, and ought it not to do so?

Besides, to judge by my own experience, so far from there being no doubt that anonymous writing is the only eligible and effective form of newspaper writing, I find the persons amongst whom I live constantly debating the point whether anonymous writing ought to be tolerated. There is none on which opinions are more honestly and widely divided; but I must say that, on the whole, the persons who are generally in the right lean against anonymous writing, or at most hold it to be an unavoidable evil.

There is in fact, then, a very grave question on this point, where the *Times* says there is none at all. Let us now look at the other half of the proposition. "The only question is, whether public "writing should be allowed to be power-"ful or not—in other words, whether "the action of a free press should or "should not be tolerated." I should say that, on the contrary, here there is no question at all. In England, it is our great boast and blessing that,

> ——— "girt by friend or foe,
> A man may say the thing he will."

Public speech and public writing are, and must be allowed to be, just as powerful as they can manage to become. Not only the most absolute freedom of speech and writing is tolerated, but no single voice in the nation is lifted up against that freedom. And the question of the freedom of the press has nothing whatever to do with, and should be kept wholly apart from, that of anonymous

writing. It may be a question indeed whether I, having in my own person and name the acknowledged right of saying and printing whatever I please, should have the further right of doing it without giving my name, behind an abstraction called "we," which may mean anybody, or everybody, or nobody. Just as in the case of voting, I have now the unquestioned right of giving my vote openly at an election for any candidate I please. The most bigoted advocate of the ballot will not deny this, although he will contend that I ought to have the further right of giving it secretly; in which contention the *Times*, and the greater part of the nation, would be against him. I cannot see why the same rule should not be good for voting and for writing.

Again, while we are on the question of the power of "public writing," it does not matter how powerful writing is, provided the power be genuine. Any power which a man gains from his character for ability, honesty, disinterestedness, is of the right sort. It has been fairly earned, and may fairly be used. Abuse of it will soon tell, and he will lose it. But power which a man gains from being shrouded in mystery—which he owes, not to his own character, but to the vague sort of belief that he is the representative of some great unknown which haunts the majority of readers of newspapers—is not genuine, and can benefit neither himself nor any one else.

The *Times* goes on to state its own theory on the subject of the responsibility of journalism:—"The responsibility of an article rests with the conductors of a newspaper. It reflects the opinions of the journal, and it would be nothing but a fraud on the public if it were issued as the work of a single man." The statement that an article reflects the opinions of the journal in which it appears has no real meaning, for a journal can no more have opinions than the printing press which is used to bring out each succeeding number. A thing can have no opinions. Each article is the work of some single man, and, if an honest one, contains as forcible a statement as that man can make of what he thinks on a given subject. No doubt the responsibility of publishing it rests with the conductors; that is to say, with the editor or editors. They can accept or reject it; the writer can consult with them, and may modify some of his opinions in deference to theirs. He has access to any books or documents which belong to the establishment, and has thus facilities for getting at facts which he would otherwise be without. But after all the article is his, and the more his responsibility for it is brought home to him the better for himself and his readers. It is no more a fraud on the public to issue it as the work of a single man than it is to issue the speech of a Secretary of State as his speech: the fraud, if any, lies in issuing it as the work of a mysterious "we." The notion that he is to put aside his own individuality, that he is to "reflect" the opinions of a journal, or of the conductors of a journal, or, indeed, that he is to "reflect" anything, is about as mischievous a one as a man can have in his head when he sits down to write; and it is this which lowers the character of so much of our public writing.

The *Times* then returns to its text, and tells us that the French press may trace many of its misfortunes to "the "neglect of that impersonality by which "a real press is necessarily charac-"terized." One is rather puzzled to get it clear in one's head how any *thing* can be characterized—that is, distinguished from any other *thing*—by impersonality. But assuming that it can be so in some sense, how can it be more *real* for being impersonal?

The chief writers for the French press were men who were aiming at political power and promotion, and found their work as writers tell for this end. "The result was," says the *Times*, "that a French journal, instead of being "what an English paper is, was simply "an organ of a particular section, con-"ducted not for the instruction or

"advantage of the public, but for the "benefit of certain individuals."

Here again it is not easy to understand what is meant. All English papers which give correct news are so far conducted for the instruction or advantage of the public. Beyond this, every English paper is conducted for the instruction and advantage of the public, which honestly and ably advocates certain definite views. For that part of the public which does not hold with such views is nevertheless benefited by having them well and distinctly put, though it may not acknowledge the obligation. But, after thus much has been allowed, I must say that the sort of paper here shadowed out as the typical English newspaper does not seem to be at all the kind of thing we want. What are we to make of a newspaper conducted for the "instruction and advantage of the public," and "not for the benefit of certain individuals?" You don't know where to have such a paper. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. The description is rather grand, but too vague. One is reminded of the creed of the Yankee candidate—

"Kind o' promiscuous I go it
For the whole country, and the ground
I take, as fur as I can show it,
Is, *pretty generally all round.*"

The warning drawn from the French press is not in point. The cases are not parallel. Our social organization, our customs and habits, are so different from theirs, that what was a danger for them, while they had a free press, is none for us. Their leading writers were scrambling for political power; successful journalism was recognised as a stepping-stone to high office. There is happily, as yet, nothing of the kind amongst us. The aspirants to office have to make their claims good in another field altogether. In nine cases out of ten our ministers are chosen from those men of a certain rank and social position who have taken up public life as a profession, and who can afford to do this. In the tenth case, as a rule, it is a professional man, or man of business, who rises to high office, and not a public writer. Reputation as an anonymous journalist would be more likely to hinder than help him. Our system has its bad side, no doubt, but the good greatly outweighs the evil; and, at any rate, it is undeniably *our* system. It might be different if our public writing were not anonymous. Then, if a man had been known for years as a consistent and clear-sighted writer on politics, he would very probably be recognised as a fit man for office. But as there is the open arena of political life where he must win his spurs in his own name, it would tell against him; his competitors would think (and with good reason) that he was not fighting fair if he were known to be playing his own game, and writing up himself and his own doings anonymously, in a newspaper.

But, to return to the character of our English journals; one must gladly admit that there are several which are conducted in a larger sense than has been hitherto admitted, "for the instruction and advantage of the public." But why? Because the chief writers are, so far as internal evidence goes, men of strong convictions and large views, who think on the questions of the day by the light of certain fixed principles, and are bent on making those principles triumphant, whatever temporary popularity they may sacrifice in the process. But these are just the journals to which the *Times'* definition, if I understand it, will not apply. They do not in the least set up for representing or reflecting public opinion; they constantly run counter to it, and aim at directing, and not at reflecting. The value and comfort of them is, that you are sure of the ground they stand on. You turn to them with the certainty that, in discussing any new question, they will start from old principles which you know, and get to their conclusions by processes which you recognise, and are familiar with. You are sure that, even when in doubt from the deficiency or conflict of evidence, they will never be sending up

balloons to see which way the wind is likely to blow. These journals make no pretence whatever of representing the public, or reflecting public opinion, and therein lies their worth. If they were the rule, and not the rare exception, it would scarcely be worth while to raise the question as to anonymous writing.

But the fact is far otherwise. The characteristic of our English newspapers to which the *Times* alludes, and of which it is itself the great example, is, that they strive, before all things, to be the organs and mirrors of public opinion. I quite admit that they may do this honestly, believing it to be the best thing for England; I only question whether it is so now, or can be so under any circumstances. "The public," and "public opinion," are mere abstractions. The words can't mean "the nation" and "the nation's opinion," because on every question there is a large minority in the nation, and no single newspaper, therefore, can have a right to put itself forward as representing the nation. The sense in which the words "public opinion" seem to be used is, "the "opinion of the majority for the time "being," which opinion is generally wrong, and always fluctuating. The consequence is, that the papers which set up for reflecting it are constantly balancing, especially when any new question of grave interest comes up. You never can be sure of the principles they go upon; you never can be sure even after they have apparently pledged themselves to some definite view, that they will not suddenly "'bout ship," and be off on the other tack. The skill and ability with which the best of them (the *Times*, of course, conspicuously) do their work is marvellous; but, if the work is one which had much better not be done, this only makes matters worse. The sagacity with which they manage to keep a little ahead of John Bull—putting into words the idea which is just coming to maturity in his brain, and always managing to be on his right side—has the effect of keeping him in the best humour with himself, and nursing his already sufficiently strong belief that he is quite the freest and finest Bull on the earth's pastures, but leaves him without any fixed principles whatever to guide himself by, which he is sadly in need of in these days.

But would all this be mended if anonymous writing were dropped? Probably, at least to some small extent; for, when we were writing in our own names, we should not be inclined to use such tall language about big "we," as if little *we* had been just that minute authorized by the whole British nation to speak in its name. Then, again, we should probably set to work to get some fixed principles, and to grub a little deeper through the crust of politics, which most of us hardly care to do while we are writing anonymously. Our readers, on the other hand, would derive the greatest benefit, for they would pretty soon take our measure, and would read the lucubrations of some of us, and skip those of others; just as they treat the speeches of our brethren of the third estate of the realm already. (By the way, what right have we of the fourth estate to such an advantage over them? The greatest bore in the House is not allowed to shout in a feigned voice from behind a door.) The time which would be saved to any busy citizen who might take no particular interest in high art, by being able at a glance to see whenever the party who does the balancing business for his journal was going on, would be a serious gain to the nation.

But the habit of anonymous writing is apt to foster much worse sins than those of sometimes doing Sir Oracle, and taking the paying side of every question. The sort of scurrilous and blasphemous abuse of those who differ from them, which distinguishes some of the so-called religious newspapers, would surely never see the light if the authors had to sign it. But there is no need to go so low for examples of the evils of impersonality when they are ready to one's hand in the highest class of papers. Take the *Saturday Review*, for instance, the most successful, if not the most popular, of weekly journals, and one

which prides itself on its tone, and on being written by men of refined minds, and of scholastic acquirements. In these pages, if anywhere, the courtesies of journalism were to be illustrated and observed. One could almost fancy that every contributor must write in white kid gloves, when one found them objecting to the omission of "Mr." before Tennyson's name, and taking up such-like small points of punctilio seriously. Although it savoured a little of trousers to the legs of the piano, yet it was a move in the right direction. On the other hand, there was an absence of cant about the *Saturday*, and a determination to call things by their plain names, and not to give in to any popular cry, but to test and sift it, and show what it was worth, which, in the early and best days of that paper, made it a very valuable and refreshing antidote to much of the current newspaper twaddle of the day. From the first, indeed, there was too much of the critical element in it, too little sympathy with, or faith in, anybody or anything. The writers seemed to be dwelling in some serene sphere above the influence of human hope, and grief, and joy, whence they could look down on the world and all in it, and pour unimpassioned and epigrammatic comment on the heads of blundering purblind mortals. Still, at that time, they were well up to their parts. If they dwelt in Olympus, and celestial ichor, instead of blood, circulated in their veins, at any rate they made good use of their superior height, and took care that we should always feel that there *was* another side to every question, for which quite as much could be said as for the one we held, but, that on the whole, the less said about either, by any one but the *Saturday*, the better. This view, brought out again and again with much quaint ingenuity, and humour, and sadness, was the key-note of the paper—that wherein its strength lay. I can't resist giving perhaps the most striking and characteristic specimen of it, which has hung in my mind ever since it appeared, and in which the *Saturday* may be said to have culminated, as it has never touched so high a note before or since.

The condition of our life is that we stand on a narrow "strip of the shore, " waiting till the tide, which has washed " away hundreds of millions of our " fellows, shall wash us away also into a " country of which there are no charts, " and from which there is no return. " What little we know about that un- " seen world comes to this—that it con- " tains extremes of good and evil, awful " and mysterious beyond all human ex- " pression or conception, and that those " tremendous possibilities are connected " with our conduct here. It is surely " wiser and more manly to walk silently " by the shore of that silent sea, than " to boast with puerile exultation over " the little sand-castles which we have " employed our short leisure in building " up. Life can never be matter of ex- " ultation, nor can the progress of arts " and sciences ever really fill the heart " of a man, who has a heart to be " filled. In its relation to what is to " be hereafter, there is, no doubt, no " human occupation which is not awful " and sacred, for such occupations are " the work which is here given us to " do; our portion in the days of our " vanity. But their intrinsic value is " like that of schoolboys' lessons. They " are worth just nothing at all, except " as a discipline and a task. It is right " that a man should rejoice in his own " works, but it is very wrong to allow " them for one instant to obscure that " eternity from which alone they derive " their importance. Steam-engines and " cotton-mills have their greatness, but " life and death are greater and older. " Men lived, and died, and sorrowed, " and rejoiced before these things were " known, and they could do so again. " Why mankind was created at all, " why we still continue to exist, what " has become of that vast multitude " which has passed, with more or less " sin and misery, through this mysterious " earth, and what will become of those " vaster multitudes which are treading, " and will tread the same wonderful " path—these are the great insoluble

"problems which ought to be seldom "mentioned, but never for one instant "forgotten. Strange as it may appear "to popular lecturers, they really do "make it seem rather unimportant "whether, on an average, there is, or is "not a little more or less good-nature, "a little more or less comfort, and a "little more or less knowledge in the "world."

This is not much of a gospel for poor men, who have to work and not to talk in the world, and have a dim sort of notion of trying to set the crooked things about them somewhat straighter, to make the rough places of life somewhat smoother, for those with whom their lot brings them into contact. But yet it is good as far as it goes; a manful if not hopeful putting of a view of life, which, if it will not help and strengthen men to do wise and good acts, will, at any rate, be likely to keep them from doing silly ones.

But whether it be that success has made Saturday Reviewers reckless, or that the writers are no longer the same, or that they are getting tired of Olympus, certain it is that of late the immortals have given up their high style, and have come down on the common pavement amongst ordinary mortals. Alas! that instead of setting us a good example when there, they should have broken out into the sort of virulent sauciness which the street-boys and costermongers of the press give us quite enough of already, and which might well have been left to them. Probably they don't like the discovery that ordinary mortals have elbows.

Out of dozens of instances of what I mean, which the files of the *Saturday* for the last few months would furnish, I will only refer to one, and to that one because I was myself part of the subject-matter operated upon. The article in question was entitled "Genial Socialism." I suppose from the context that the writer thought he was saying something very disagreeable to me when he hit upon the nickname, whereas I should have considered it a compliment had there been any evidence that he had the least notion of the real meaning of either of the words he was using. But the article is chiefly an attack on Trades Unions. An instance of one murder is cited (as to the truth of which I know nothing, and neither deny or admit that it was traceable to a Union. Then the article goes on, "similar outrages have "been committed in other parts of the "country, but we need not lengthen the "list;" and then it comments with the usual flippancy on "the sentimentalism of assassination," and "the murders of the Trades Unions."

Now here the writer is speaking, I should hope, without having made any inquiry, or taken the least trouble to ascertain the truth. But, if this be so, he had no right as a gentleman to make charges against hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen founded on superficial and hostile newspaper gossip. If it be not so—if he has really made himself acquainted with the character and action of the trades societies for the last few years—why, I can only say he is publishing anonymously a gross and wicked libel, knowing it to be such.[1]

This is the spirit of much of the recent speech of Saturday Reviewers. They have also lately given us a glimpse of their opinions on one of the most important points connected with public writing.

In a recent article on "The Weapons of Controversy" (the good taste of which article, under all the circumstances, is much more than questionable), we are

[1] The writers in the *Saturday Review* seem to respect Mr. J. S. Mill's writings. The following passage from his last work might suggest a different treatment of the trades societies question to them:—"On the question of "strikes, for instance, it is doubtful if there "is so much as one of the leading members of "either house, who is not firmly convinced that "the reason of the matter is unqualifiedly on "the side of the masters, and that the men's "view is simply absurd. Those who have "studied the question know how far this is "from being the case, and in how different "and how infinitely less superficial a manner "the point would have to be argued if the "classes who strike were able to make themselves heard in Parliament."—Representative Government, p. 57. For "Parliament" read "the press."

instructed in the nature and objects of ridicule as a weapon of controversy, from the point of view of the *Saturday*. The position taken up by the writer is, that ridicule used against opinions or acts which are not ridiculous is harmless. This is true, no doubt, in the long run. The truth can never, in the end, be hurt by ridicule, or any other weapon of controversy. But it is not true—it is just the reverse of true—as regards both those who raise such laughs as the *Saturday* approves, and those who join in them. To leave us in no doubt as to what in his eyes is a fair use of ridicule, the writer quotes a passage from Sydney Smith's writings, in which he answers a complaint of the Methodists against his mode of attacking them, by comparing them to fleas and lice, who are "to be "caught, killed, and cracked, in the "manner and by the instruments which "are found most efficacious for their "destruction; and the more they cry "out, the greater, plainly, is the skill "used against them." Now, the Methodists, with all their faults, were a body of his fellow-citizens, many of whom, in all points, except powers of satire and ridicule, might well have borne a comparison with the witty canon. The whole of his works would not, probably, afford so gross an instance of low and bad ridicule; and this is the one which the *Saturday* selects to indorse. So far as it is able, I must allow that it consistently strives to reach the bad taste of its model. The fact is, that in very few human beings or human societies is the tone so pure and noble, that some petty dislike or jealousy of men, some impatience of new and unpalatable truth, will not be warmed into life by, and start out to enjoy and applaud, the most unjust and shallow ridicule—the more unjust and shallow the better for this purpose. Moreover, it does often happen that the men who have hold of, and are struggling by word and act to express, some truth not yet received, are themselves inconsiderate, and hasty, and eccentric. Nothing is easier than for those who sit in the seat of the scorner to mass the man and the truth for which he is witnessing in one common contempt, and for the time to blind the eyes of fools, and raise the laugh of the thoughtless; but it is not the kind of work which does any one good at the time, or for which the world has any reason to be thankful. What do we think now of Jeffrey's ridicule of Wordsworth? But it hindered many from reading and profiting by his poems. Has not every one of us seen instances of the poorest ridicule hindering boys or men from taking a manly and righteous course?

Such ridicule as that of the *Saturday* of late never did nor ever can do any good. If they care for it at all, it only drives men further wrong. The only ridicule which can do good is that behind which lies sympathy with the persons ridiculed, and a sincere desire to bring them right, and not to lead them further astray.

Would not these failings of the *Saturday*, too, be likely to disappear if the writers had to sign? They could not thereby certainly acquire any sort of belief, or be put into sympathy with any class of their countrymen, but they would learn to keep within bounds, to think rather more of what they really have to say, and rather less of mere smartness.

These are the two leading instances of the specially English newspaper, according to the *Times* definition—the newspaper without cause, or party, or definite principle, but conducted "for the instruction and advantage of the public," generally. Not that I mean to compare such dissimilar entities. The *Times* is like a great stalwart leader at the head of a mob, who shoulders you from the wall, and if you remonstrate, kicks you into the gutter; who is just as likely to meet you in the face if you are going east as if you are going west; but, nevertheless, is thoroughly English when he has made up his mind which way he means to go for the time being. The *Saturday* is the very opposite of all this, and gets its following (apart from its ability) by fine-gentlemanly airs, *insouciance*, and indiffer-

entism. But, different as they are, it seems to me that impersonality fosters the special vices of each, and that both would be the better for an infusion of the personal.

No one would deny, I suppose, that the burthen of proof must lie on those who maintain that anonymous writing is the best form of periodical writing. *Primâ facie*, it cannot be doubted that secrecy is a bad thing. The habit of open dealing in all matters has been always acknowledged and reverenced as a manly—one may almost say, *the* manly—virtue, ever since there was a man on the earth. What special circumstances are there then in modern society; how have we got so out of gear, that the contrary has become true for us, and it has come to be for the good of all that those who address us from day to day, and week to week, on the most deeply interesting subjects, should do so from behind a veil? In short, what is there to be said in favour of anonymous writing, and the mighty "we"?

The most powerful of our English newspapers has, in its last essay, as we have seen, left us pretty much in the dark on the question—in fact, has not condescended to argue or give reasons, though it has spoken plainly enough as to its own belief; so we must hunt for the reasons ourselves. I shall be very glad if my attempt to consider the question should lead any of our best journalists to discuss it, even though they should do it anonymously, and take me severely to task for my heresy. Meantime, I will do the best I can to state the opposite views to my own.

In the first place, a very large, and probably the best, part of the writing in newspapers (to which we will confine ourselves) is the work of men in other professions—often of young men, at any rate of men who have some spare time on their hands. In England we are still believers in the old saying that "the cobbler should stick to his last." It is well that we are so. On the whole the belief is a wholesome one, and helps to make us the thorough-going race which we boast of being, and to a great extent are. Of late, indeed, we seem to be beginning to open our eyes to the fact, that other knowledge beside that of leather goes to the making of a really first-rate pair of shoes; but, on the whole, no doubt it is still true that a young man is damaged in a strictly professional sense if it is known that he has any serious pursuit outside his profession, especially if it is known that he writes for newspapers. But yet men must live, and maintain their station in life (and their wives and families, if they are lucky enough to have them), during those long years which must be lived through before the ablest amongst us can hope to make a livelihood in a liberal profession. Is it not good for the nation that such men should write? Ought they to be damaged professionally by writing? If they are not to be damaged, must they not write anonymously?

Admitting it to be good that they should write, and that they ought not to be damaged by writing, I don't see that it follows that they must or ought to write anonymously. It may be better for them so far as their own individual chances of getting on are concerned, and yet worse for the nation; and, if these interests clash, the individuals must go to the wall. Besides, if they don't feel strongly enough about a subject to risk something that they may say their say on it, they had better not write.

But, even if they were debarred from other subjects, they would still have professional subjects open to them—a large field, if not so easy a one or so lucrative. For, prejudiced as we are, none of us think a man a worse lawyer or doctor for having gained a reputation as a writer on jurisprudence or medicine. Again, it is urged that it is a good thing for a young writer to sink his individuality. His vanity would be flattered by seeing his own name affixed day after day, or week after week, to leading articles in a first-class journal! And, when a man is past the age of vanity in such matters, he may very well dislike to see his own name constantly in print. He may be one who

thinks in a quiet, sensible way on subjects of general interest, and whose views ought to be published; but, if publishing them involves giving his own name, he will not write.

This, no doubt, is the strongest plea for anonymous writing, and it is not easy to answer it. The highest class of writers are just those to whom it comes home—the men who write from the most sincere convictions, and who have disciplined themselves into saying nothing anonymously which they would not be ready and willing to say in their own names if called upon to do so. If the question were only as to such men, it would matter little how it might be decided. But they are exceptions. The great majority of us have not so disciplined ourselves and are never likely to do so; and it is much better for the country that the few should have to put some force on themselves, and sacrifice their desire for privacy, than that the many should go on familiarising themselves and their readers with the sort of licence and recklessness which is now the rule.

There are no other arguments, I believe, but these, which need be considered. On the other hand, another benefit which might arise from the discontinuance of the custom of anonymous writing would be, the serious discouragement which would thereby be given to all the puffing and jobbery which goes on behind the shield of the mighty "we." At present "we" is the most unscrupulous, although not the most bare-faced, jobber amongst us. No hardened old first lord who ever came into office, with a following of needy second cousins, and a resolution to provide for them at his country's expense, can hold a candle to us. The man in high station is comparatively harmless in these days when every little quiet job is ferreted out, and the whole battery of the press opens the fire of "public opinion" upon him. The whole country rings with the atrocity. His misdeed passes into a proverb. "Don't forget Dowb." Who will ever forget him, or a dozen other victims of injudicious patronage?[1] All which is very edifying and very right. Too much vigilance cannot be exercised in such matters. But, while keeping a sharp look-out for the motes in the eyes of public men, "we" have had no leisure to attend to the beams in our own. Alas, that one should have to confess that "we," too, have our "Dowbs," and their name is legion! "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who shall keep an eye on the watch-dogs? If the nation had Argus himself to lay on, he would find his work well cut out for him, in watching "we."

The simple fact is, that, as matters now stand, the temptation is almost too great for human nature. The shapes it takes are manifold and subtle, suited to every man who can wield a pen and get a corner in a penny paper, from the writer of high politics down to the purveyor of shocking accidents and police reports. Though few of us may have friends or relatives in the high places of the earth, or playing for them, many of us have them more or less in some of the humbler walks of public life; almost all of us are interested in an author or two, or an inventor, or, at least, in some scheme or undertaking which is struggling to make a place for itself. Then there are the rivals of our said friends and relatives, and of ourselves, and the schemes and inventions which are elbowing those we are interested in, and the authors we dislike. All these men and matters come before us day after day, and each of us has an audience of hundreds or thousands, as the case may be, who are more or less guided in their beliefs and acts by what we tell them about men, and books, and schemes, and inventions. For one of us who can be trusted to deal with all such men and things with perfect fairness and uprightness, when he is not writing in his own name, and when a

[1] The officer here alluded to is by all accounts a thoroughly efficient and able one, his great misfortune being that he happened to have high interest.

few words, perhaps, of his will serve himself, or his friend, or his cause, or will hit a rival hard at a critical moment,—there are twenty of us, and not bad fellows either, who cannot. I think for one, it would be better for ourselves and the country if we were not in the way of the temptation.

But my space is running short, though much remains to be said. The short fact is, that anonymous writing in newspapers benefits three sets of persons, and three sets of persons only. First, the proprietors, whose property is made more valuable by the custom. Secondly, the editors, who gain importance and prestige from the sort of mystery in which they are able to wrap themselves. Thirdly, we, the writers, who, while the custom prevails, can write with much less sense of responsibility, and therefore much more copiously and easily; making more money and giving less thought—who, if ill-natured, can say savage things against our foes, if good-natured can do puffing and backing jobs for our friends, which we should hesitate to say and do in our own names. The interest of all these three classes lies in the same direction, that of prolonging the reign of the mighty "we." Of course as long as they hold well together they can keep that awful abstraction on the throne. The whole of the rest of the world is of no avail against them, being to all intents and purposes powerless to express itself. Here and there a man may wince at some attack upon himself, imputing motives and distorting facts, and may break out in a speech or pamphlet; another may grumble at finding his paper singing black one day and white the next; but the discontent will never become strong enough to compel a reform. Indeed, newspaper readers are not likely to demand one. The taste of the bulk of them has been spoiled. Like other dram-drinkers, they crave a certain flavour, which they are used to, and will have, though they know that it is just that which is bad for them. The "smack" and spice of most of our newspaper-writing lies in its impersonality, and so the dram-drinkers —from the readers of the *Saturday* in the clubs and universities, to the readers of Reynolds in the New-cut and Whitechapel—will go on consuming while they can get the spicy article easily.

A division within the producing camp is the only chance the great consuming public has of a supply of healthier liquor. There are so many gentlemen of high character and feeling engaged more or less in writing for newspapers, that one can't help being sanguine. If a few of them could only be made half as jealous for the character of their anonymous profession as those of them who have one are for that of their own more regular profession, there would be very soon a rebellion against "we." Let the consumers only foster all signs of mutiny in the camp (such as the present), doing their best to encourage all malcontents, and we may all very well live to see the *Times* walking into anonymous scribbling with its biggest cudgel. It has made several stranger changes since I became a "constant reader."

THE PASSAGLIA PHASE OF THE PAPAL QUESTION.

BY EDWARD DICEY, AUTHOR OF "ROME IN 1860," "MEMOIR OF CAVOUR," &C.

SOME few months ago, as the story was told to me, a recent convert to Catholicism tried to console the Pope, during an access of unusual dejection, by assuring his Holiness, with more faith than originality, that come what might, the bark of St. Peter would never make shipwreck. "Ah!" groaned poor Pio Nono in reply, "*la barca, no, ma il barcajuolo, si;*" the vessel doubtless would never founder, but the steersman might well tumble overboard. The story, authentic or not, illustrates clearly enough the broad fact, which lies at the

bottom of the whole papal difficulty, that the question is one of persons not of principles.

This fact, hardly, I think, appreciated enough in England, explains the otherwise almost unintelligible circumstance that the Italian revolution has been hitherto unattended by any national religious movement. For the last twelve years the Church in Italy has been fighting a deadly, though a losing, battle against the nation. The natural result would appear to be, that in the hour of victory the nation would throw off its allegiance to its bitterest enemy. Such, however, has not been the case. Why it has not been so is a question on which I shall have something to say shortly. For the present it is enough to state that, hitherto, few symptoms of any religious reformation or revolution, as you choose to call it, have been exhibited in Italy. I know, indeed, that in Florence, Pisa, and Turin, there have sprung up, of late years, congregations of Italian Protestants. But as yet, the number of converts is small, and there has been no indication of the movement developing from a sectarian into a national one. The reform agitation, if such it can be designated, which was headed by Gavazzi, at Naples, and supported by that gentleman's English admirers, has been still less successful. Even in the first days of Garibaldi's power, when Gavazzi, dressed in his red flannel shirt, used to harangue the mob in the Largo del Palazzo, his invectives were addressed against the persons of the priests, not against their doctrines; and when the Dictator rashly gave him permission to preach in the old church of the Jesuits, the popular feeling in Naples was for once so decided, that the permission had to be retracted at once. The truth is, that if there is one thing an Italian dislikes more than a Protestant turned Catholic—and that is saying a good deal—it is a Catholic turned Protestant. If ever there is to be a reformation in Italy, it must be one of indigenous growth, not of foreign importation; and the reformation, such as it is, will begin from the priesthood, not from the people.

At last, there seems to be some prospect of a national religious movement amongst the Italian clergy. In this movement, the name of the Abbé Passaglia has attracted most attention abroad. There are, however, other actors, playing a no less important part, of whom I wish to speak before entering on the case of Passaglia. One and all of these reformers profess unbounded allegiance to the Pope, and implicit faith in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. What they wish to reform is the ruling body at Rome, which, in their judgment, has misdirected the Pope's counsels. The danger they wish to avert is the growing alienation between the Church and the Italian people. In the words of the appeal made recently by Canon Reali to the Pope, "There is a schism, "not outward or fanatical, but real and "practical, which divides the sons of "the same father and the children of the "same family; the laity are divided "from the clergy; the clergy are di-"vided amongst themselves; the lower "priesthood are alienated from the "higher; the bishops are left isolated, "or united to each other solely by the "feeble bonds of party spirit, or fear, or "servility; vast numbers of the faithful "are diverted from the faith . . . churches "are deserted; sacred science neglected "amidst the disputes of parties; schools "are changed into nurseries of evil "passions for the young; convents are "abandoned to dissensions, and sub-"jected to malignant imputations; while, "to sum up in one phrase, there is ruin "and confusion in the house of God."

Such is the state of things which the Italian reformers purpose to remedy. Foremost amongst them is Monsignor Liverani. This gentleman held high rank in the hierarchy of Rome. He was a domestic prelate, a canon of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and a proto-notary of the papal chancellerie. He had the repute of a man of great learning; and, not long ago, was accounted one of the shining lights of the Roman Church. His family were devoted to the papacy, and his father had been killed during the revolution as an ad-

herent of the Pope. Unfortunately for his peace and quiet, he could not approve of the system of hostility towards the Italian cause, inaugurated by the Vatican. Probably on account of this disagreement with the ruling party at Rome, though, according to his own version, solely on account of failing health, he left Rome at the end of last January, for the healthier air of Florence. It was there that, in the month of June, Monsignor Liverani brought out his famous pamphlet, "*Il Papato, l'Impero, e il Regno d'Italia*," recommending the Pope to make terms with the Italian Government. The position and reputation of the writer attracted great attention to the work, and the indignation of the Court of Rome was correspondingly bitter. Headed by Cardinal Patrizi, the most bigoted and pro-Austrian, perhaps, of the whole sacred college, the chapter of Santa Maria Maggiore at once besought the Pope to use "extraordinary measures" in order to enforce their colleague's return to his vacant stall. Without more than a day's delay, Pius IX. summoned Liverani to return to Rome within the space of two months, and then and there renounce and revoke the statements contained in his pamphlet, on pain of *ipso facto* losing his canonry. By canon law the stall could only be declared *ipso facto* vacant on account of such crimes as heresy, murder, or simony, and even then only after the three required citations; but the Pope considered the occasion important enough to outride common rules, and call for "extraordinary measures." Monsignor Liverani thereupon addressed a letter to the Pope, offering to resign his canonry on the sole condition that "his cause "might be decided on by the ordinary "regulations of the canon law, so as to "have the appearance of a judicial "decision, not of an act of vengeance," while at the same time he thus expressed his devotion to the Pope. "Whatever "judgment it may please your Holiness "to pronounce upon my work, '*Il Papato, "l'Impero, e il Regno d'Italia*,' it can "never be so severe as to destroy or "weaken my docile submission to the "utterances of the Holy See, in which is "placed the glory, the boast, the con-"solation, and the hope of so many "millions of the faithful. Therefore, "most blessed Father, condemn, reprove, "proscribe, and stigmatize my work as "seems best to you, and I will humbly "condemn and reprove it also."

No answer was returned to this supplication. Monsignor Liverani was deprived, without trial, of his benefices. The Ultramontane papers, the *Armonia* and the *Civilta Cattolica*, abused him as a heretic and a renegade, and yet, even in his own narrative of the circumstances attending his deprivation, he expresses no doubt of papal infallibility or dissent from the doctrines of the Church. On the other hand he inveighs most bitterly against the clique who form the government of the Vatican. "Pray God," so his narrative ends, "that Rome may "once for all be raised from the mire "with which the foul host of hucksterers "has bespattered her—that the holy "see may escape for ever from the "snares of the Filippanis, the Mires,' "the Antonellis, and the Bank of "Rome—and that again it may be "said of the Holy Pontiff, as it was "once said of the Divine author of his "priesthood, 'He shall spare the poor "and needy, and shall save the souls of "the needy; he shall redeem their soul "from deceit and violence; and pre-"cious shall their blood be in his "sight.'" The reproof which thus by inference is conveyed against the Court of Rome, is a grave and solemn one in the mouth of a papal prelate.

The Court of Rome may possibly still retain the innocence of the dove; it is certain she has lost the wisdom of the serpent. "Whosoever is not with me is against me," has become her motto, and any one of her members who refuses to believe in the temporal power being essential to the existence of the Church, is at once cut off from her communion. Thus friends and well-wishers are turned against their will into open reformers. A striking instance of this short-sighted policy is to be found in the story of the

Canon Reali. This gentleman was, or, according to his own view, is, a monk of the order of San Salvator. During the revolutionary days of 1848 he was a warm partizan of the liberal doctrines, which Pius IX. was then believed to profess. When the reaction set in, either terrified at his own rashness, or startled by the excesses of the revolutionary party, he abjured his liberal errors, and, as the condition of being allowed to retain his ecclesiastical functions, consented to retract a pamphlet he had published on the advisability of an alliance between the Pope and the revolution. Still he remained a marked man, suspected by the dominant faction. The course pursued by the Papal Government after its restoration, dispelled any hopes he might have formed that the Vatican had learnt wisdom by adversity; and, when the hopes of the national party revived with the progress of Piedmont, Canon Reali became an adherent of the cause of Italy. In 1859, he received an intimation, while residing at Fano, that he was likely to be summoned forcibly to Rome, to answer before the Inquisition for his opinions, and thereupon retired to Bologna, which had then revolted from the papal rule. Here he resided, in the convent of his order, until September, 1860, when he was sent to Turin, in order to petition the Government against the proposed dissolution of his convent—an errand in which he proved successful. Early in the present year he published a pamphlet in Turin, entitled, "Liberty of Conscience in relation to the temporal power of the Papacy." This pamphlet, which advocated the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, was at once placed in the Index Expurgatorius of Rome, and the author was formally summoned to renounce his errors on pain of excommunication. The Canon Reali appealed, but without effect. A decree was issued from the "Sacra Congregazione" at Rome, couched in these curious terms:—

"It certainly was to have been hoped "that the priest Eusebio Reali, belonging "ing to the regular canons of the most "holy order of the 'Salvatore Lateran-"ense,' after having once publicly "retracted his errors in former days, "would have remained firm to his "plighted faith. From his public acts, "however, it is evident that he has re-"turned to his vomit (*sic*), and has "entered on a path of life which is not "only unfitted for a man in holy orders, "but offers grave cause of offence and "scandal to Christian people. Being "therefore only a disgrace and injury "to his order, and there remaining no "hope of his reformation, our most "holy master, Pius IX., though with "regret, thinks it incumbent on him to "remove a tainted sheep from amongst "his brethren. He therefore orders "the Superior-General of the above-"named order to proceed to the expul-"sion of Eusebio Reali, and herewith "declares him expelled, omitting the "prescribed forms, and notwithstanding "any provisions that may exist to the "contrary."

This decree was communicated by the Superior-General to Reali, accompanied by a letter, in which the following remarkable passage occurred:—"I am "certain you will lay the responsibility "of this proceeding on our order. You "may think as you like, but this false "impression is due to your ignorance of "the feelings entertained here in high "quarters towards all priests who com-"promise themselves in the present "troubles. You ought to be acquainted "with the fact that all these acts are "done in cases where the Holy See "considers that she has external and "public evidence to proceed upon '*pro-"prio motu*' by his Holiness, and that "many other priests have been ex-"pelled without any representation be-"ing made to the Pope by their order." The heresy of which Reali seems to have been guilty consisted in disputing the validity of the French Ultramontane theory, that the temporal power of the Papacy was essential to the freedom of the Catholic faith. For this heresy he has been expelled from his order, and deprived, by the Pope himself, of the right of exercising his

religious functions. He refuses to admit the validity of this sentence, and still considers himself as a priest. He has been appointed to a Professorship in the Lyceum of Ravenna; and in spite of these acts of disobedience calls himself "a devout Catholic, ready to submit his "private judgment to the judgment of "the Church," and affects to see no defect in the Papal system, except in the composition of the "Curia Romana." "Down with the Pope's counsellors" would be the battle-cry of his reform movement. "The Pope," he writes in an expostulatory letter addressed to the head of his order in Rome, "is sur- "rounded by flatterers, and deceivers, "and traitors, who, Judas-like, sell "again in his person the blood of our "Divine Master. Society is torn to "pieces by a party which calls itself "Catholic, with as little right as Simon, "who thought he would barter with "Saint Peter for the gifts of the Holy "Ghost. Italy is calumniated by men "who call themselves devoted to the "Holy See, and are, in truth, like the "Pharisees, who crowded into the "synagogue to get the foremost places. "The Church is torn to pieces by per- "sons who enter her service in order to "divide her vestments among them, "just as the ribald scoffers at the suffer- "ings of the God, who died for mankind, "assembled at the foot of the cross, by "the side of Mary Magdalen, to divide "the garments of Christ. . . . It is not "to an Antonelli, or a Merode, or a "De Courcelles, or a Montalembert, or "a Veuillot, or to the writers in the "*Civilta Catholica* and the *Armonia*, "that the guardianship of His shepherds "and His sheep has been entrusted by "Christ, but to the Pope alone."

The aversion with which men like Reali look upon the Antonelli despotism is not confined to the lower priesthood. Against his will, perhaps, a cardinal has already been involved in this anti-Court-of-Rome movement. The story is a curious one. For the last sixteen years there has been a standing dispute—a sort of theological Chancery suit—between the Jesuits and he University of Louvain, in Belgium. It seems, that the professors of this University are accused by the Jesuits of being guilty, in their public lectures, of the heresy of traditionalism. This heresy, if heresy it is, consists in denying the power of human reason to decide questions relating to religious truths, and in asserting, therefore, that tradition is required to supply the faith which the light of reason cannot give unaided. The doctrine of the Louvain professors, according to the Abbé Passaglia's report on this subject, submitted to the Congregation of the Index, may be expressed briefly thus :—

"That mankind, as a matter of fact, "are not competent to form a primary, "complete, and clear opinion on any "metaphysical or abstract truth, with- "out some external intellectual aid, "which can assist the internal powers "of mind, and the natural force of "reason."

The reason why this doctrine was unpalatable to the Jesuits, seems to be, that the necessity of admitting the evidence of tradition in doctrinal points, obviously shackles the authority of the Pope in deciding on matters of doctrine. Thus, for example ;—if the authority of tradition had been deemed necessary to the establishment of a religious doctrine, Pius IX. could hardly have promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Still it is probable there were other causes of enmity between the Louvain professoriate and the Jesuits, though the charge of teaching false doctrine was the one openly brought against the University. The charge was first made in 1844, but those were the days of old Gregory XVI., the principle of all whose policy was "après moi le déluge ;" and so the matter was placed in the hands of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, referred to a sub-committee, reported on, and allowed to sleep. This year, however, the old feud was revived. Monsignor Malou, the Bishop of Bruges, took up the cause of the Jesuits, and sent up a petition to Rome, accusing the Louvain professors of heterodoxy. The petition was referred to Cardinal Andrea, Prefect of the Index, with instructions

to have its tenor discussed, first by a committee of "consultori," and then by a committee of cardinals. Both these committees reported that the Louvain professors had not expressed opinions inconsistent with orthodoxy. It is curious, by the way, as a specimen of the repute in which, so late as last June, the Abbé Passaglia was held in at Rome as a theologian, that he was called in by the cardinals to aid them with their opinion. While the investigation was going on, the Jesuits made great exertions to have the cause removed to the tribunal of the "Santo Uffizio," where their influence was greater than with that of the Index. Their exertions for the time were unsuccessful. After the decision of the Index, nothing remained but for the Pope to give his sanction to the report, and the question was apparently decided. The influence of the Jesuits was again exerted, and this time with greater success. A communication was received, directing the cause of the Louvain professors to be tried anew before a joint committee of the Index and the Holy Office. The Congregation of the Index very naturally felt insulted at this slight on the merit of their decisions, and Cardinal Andrea resigned his office of prefect. The letters to Antonelli, in which the determination to resign the Prefecture was expressed, have since been published, without Cardinal Andrea's permission, though possibly with his connivance; and, though couched in studiously polite language, they exhibit grave dissatisfaction with the ruling in Rome.

Without doubt, however, the most formidable opponent that the Papal party has yet met with, is the Abbé Passaglia. I read a story the other day, which seemed to me to describe exactly the character of the Abbé's reform movement. When the crowd cheered him on his arrival at Siena, after his escape from Rome, and raised the old cry, "Viva l'Italia una ed independente!" the Abbé cried out in reply, "Si, si, ma Cattolica." If Passaglia is not a Catholic, he is nothing. He is a theologian of the theologians, and would as soon think of denying the system of theology to which the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception owes its existence, as Adams or Le Verrier would deny the competency of astronomy to discover the existence of a comet. Till very recently, he was looked upon as one of the pillars of the Church. In the chair which he held as Professor of Philosophy, at the University of the Sapienza, in Rome, his lectures were celebrated for the soundness of their doctrine, while in the disturbances which occurred at the Roman University, a year and a half ago, I never heard of his being suspected of any leaning to the side of the students. The one single respect in which his opinions were known to differ from those in fashion with the Court of Rome, was in a want of sympathy for the Jesuits. There is a story told in connexion with his separation from the Order of Jesus, which is a curious one, and, I believe, not commonly known. When Mrs. Foljambe, whose name has lately been mentioned so frequently in Roman letters, first came to Rome, she obtained permission, as a fervent and wealthy convert, to have a semi-conventual establishment in her residence at the corner of the Quattro-Fontane, opposite the new palace of the Queen Christina of Spain. Of this establishment the Abbé Passaglia, then a Jesuit, was appointed director. In course of time, Mrs. Foljambe, with the view of keeping up the establishment in the event of her death, made a free gift of her house to the order of the Jesuits, on the understanding that it was to be left in her possession throughout her life. The arrangement was satisfactory to all parties while Passaglia remained in the order. Unfortunately, four or five years ago, the Abbé made up his mind to quit the Jesuits, and, having great influence with the Pope, obtained a release from his vows. The Jesuits were indignant at the defection of so distinguished a member, and intimated to Mrs. Foljambe, that she must receive another director. On her refusal to part with Passaglia, they turned her out of the house, bought with her own money,

and broke up the religious establishment. Mrs. Foljambe had nothing to do but submit, and removed to the Palazzo Spada, where Passaglia resided with her, till the other day. During last spring, the Abbé was engaged in the negotiations for a compromise which Count Cavour carried on with the Court of Rome very shortly before his death. It was asserted at the time at Rome, and I believe with truth, that Passaglia found means to speak to the Pope alone, without the intervention or the knowledge of Antonelli, and that Pius IX. was so impressed by his arguments, as actually to consent to some arrangement proposed by Passaglia. Unfortunately, the negotiations came to the ears of Antonelli and his party, who at once stopped their progress, and re-established their influence over the feeble mind of Pio Nono. It is supposed to have been on account of some participation in the Passaglia mission, that Dr. Pantaleone was ordered to leave Rome.

Thus, like the other reformers, of whom I have spoken, Passaglia's quarrel is with Antonelli, the Jesuits, and the Court of Rome, not with the Church. Of this fact, his pamphlet, *Pro causâ Italicâ*, addressed to the Catholic episcopate, affords sufficient proof. There is little in the pamphlet to gratify a Protestant, who looks in it for a confirmation of his own principles. Indeed, the chain of argument rests throughout on the necessity for unity in the Church of Christ. It is to secure this object that the whole constitution of the Church has been framed. "The "institution, therefore, of bishops in "general, and of the Sovereign Pontiff "the bishop of bishops in particular, is "purposed (and according to the words "of Christ shall always remain pur-"posed) to preserve the unity of the "various Churches which form the "Catholic Church, and to maintain "that unity victorious over heresy and "schism."

For the maintenance then of unity, no sacrifice the Church can make, is too costly; and yet this unity is gravely imperilled by the recent policy of the Court of Rome. "Who," Passaglia asks, "can be so blind as not to see "that the Italian nation is placed in "such an unfortunate position, that "there exists a danger, not distant, but "near at hand—not slight, but most "weighty—lest the majority of Italians "should fall from out the paradise of "the Church, either by an open or "tangible separation, or by a secret and "moral one; and that thus the Church, "our mother, should be bereft of her "best-beloved offspring. In fact, a "great portion of the clergy is at vari-"ance with the greater half of the "laity; almost all the shepherds are "separated from their flocks; and the "very shepherd of the shepherds, the "successor of Peter, the illustrious "vicar of Christ on earth, has opposed "the kingdom of Italy and the new "status of Italian society with cen-"sures and the awful thunders of "excommunication."

With regard to the conduct of the priesthood under the present circumstances of Italy, Passaglia's language is even more decided. To quote one passage. "What," he says, "is the conduct "of our fathers in Christ, our pastors "and masters? The answer is too "obvious to be mistaken. The Italian "people are rejoicing with a joy incred-"ible, but their overseers are lamenting "their own loss and their own sorrow "with querulous accents and bitter "words. The people are anxious to "return thanks to God for the blessings "vouchsafed to them, but their over-"seers proclaim that the wrath of God "has to be appeased, and the judgments "of God diverted, on account of the "crimes committed by the people. The "people crowd to the holy shrines of "God, but their overseers drive them "away, and pronounce them unworthy "of crossing the sacred thresholds. The "people long to worship the peaceful, "atoning, redeeming, and eucharistic "Host of God; but their overseers "forbid the priesthood under dread "penalties to administer the sacra-"ments." There is no hope, then, for

the religious prospects of Italy, unless the Church lays aside its animosity to the State; but the priesthood cannot adopt a new policy without the consent of the superior clergy, and the dignitaries of the Church cannot act in opposition to the Pope. "It is impossible," in Passaglia's words, "for the bishops "to show good-will towards the State "and kingdom of Italy, unless the "Roman Pontiff should lay aside his "hostility, and grant at last to the "Italian nation the peace they desire so "ardently." . . .

The real obstacle, then, to any conciliation between Italy and the Church of Rome is the Pope, and the Pope is only an obstacle because the evil advisers, who dictate his policy, hinder him from yielding to his natural instincts. For the sake of the Church, then, as well as of Italy, the ruling party in Rome, the "Curia Romana," must be overthrown, or at any rate, their policy must be relinquished. This is the pith of Passaglia's pamphlet; of any reform in religious doctrines there is no question; there is little hint, even, of any change being desirable in the organization of the Church. If the Pope would reconcile himself with Italy, and, acknowledging the necessity of yielding to accomplished facts, resign the shadow of temporal power he still possesses, the demands of Passaglia's reform cry would be more than satisfied.

A similar movement to that, which Passaglia and Liverani have inaugurated, has been going on for some time amongst the lower clergy. For obvious reasons, the inferior Italian country priesthood have little interest in, or care for, the grandeur of Papal Rome; while their sympathies with national feelings are stronger than those found amongst the higher members of the Church. The one thing which keeps them, in Upper Italy, at any rate, from giving in their full adherence to the new *régime*, is the fear of the displeasure of their spiritual superiors. Still the sense of the danger by which they are threatened personally, from loss of influence with their flocks, has led a considerable body to rally to the Government. Even in Naples, the movement has made progress. When the fears of the Neapolitan priesthood became awakened at the favour shown by Garibaldi to men of the Gavazzi stamp, an association was formed, called the Società Clericale di Mutuo Soccorso, the object of which was to reunite the clergy with the people. Their programme, which I have before me, expressed clearly enough the nature of the reform they proposed to carry out. The following are extracts from it:—

"In the shock of so many discordant "and conflicting elements, in which "Italy, seeking to realize in her poli- "tical condition the ideal of so many "ages, is now involved, the clergy, to "whom the spiritual leadership of the "people has been entrusted, cannot and "should not remain indifferent spec- "tators, out of regard for the three- "fold interests of their country, their "religion, and their order.

"The clergy is unfortunately divided "into two factions. . . . The one fac- "tion, through ignorance or ill-will, con- "founds the spiritual with the temporal, "and bestows its malediction, not only "on Italy, but on the men and the "institutions which tend to turn Italian "unity into a reality. The latter fac- "tion, less powerful in numbers, has "learnt in exile and in prison, to over- "estimate, perhaps, the blessings of the "liberty granted to us by God, and of "our national independence, and is "thus led to confound the questions of "eternity with those of time, to re- "nounce the Divine for the human, the "Gospel for its ministers, and the "Pope of Catholicism for the Pope- "king.

"The people, unable to raise them- "selves from the tangible to the ideal, "scandalized at the obstinacy with "which temporal interests are upheld "at the expense of spiritual ones, and "seduced by the fallacious sophistries "of men of extreme views, end by "repudiating the priesthood utterly, as "the opponents of all political reform, "and do not even allow the clergy "the option of belonging to the new

"state of society, as holding tenets "incompatible with its existence.

"What, then, at the present hour, is "the position of the clergy with respect "to the nation and the Government of "Italy? The former accuses them of "complicity with her tyrants, the latter "considers them an obstacle to the "political unity demanded by the in- "exorable logic of events. What will "be the inevitable result? The clergy, "hated by, because opposed to, the "Government, will remain isolated and "excluded from civil rights, and the "bond-slave of Government in the exe- "cution of their sacred ministry."

"The object then of this association "is to keep from the errors of either "extreme faction, and to occupy the "middle path, the only logical one, be- "cause it is based on the evangelical "precept, Render unto Cæsar the things "which are Cæsar's, and to God the "things which are God's."

"In political matters it recognises "Italy one and indivisible, with Victor "Emmanuel as its constitutional sove- "reign. In religious matters it rests "upon the Catholicism established by "St. Peter in Rome, and founded on "the corner-stone of Christ."

It may be questioned how far the promoters of this anti-Roman movement fully perceive what would be the result of their endeavours, if successful. There is nothing gained by defending a good cause with bad arguments, and the arguments against the temporal power of the Papacy are strong enough, without relying on the very weak one, that its destruction would not affect the condition of the Papacy. When the Pope ceases to be a temporal prince, and when Rome ceases to be the head-quarters of the Catholic Church, and becomes a secular capital, it is possible that the Papacy may gain in spiritual power. It is equally possible also, that the Papacy may lose spiritually as well as temporally. There is much to be said for either theory; which is the true one, the event alone can show. The Italian reformers do not look beyond the immediate future. The temporal power is doomed in their judgment. The first object therefore of all well-wishers to the Church, is, as they hold, to induce the Papacy to accept the inevitable change with as much dignity and as little loss of influence as possible. What results the change may bring hereafter, it is idle now to speculate on.

These Passaglia reforms—to call them by the name of their most distinguished advocate—will probably appear a very small and unsatisfactory matter, not only to ardent Protestants, but to persons who would wish to see the question of national religion in Italy entered upon seriously. At present, however, this movement is, in my judgment, as much as can be hoped for. It may or may not be desirable that the whole of Italy should embrace our Protestantism; but, humanly speaking, there is not the slightest probability of such an event occurring, and, therefore, there is no good in discussing its advantages or evils. In Italy itself there are not the materials for a reformation. Iron must be hot before it can be bent; and so there must exist some strong religious feeling in a nation, before you can get it to change one faith for another. On the educated Italian mind religion seems to have lost its hold. One faith is, in their eyes, very like another; their own may, very possibly, not be the best, but it serves their purpose, and is the one they are used to; and there is no object gained by changing. This sort of belief seems to me, roughly speaking, to be the habitual state of the Italian mind on the subject of religion. Of course there are many and important exceptions; but the rule in Italy is to find men professing a kind of sceptical indifference about all religious questions.

With such materials, there is little prospect of a national religious movement. The commencement of reformation must come from the priesthood. And the first symptoms of the coming reform are, I think, to be found in the cry for the reform of the Court of Rome raised by Passaglia and his fellow-agitators.

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THE YARD MEASURE EXTENDED TO THE STARS.

BY PROFESSOR KELLAND.

As soon as astronomy had learnt to know its position, it began to suspect that this earth, with its sun, and moon, and planets, and comets—the whole solar system—is but a speck in the vast firmament of the heavens. The more men worked and thought, the stronger grew the conviction that Sirius, the little twinkling star, must be a sun, immensely brighter than our own. For they had tried in vain to find out his distance. In vain! The distance always came out infinite. The measuring line placed in the hand of man shrank into nothingness in respect to the whereabouts of the nearest of those little orbs, and astronomy retired abashed. Do you ask me what is the measuring line which man has in his hand to apply to the stars? I shall tell you that it is no small matter as men count smallness. It is two hundred millions of miles—a line long enough, you would think; yet this line actually shrank into nothingness so absolute, that, half a century ago, it seemed as hopeful to mount to the stars as to compass their distance with so puny a line. But the thing has been done at last, and triumphantly done. We know the distance of a few of the nearest stars now, pretty accurately, at any rate. And I propose to endeavour to convey an idea of how this knowledge has been attained.

Well, then, to begin at the beginning, the first line to which all others are referred, the primary unit, is the yard-measure, by which ladies' dresses are measured—nothing more nor less. It does not concern us to enquire what that yard-measure is. Suffice it that the legislature provide means to prevent its fluctuation from year to year, or from century to century. Now, the yard can readily be multiplied to a considerable extent—for example, into a chain of twenty-two yards—and with this chain a line of three or four miles can be measured on the earth's surface. The yard is thus expanded into miles. It is no easy matter, certainly, to measure a few miles on the surface of the earth; but it is possible, and has been done. An extension of this process would, of course, measure a very long line; but this is not necessary. Having once got over a few miles, the yard-measure, and the steel-chain, and all similar appliances are discarded, and the measured line itself is assumed as a new measuring-rod. True, it cannot be carried about from place to place. Mahomet cannot go to the mountain; so the mountain must be brought to Mahomet. This is done by making direction serve as the evidence of distance. If you measure off on the paper a line a foot long, and take a point somewhere over the centre of it, you will see how the angles of direction from the ends of the line depend on its distance from the line. So, conversely, if a church-steeple, or some other prominent object, be visible from both ends of the line measured on the earth's surface, its distance from either of them can be determined at once, by means of

angles, without approaching the object at all. You see then how we can get a good long line of sixty or seventy miles. Now, as the earth is a sphere or nearly so, if you travel due north a 360th part of the earth's circumference, you will find that the pole star has assumed a position one degree higher in the heavens. Accordingly, if you can measure distances and angles, the determination of the circumference of the earth is reduced to a matter of mere multiplication. The old Indians had got thus far; the old Greeks too. Two hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, Eratosthenes, the librarian of the Alexandrian library, observed the meridian height of the sun at Alexandria, at the time of the summer solstice, and then set to work to measure the distance up the Nile to Syene, where the granite quarries still show the marks of the chisel that cut out those wonderful obelisks from them. Here he found, or somebody found for him, a telescope ready to his hand—the earliest telescope on record. It was a reflecting telescope, like Herschel's, polished by nature's own machinery. The mirror was the surface of standing water, and the tube was one of those vertical shafts which, as in Joseph's well, have stood the wear of ages, and are wonderful even in the land of the pyramids and the sphinxes. Far, far down in the bowels of the earth, the brighter stars were visible by day. This telescope disclosed the fact, that Syene is just under the northern tropic. And so Eratosthenes, like his great benefactor Alexander, conquered the world. *He* did not weep because there were no more worlds to conquer; for were not the bright orbs, the allies of his first victory, like the Thebans, sure to become an easy prey to his chariot-wheels? But the work of Eratosthenes was done, and they gave him as a reward a mountain in the moon, which bears his name.

To be sure, the 250,000 stadia which Eratosthenes estimated as the circumference of the earth, was a rough enough approximation as compared with the precision of modern times. But it was a great work for one man. Since then, the nations of Europe have set themselves to the task. One instance deserves mention.

In 1791-2, the National Convention of France conceived the magnificent idea of establishing a new standard for everything—morals, money, and measure. "Let the heavens," they said, "furnish "new units of time, and the earth new "units of space. Let the week, and "the month, and the year yield up their "ancient prerogatives. Let the former "history of the world be forgotten, and "let all history date from this time. "Let the month be divided into thirty "days, and let the sabbath occur every "tenth day. Let the day be divided "into ten hours, and let new dials be "constructed to show them. Let a "girdle be drawn round the earth, which "shall connect Paris with the poles: "let this girdle be the standard of "measure, and let men be sent out to "ascertain its amount." A magnificent order, truly! Yet it does seem easy enough to count by thirties and by tens —to make the month thirty days, and the week ten; but to measure the circumference of the earth, this is a work, a labour! It so happened, however, that the thirty days, and the new sundials, and the unscriptural sabbaths failed to struggle into existence—a higher power protected France from herself; whilst the measure of the meridians—a work beset with appalling difficulties—was accomplished; and the *mètre*, the ten-millionth part of the measured quadrant of the earth's circumference, is the national standard throughout France to this day.

The work was carried on when France was embroiled with all Europe. The great men who executed it had to combat with national prejudices and popular superstitions in a foreign land. Privation, anxiety, and fatigue laid some of the foremost of them low. One owed his life to the protection afforded by a Spanish prison; another broke his heart, on regaining his liberty, by the discovery that the observations he had made from his prison windows would not bear the breath of the free air.

M. Arago, in his autobiography, gives an amusing, but perhaps an exaggerated, sketch of his own share in these labours. He tells us that he commenced by pacing to and fro, for the space of six months, on the narrow platform of a rock which overlooks the Mediterranean, to watch for the signal-light from the island of Iviza. From this airy spot he was transferred to the closer atmosphere of the castle of Belver, wounded, and a prisoner. Here he had the satisfaction of reading in the Spanish papers a detailed account of his own execution. Judging that the announcement was but the prelude to the event, he looked about for the means of escape. From the window of his prison he finds he can leap into the sea, and he resolves on doing so; conceiving, as he says, "that it is as well to be drowned as to be hanged." But he is not drowned. He reaches a ship, and is conveyed to the coast of Africa, where he finds the Moors almost as uncivilized as the Spaniards. So he is not sorry when he is allowed to return to his work. Once more in Spain, he is not long in discovering that brigandage is one of the institutions of the country. His temporary station, on the top of a mountain near Culléra, is visited, one stormy night, by the chief bandit of the district. The astronomer makes him his friend, and the work proceeds merrily under his protection.

Enough. We have measured the earth, but we are a great way from the stars still. Our yard measure has brought us thousands of miles on our journey; but the stars are millions of millions of miles away, and how are we to get at them? We shall see. Remember, then, that, when we had a base line of a few miles, we could determine the distance of an object seen from either end, by means of angles alone. In the same way, we get at the distance of the sun, or of a planet, by the longer base-line of the earth itself. We get at it roughly, it must be confessed. Copernicus, Tycho, even Kepler himself, had no idea that the sun is so far from us as he really is. Had the sun been fixed immovably in the heavens, it might have been easy, or, at least, it might have been deemed easy, to compare his distance with the size of the earth. But the sun wanders among the stars and rolls round the earth, and thus seems to defy the efforts of the measurer. It was the good fortune of James Gregory to point out a method by which his distance may be determined, spite of his unsteadiness. The orbits of the two planets, Mercury and Venus, lie between the sun and the earth, so that those planets occasionally cross the face of the sun—Mercury frequently, Venus more rarely. It occurred to Gregory that observers at different parts of the earth's surface would witness a transit across different parts of the sun—one seeing it cross the centre, another observing it graze the edge. And, as the time it took in crossing might be readily ascertained in either case, the places at which it crossed would be thereby determined. And thus, knowing the positions of the two places of observation, and the corresponding positions of the projection of the planet on the sun's disk, the determination of the distance of the sun would, by a little help from theory, be reduced to a mere matter of triangles. Perhaps Gregory hardly appreciated the full value of the suggestion he was making. At any rate, nothing followed the publication of his hint for a great number of years. At length, about the beginning of the last century, it assumed, in the mind of Halley, the definite and practicable form which renders it now the corner-stone of astronomy. Halley perceived that the planet Venus was greatly to be preferred to Mercury for the determination of the sun's distance from the earth. His lucid statements and earnest exhortations aroused the whole astronomical world, and a transit of Venus was anxiously awaited. Halley himself, indeed, when he directed attention to the importance of the method, had no hope of living to see it tested. He stood like Moses on the top of Pisgah, and looked on the Promised Land; but to cross the Jordan was not his earthly lot. He had been laid with

his fathers many a year before the occurrence of the transit from which he had prepared men to expect so much. At length, in 1761, the looked-for time arrived. Now transits, which are of very rare occurrence, when they do happen, occur in pairs, at an interval of only eight years. Thus, when, after anxious waiting, astronomers beheld the transit of 1761, they knew that in eight years they should witness another. It was probably this circumstance of a second transit to fall back upon that rendered the observations of 1761 so little worth. That date being past, and the occasion lost, the succeeding transit of 1769 was all that the world had to rely on for another century. Had this opportunity been again lost, what a different position would our astronomy and our navigation have been in from that which they now occupy! Happily, all Europe was astir. Men were sent out north and south, east and west, to make the whole length and breadth of the globe available base-lines. England fitted out an expedition to the South Seas, and placed it under the command of Captain Cook. Who has not read Cook's first voyage? Most of us have devoured it, every part but the account of the observation of the transit, the real object of the expedition. Possibly it would have been otherwise had the astronomer Green returned to tell his own tale. But it was not so to be. His body was consigned to the deep during the homeward voyage. But his observation was made under favourable circumstances, and is invaluable. In this respect, Green was happier than some of his fellow-labourers. The Abbé Chappe erected his observatory in California, and died ere his work was well complete. M. Le Gentil had been sent out to Pondicherry to observe the previous transit of 1761; but the winds and the waves detained him on shipboard until after the event had taken place. But Le Gentil was a man of spirit, not easily discouraged. Accordingly, he resolved to lessen the chance of a second disappointment, by remaining at Pondicherry until 1769 for the second transit. But, alas! alas! after eight years of weary waiting, a little cloud effectually hid the phenomenon from his sight, and Le Gentil had to return to France empty as he left it. Poor Le Gentil! for him there is no cross of honour in life, no national monument at death. He is like the poor subaltern who leads the forlorn hope, and perishes in an unsuccessful attack. Let us drop a tear to his memory and that of Green ere we proclaim that the stronghold has fallen!

The solar system is now measured. The distance of the sun is now ascertained with positive certainty. Seven different base-lines, a host of independent observations, all concur in giving the distance of the sun from the earth (in round numbers) as ninety-five millions of miles. It is a grand era in astronomy. What would Copernicus, what would Tycho have said? They, worthy men, great astronomers as they were, never dreamt that the sun is a tenth part as far away. Even Halley, when he proposed this most successful problem, laboured under the delusion that he was some thirty millions of miles nearer the sun than he actually was.

Well, we have extended our yard-measure to a pretty good length now. As the earth goes round the sun every year in an orbit nearly circular, the position we shall occupy six months hence will be just a hundred and ninety millions of miles from where we now are. And we can observe a star from both ends of this line, just as we observed a steeple previously from the two ends of a field. Our measuring tape for the stars is a hundred and ninety millions of miles. Yet, great as this distance is, so inconceivably far away are the stars, that all the refinements of modern science were unable, half a century ago, to deduce anything about them but this negative conclusion—that the nearest of them is at least a hundred thousand times as far from us as spring is from autumn, or summer from winter—a hundred thousand times a hundred and ninety millions of miles; no star nearer than that! You cannot think of such dis-

tances as these—the mind is unable to grasp them. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, tells us that the Abipones of Paraguay, amongst whom he laboured, have no better mode of expressing numbers above a score or so, than by taking up a handful of sand or grass and exhibiting it. They had to pass through a deal of schooling to learn to count up to a thousand. The Professor at Angers, wishing to exhibit to his class the relative magnitudes of the sun and the earth, poured sixteen pecks of wheat on his lecture table. "This," said he, "represents the sun, and one of the grains represents the earth." If we try a similar method, we shall not succeed so well. Let us, however, try. You have some faint idea of three thousand miles, from having painfully measured it on the Atlantic, it may be. The thirtieth of an inch, on the other hand, you can estimate well enough. It is the dot you place over the letter *i*, as you write. Well, suppose this dot to represent the distance between Liverpool and New York; then will the actual distance—three thousand miles—represent the interval, nearer than which there is no fixed star. Three thousand miles of dots, when each separate dot stands for three thousand miles! Or you may help your mind, or cheat yourself into the belief that you do so, by some such process as the following. Light travels with such a velocity, that it would fly round the earth, at the equator, eight times in a second. Yet there is no star so near us, but that its light occupies more than three years on its journey to the earth. The whole starry firmament, seemingly so bright, may, for ought we know, have been quenched in everlasting darkness, three years ago. Were such a catastrophe conceivable, the lamps of heaven would go out, one by one, to mortal eyes, year after year, and century after century, until, some two thousand years hence, the faint light of stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude would alone hold on its journey.

All that was known about the distances of the stars thirty or forty years ago, was this negative fact. No star nearer than the parallactic unit, as it is called, of twenty millions of millions of miles! Whether any were so near, or anything approaching the distance, nobody could say. At length the question of distance was resolved. And here occurs one of those singular duplications—twins in the births of thought—with which the history of science abounds. The first determination of the distance of a star from the earth was worked out simultaneously by two men, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of mutual assistance; and the results were presented to the world within a few days of each other. The memoir of Bessel, which announced a sensible parallax for 61 *Cygni*, appeared on the 13th of December, 1838. That of Professor Henderson, in which the parallax of *α Centauri* was established, was read to the Astronomical Society on the 6th of January, 1839, and had of course been in the hands of the Society some days previously. There was no desire on the part of either astronomer to contest the claims of the other. Many years subsequently it was my good fortune to unite with Professor Henderson in entertaining his illustrious friend, Bessel; and it was a gratifying sight to witness the warmth of affection with which these two good men welcomed each other as fellow-workers in the same field. They have both gone to their rest—Henderson too early for science; Bessel at an advanced age, and full of honours.

The stars which Henderson and Bessel selected were in one respect very unlike. That of Henderson is a bright star in the southern hemisphere; that of Bessel is a faint inconspicuous star in the northern. But the stars have one thing in common—both have large proper motions. They are not fixed stars, in the strict sense of the word; they move on by a few seconds annually. And this circumstance of a proper motion was an argument in the minds of the astronomers, that those stars are in close proximity to our system. This fact, and not their size,

was the ground on which they were selected. Professor Henderson commenced his calculations with a different object, and only diverted them into the channel of distance when he ascertained the amount of proper motion which the star has. His observations were not undertaken with a view to this question; they were ordinary meridian observations. And it is not to be wondered at that astronomers were very cautious in admitting results so obtained, when it is considered that observations of this kind are beset with such numerous sources of error, in refraction, aberration, and the like. The method adopted by Bessel, on the other hand, obviates those sources of error. It has some analogy to the method of obtaining the distance of the sun by means of a transit of Venus, inasmuch as the observations are not those of the absolute position of one body, but of the relative positions of two.

The basis on which the operations are conducted is this:—Certain stars are so nearly in the same direction in the heavens as not to be easily separated. Some of these are in reality double—twin stars revolving about each other—at any rate, physically connected. Others have no such connexion; and it is argued that, in certain cases, the smaller of the two is likely to be at an enormous distance behind the other. When such is actually the case, there will be a change of the relative positions of the two as viewed from different parts of the earth's orbit, and the amount of that change will depend on the proximity of the nearer star to our system, in precisely the same way as a tree will shift its place more or less rapidly, with respect to a distant hill, as the spectator is carried along in his journey. It is on stars so circumstanced that observations with the view of detecting a parallax were instituted by Bessel. No absolute measures of position of either star are required; simply the relative distances and directions of the one with respect to the other. Thus all sources of error due to refraction, aberration, and many other causes, which equally effect both stars, are got rid of.

The conclusion may be stated in a single sentence. The star selected by Henderson is only a little beyond the parallactic unit (twenty millions of millions of miles); that selected by Bessel is about three times as far away. Other stars have been reached, but these two are the nearest known. With a trembling and uncertain hand, astronomers have stretched out their line to one or two stars ten times as far away as the farthest of these. But the great host of heaven lie incalculably farther back. Shall we ever reach them? Judging from present appearances, we are compelled to answer in the negative. The stars, as we gaze into the sky, seem to defy us. For what do we see there? Close around us we see bright lamps pretty equally distributed over the vault of heaven. They twinkle and dance before us, as though conscious of the close proximity of our gaze. But let us look again. Clasping the whole vault of heaven, we see a belt of faint light, some twelve degrees in breadth. This is the milky way, the galactic circle. To the ancients, it was part of the milk which washed the purple stains from the lily; to the moderns, it is the universe itself—the stupendous whole, of which the brighter stars are but the portions which lie nearest to this little spot of earth. You may understand this if you bear in mind that the spherical appearance of the heavens is a necessary consequence of vast and unknown distance. There is no reality in this appearance. The arrangement of the stars is somewhat like an extended sheet of cardboard, of small thickness. Or, rather, you should imagine a vast plain planted with orange trees, all loaded with yellow fruit. These oranges in countless myriads are the stars. We are situated near the centre of this grove. Our sun is a small orange; the earth and the planets are tiny buds grouped around it. The neighbouring branches are thinly supplied with fruit, and few fruit-stalks bear more than a single orange. But the grove is of boundless extent. Looking on every side, the eye takes in

myriads of golden balls, extending away right and left, until individual oranges are no longer distinguishable, except by the glow of light which they send to the eye. This glow is the milky way. Looking upwards, or downwards, from the milky way, there is no such profusion of scattering. Much bright fruit does, indeed, cluster on the upper and lower branches; and an unpractised eye is deceived into the belief that the number is infinite. But the eye of an astronomer, armed with proper instruments, finds it far otherwise. He can count the stars; he can gauge the heavens; and the conclusion to which he will arrive is, that the number which the eye takes in diminishes gradually from the galactic circle upwards or downwards. And this diminution is not only regular, but is very great indeed. From such considerations as these, conjecture has ripened into conviction, that the solar system is a part of the milky way; that the scattered bright stars are those parts of the same which lie in our immediate neighbourhood; and that the whole group forms a vast, extended, rolling prairie of stars. The milky way is, therefore, to human apprehension, nothing less than the universe itself. True, there may be other galactic systems, other prairies, other orange groves, as far separated from ours as the prairies of America are from the groves of Europe. Some of the remarkable nebulæ seem to hint at the possibility of the thing. On such a subject it is premature to speculate. Now, it is only those oranges that cluster round us, those which grow on the same branch with our sun, that we have succeeded in stretching out our hand to. What arithmetic shall suffice to count the distance of those which lie on the remoter trees of our grove, the faintest groups of the milky way? What imagination shall wing its flight to those still more shadowy groups which constitute the unresolved nebulæ? The yard-measure is too puny; the hand of man is too feeble. An angel's hand must grasp the rod that shall mete out the length and breadth of this golden grove. Man has gone up through the immensity of space and strained his line till it will bear no more. Other generations may mount higher, but only to find the vast circles ever widening beyond. The position which we have reached is a lofty one; but, lofty as it is, future ages shall use it as their point of departure. It is an ennobling thought to console us amid our many failures. Man rises by the aid of that Divine faculty which pertains to him alone of all created beings—the faculty of accumulating stores of knowledge, of working in succession, of acting on intelligence transmitted from age to age. The great English philosopher, Bacon, describes man as the "interpreter of nature." But this is not his highest, not his characteristic designation; for, are not the beasts, are not the birds, are not the very insects interpreters of nature? It is as the interpreter of man, the interpreter of man's records, that man stands distinguished. Herein reason transcends instinct, that its gifts are transmissive and cumulative. Mind does not stand supported by the mind which exists around it, not simply, not mainly. There is a higher and a broader support. The minds of the great of bygone ages live and work in the breasts of their successors. The old Greeks, I suppose, knew this, and embodied it in the fable of Athene, the goddess of knowledge, who sprang into existence not as a naked, helpless child, but as a grown-up being, clad in complete armour, from the head of Zeus.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANOTHER MEETING.

Lord Ascot had been moved into South Audley Street, his town house, and Lady Ascot was there nursing him. General Mainwaring was off for Varna. But Lord Saltire had been a constant visitor, bringing with him very often Marston, who was, you will remember, an old friend of Lady Ascot.

It was not at all an unpleasant house to be in. Lord Ascot was crippled—he had been seized with paralysis at Epsom; and he was ruined. But every one knew the worst, and felt relieved by thinking that things could get no worse than worst, and so must get better.

In fact, every one admitted to the family party about that time remembered it as a very happy and quiet time indeed. Lord Ascot was their first object, of course; and a more gentle and biddable invalid than the poor fellow made can hardly be conceived. He was passionately fond of reading novels (a most reprehensible practice), and so was easily amused. Lord Saltire and he would play picquet; and every evening there would be three hours of whist, until the doctor looked in the last thing, and Lord Ascot was helped to bed.

Marston was always set to play with Lord Ascot, because Lord Saltire and Lady Ascot would not play against one another. Lord Saltire was, of course, one of the best players in Europe; and I really believe that Lady Ascot was not the worst by any means. I can see the party now. I can see Lady Ascot laying down a card, and looking at the same time at her partner, to call his attention to her lead. And I can see Lord Saltire take out his snuff-box thereat, as if he were puzzled, but not alarmed. William would come sometimes and sit quietly behind Marston, or Lord Saltire, watching the game. In short, they were a very quiet pleasant party indeed.

One night—it was the very night on which Adelaide had lost her hat in the Park—there was no whist. Marston had gone down to Oxford suddenly, and William came in to tell them so. Lady Ascot was rather glad, she said, for she had a friend coming to tea, who did not play whist; so Lord Saltire and Lord Ascot sat down to picquet, and William talked to his aunt.

"Who is your friend, Maria?" asked Lord Saltire.

"A Mr. Bidder, a minister. He has written a book on the Revelations, which you really ought to read, James; it would suit you."

They both laughed.

"About the seven seals, hey?" said Lord Saltire; "'*septem phocæ*,' as I remember Machynleth translated it at Eton once. We called him 'Vitulina' ever after. The name stuck to him through life with some of us. A capital name for him, too! His fussy blundering in this war-business is just like his old headlong way of looking out words in his dictionary. He is an ass, Maria; and I will bet fifty pounds that your friend, the minister, is another."

"How can you know? at all events, the man he brings with him is none."

"Another minister?"

"Yes, a Moravian missionary from Australia."

"Then certainly another ass, or he would have gone as missionary to a less abominably detestable hole. They were all burnt into the sea there the other day. Immediately after which the rivers rose seventy feet, and drowned the rest of them."

Soon after were announced Mr. Bidder and Mr. Smith. Mr. Bidder was an entirely unremarkable man; but Mr. Smith was one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen, or rather heard—for externally there was nothing remarkable about him, except a fine forehead, and a large expressive grey eye, which, when he spoke to you, seemed to come back from a long distance, and fix itself upon yours. In manners he was perfect. He was rather taciturn, though always delighted to communicate information about his travels, in a perfectly natural way. If one man wanted information on botany, or what not, he was there to give it. If another wanted to hear about missionary work, he was ready for him. He never spoke or acted untruthfully for one instant. He never acted the free and easy man of the world, as some Roman-catholic priests do, imitating the real thing as well as Paul Bedford would imitate Fanny Ellsler. What made him remarkable was his terrible earnestness, and the feeling you had that his curious language was natural, and meant something, something very important indeed.

He has something to do with the story. The straws in the gutter have to do with the history of a man like Charles, a man who leaves all things to chance. And this man Smith is very worthy of notice, and so I have said thus much about him.

Mr. Bidder was very strong on the Russian war, which he illustrated by the Revelations. He was a good fellow, and well bred enough to see that his friend Smith was an object of greater interest to Lady Ascot than himself; so he "retired into" a book of prints, and left the field clear.

Mr. Smith sat by Lady Ascot, and William drew close up. Lady Ascot began by a common-place, of course.

"You have suffered great hardships among those savages, Mr. Smith, have you not?"

"Hardships! Oh, dear no, my dear lady. Our station was one of the pleasantest places in the whole earth, I believe; and we had a peaceful time. When the old man is strong in me I wish I was back there."

"You did not make much progress with them, I believe?"

"None whatever. We found out after a year or two that it was hopeless to make them understand the existence of a God; and after that we stayed on to see if we could bring them to some knowledge of agriculture, and save them from their inevitable extermination, as the New Zealanders have been saved."

"And to no purpose?"

"None. For instance, we taught them to plant our potatoes for us. They did it beautifully, but in the night they dug them up and ate them. And in due season we waited that our potatoes should grow, and they grew not. Then they came to Brother Hillyar, my co-adjutor, an old man, now ruling ten cities for his master, and promised for rewards of flour to tell him why the potatoes did not grow. And he, loving them, gave them what they desired. And they told him that they had dug them up while we slept. And for two days I went about my business laughing in secret places, for which he tried to rebuke me, but could not, laughing himself. The Lord kept him waiting long, for he was seventy-four; but, doubtless, his reward is the greater."

William said, "You brought home a collection of zoological specimens, I think. They are in the Museum."

"Yes. But what I could not bring over were my live pets. I and my wife had a menagerie of our own—a great number of beasts"——

Mr. Bidder, looking up from his book, catching the last sentence only, said that the number of the beast was 666; and, then turning round, held himself ready to strike into the conversation, thinking that the time was come when he should hide his light no longer.

"The natives are very low savages, are they not, Mr. Smith?" said William. "I have heard that they cannot count above ten."

"Not so far as that," said Mr. Smith. "The tribe we were most among used to express all large unknown quantities

by 'eighty-four;'[1] it was as x and y to them. That seems curious at first, does it not?"

William said it did seem curious, their choosing that particular number. But Mr. Bidder, dying to mount his hobby-horse, and not caring how, said it was not at all curious. If you multiplied the twelve tribes of Israel into the seven cities of refuge, there you were at once.

Mr. Smith said he thought he had made a little mistake. The number, he fancied, was ninety-four.

Lord Saltire, from the card-table, said that that made the matter clearer than before. For if you placed the Ten Commandments to the previous result you arrived at ninety-four, which was the number wanted. And his lordship, who had lost, and was consequently possibly cross, added that, if you divided the whole by the five foolish virgins, and pitched the four-and-twenty elders, neck and heels, into the result, you would find yourself much about where you started.

Mr. Bidder, who, as I said, was a good fellow, laughed, and Mr. Smith resumed the conversation once more; Lord Saltire seemed interested in what he said, and did not interfere with him.

"You buried poor Mrs. Smith out there," said Lady Ascot. "I remember her well. She was very beautiful as a girl."

"Very beautiful," said the missionary. "Yes; she never lost her beauty, do you know. That climate is very deadly to those who go there with the seeds of consumption in them. She had done a hard day's work before she went to sleep, though she was young. Don't you think so, Lady Ascot?"

"A hard day's work; a good day's work, indeed. Who knows better than I?" said Lady Ascot. "What an awaking it must be from such a sleep as hers!"

[1] A fact with regard to one tribe, to the author's frequent confusion. Any number above two, whether of horses, cattle, or sheep, was always represented as being eighty-four. Invariably too with an adjective introduced after the word "four," which we don't use in a drawing-room.

"Beyond the power of human tongue to tell," said the missionary, looking dreamily as at something far away. "Show me the poet that can describe in his finest language the joy of one's soul when one wakes on a summer's morning. Who, then, can conceive or tell the unutterable happiness of the purified soul waking face to face with the King of Glory?"

Lord Saltire looked at him curiously, and said to himself, "This fellow is in earnest. I have seen this sort of thing before. But seldom! Yes, but seldom!"

"I should not have alluded to my wife's death," continued the missionary in a low voice, "but that her ladyship introduced the subject. And no one has a better right to hear of her than her kind old friend. She fell asleep on the Sabbath evening after prayers. We moved her bed into the verandah, Lady Ascot, that she might see the sunlight fade out on the tops of the highest trees—a sight she always loved. And from the verandah we could see through the trees Mount Joorma, laid out in endless folds of woodland, all purple and gold. And I thought she was looking at the mountain, but she was looking far beyond that, for she said, 'I shall have to wait thirty years for you, James, but I shall be very happy and very busy. The time will go quick enough for me, but it will be a slow weary time for you, my darling. Go home from here, my love, into the great towns, and see what is to be done there.' And so she went to sleep.

"I rebelled for three days. I went away into the bush, with Satan at my elbow all the time, through dry places, through the forest, down by lonely creek-sides, among the beasts and the birds. But on the third day the Lord wearied of me, and took me back, and I lay on his bosom again like a child. He will always take you home, my lord, if you come. After three days, after thrice twenty years, my lord. Time is nothing to Him."

Lord Saltire was looking on him with kindly admiration.

"There is something in it, my lord.

Depend upon it that it is not all a dream. Would not you give all your amazing wealth, all your honours, everything, to change places with me?"

"I certainly would," said Lord Saltire. "I have always been of opinion that there was something in it. I remember," he continued, turning to William, "expressing the same opinion to your father in the Fleet Prison once, when he had quarrelled with the priests for expressing some opinions which he had got from me. But you must take up with that sort of thing very early in life if you mean it to have any reality at all. I am too old now."[1]

Lord Saltire said this in a different tone from his usual one. In a tone that we have never heard him use before. There was something about the man Smith which, in spite of his quaint language, softened every one who heard him speak. Lady Ascot says it was the grace of God. I entirely agree with her ladyship.

"I came home," concluded the missionary, "to try some city work. My wife's nephew, John Marston, whom I expected to see here to-night, is going to assist me in this work. There seems plenty to do. We are at work in Southwark at present."

Possibly it was well that the company, more particularly Lady Ascot, were in a softened and forgiving mood. For, before any one had resumed the conversation, Lord Ascot's valet stood in the door, and, looking at Lady Ascot with a face which said as plain as words, "It is a terrible business, my lady, but I am innocent," announced—

"Lady Welter."

Lord Saltire put his snuff-box into his right-hand trousers' pocket, and his pocket handkerchief into his left, and kept his hands there, leaning back in his chair, with his legs stretched out, and a smile of infinite wicked amusement on his face. Lord Ascot and William stared like a couple of gabies. Lady Ascot had no time to make the slightest change, either in feature or position, before Adelaide, dressed for the evening in a cloud of white and pink, with her bare arms loaded with bracelets, a swansdown fan hanging from her left wrist, sailed swiftly into the room, with outstretched hands, bore down on Lady Ascot, and began kissing her, as though the old lady were a fruit of some sort, and she were a dove pecking at it.

"Dearest grandma!"—peck. "So glad to see you!"—peck. "Couldn't help calling in on you as I went to Lady Brittlejug's—and how well you are looking!"—peck, peck. "I can spare ten minutes—do tell me all the news, since I saw you. My dear Lord Ascot, I was so sorry to hear of your illness, but you look better than I expected. And how do *you* do, my dear Lord Saltire?"

Lord Saltire was pretty well, and was delighted to see Lady Welter apparently in the enjoyment of such health and spirits, and so on, aloud. But, secretly, Lord Saltire was wondering what on earth could have brought her here. Perhaps she only wanted to take Lady Ascot by surprise, and force her into a recognition of her as Lady Welter. No, my lord saw there was something more than that. She was restless and absent with Lady Ascot. Her eye kept wandering, in the middle of all her rattling talk; but, wherever it wandered, it always came back to William, of whom she had hitherto taken no notice whatever.

"She has come after him. For what?" thought my lord. "I wonder if the jade knows anything of Charles."

Lady Ascot had steeled herself against this meeting. She had determined, firstly, that no mortal power should ever induce her to set eyes on Adelaide again; and, secondly, that she, Lady Ascot, would give her, Adelaide, a piece of her mind, which she should never forget to

[1] Once for all, let me call every honest reader to witness, that, unless I speak in the first person, I am not bound to the opinions of any one of the characters in this book. I have merely made people speak as I think they would have spoken. Even in a story, consisting so entirely of incident as this, I feel it necessary to say so much, for no kind of unfairness is so common as that of identifying the opinions of a story-teller with those of his *dramatis personæ*.

her dying day. Adelaide's audacity had disposed of her first determination, and, as for the second, why, the piece of Lady Ascot's mind which was to be given to Adelaide was, somehow, not handy; but, instead of it, only silent tears, and withered, trembling fingers, which wandered lovingly over the beautiful young hand, and made the gaudy bracelets on the wrist click one against the other.

"What could I say, Brooks? what could I do," said Lady Ascot to her maid that night, "when I saw her ownself come back, with her own old way? I love the girl more than ever, Brooks, I believe. She beat me. She took me by surprise. I could not resist her. If she had proposed to put me in a wheelbarrow, and wheel me into the middle of that disgraceful, that detestable woman, Brittlejug's drawing-room, there and then, I should have let her do it, I believe. I might have begged for time to put on my bonnet; but I should have gone."

She sat there ten minutes or more, talking. Then she said that it was time to go, but that she should come and see Lady Ascot on the morrow. Then she turned to William, to whom she had not been introduced, and asked, would he see her to her carriage? Lord Saltire was next the bell, and, looking her steadily in the face, raised his hand slowly to pull it. Adelaide begged him eagerly not to trouble himself; his lordship, with a smile, promptly dropped his hand, and out she sailed on William's arm, Lord Saltire holding the door open, and shutting it after her, with somewhat singular rapidity.

"I hope none of those fools of servants will come blundering upstairs before she has said her say," he remarked aloud. "Give us some of your South African experiences, Mr. Smith. Did you ever see a woman beautiful enough to go clip a lion's claws single-handed, eh?"

William, convoying Adelaide downstairs, had got no further than the first step, when he felt her hand drawn from his arm; he had got one foot on the step below, when he turned to see the cause of this. Adelaide was standing on the step above him, with her glorious face bent sternly, almost fiercely, down on his, and the hand from which the fan hung pointed towards him. It was as beautiful a sight as he had ever seen, and he calmly wondered what it meant. The perfect mouth was curved in scorn, and from it came sharp ringing words, decisive, hard, clear, like the sound of a hammer on an anvil.

"Are you a party to this shameful business, sir? you, who have taken his name, and his place, and his prospects in society. You, who professed, as I hear, to love him like another life, dearer than your own. You, who lay on the same breast with him—tell me, in God's name, that you are sinning in ignorance."

William, as I have remarked before, had a certain amount of shrewdness. He determined to let her run on. He only said, "You are speaking of Charles Ravenshoe."

"Ay," she said, sharply; "of Charles Ravenshoe, sir—ex-stable-boy. I came here to-night to beard them all; to ask them, did they know, and did they dare to suffer it. If they had not given me an answer, I would have said such things to them as would have made them stop their ears. Lord Saltire has a biting tongue, has he? Let him see what mine is. But, when I saw you among them, I determined to save a scene, and speak to you alone. Shameful—"

William looked quietly at her. "Will your ladyship remark that I, that all of us, have been moving heaven and earth to find Charles Ravenshoe, and that we have been utterly unable to find him? If you have any information about him, would it not be as well to consider that the desperation caused by your treatment of him was the principal cause of his extraordinary resolution of hiding himself? And, instead of scolding me and others, who are doing all we can, to give us all the information in your power?"

"Well, well," she said, "perhaps you are right. Consider me rebuked, will

you have the goodness? I saw Charles Ravenshoe to-day."

"To-day!"

"Ay, and talked to him."

"How did he look? was he pale? was he thin? Did he seem to want money? Did he ask after me? Did he send any message? Can you take me to where he is? Did he seem much broken down? Does he know we have been seeking him? Lady Welter, for God's sake, do something to repair the wrong you did him, and take me to where he is."

"I don't know where he is, I tell you. I saw him for just one moment. He picked up my hat in the Park. He was dressed like a groom. He came from I know not where, like a ghost from the grave. He did not speak to me. He gave me my hat, and was gone. I do not know whose groom he is, but I think Welter knows. He will tell me to-night. I dared not ask him to-day, lest he should think I was going to see him. When I tell him where I have been, and describe what has passed here, he will tell me. Come to me to-morrow morning, and he shall tell you; that will be better. You have sense enough to see why."

"I see."

"Another thing. He has seen his sister Ellen. And yet another thing. When I ran away with Lord Welter, I had no idea of what had happened to him — of this miserable *esclandre*. But you must have known that before, if you were inclined to do me justice. Come to-morrow morning. I must go now."

And so she went to her carriage by herself after all. And William stood still on the stairs, triumphant. Charles was as good as found.

The two clergymen passed him on their way downstairs, and bade him good-night. Then he returned to the drawing-room, and said,—

"My lord, Lady Welter has seen Charles to-day, and spoken to him. With God's help, I will have him here with us to-morrow night."

It was half-past eleven. What Charles, in his headlong folly and stupidity, had contrived to do before this time, must be told in another chapter—no, I have not patience to wait. My patience is exhausted. One act of folly following another so fast would exhaust the patience of Job. If one did not love him so well, one would not be so angry with him. I will tell it here and have done with it. When he had left Adelaide, he had gone home with Hornby. He had taken the horses to the stable; he had written a note to Hornby. Then he had packed up a bundle of clothes, and walked quietly off.

Round by St. Peter's Church—he had no particular reason for going there, except, perhaps, that his poor foolish heart yearned that evening to see some one who cared for him, though it were only a shoeblack. There was still one pair of eyes which would throw a light for one instant into the thick darkness which was gathering fast around him.

His little friend was there. Charles and he talked for a while, and at last he said—

"You will not see me again. I am going to the war. I am going to Windsor to enlist in the Dragoons to-night."

"They will kill you," said the boy.

"Most likely," said Charles. "So we must say good-bye. Mind, now, you go to the school at night, and say that prayer I gave you on the paper. We must say good-bye. We had better be quick about it."

The boy looked at him steadily. Then he began to draw his breath in long sighs—longer, longer yet, till his chest seemed bursting. Then out it all came in a furious hurricane of tears, and he leant his head against the wall, and beat the bricks with his clenched hand.

"And I am never to see you no more! no more! no more!"

"No more," said Charles. But he thought he might soften the poor boy's grief; and he did think, too, at the moment, that he would go and see the house where his kind old aunt lived, before he went away for ever; so he said,—

"I shall be in South Audley Street, 167, to-morrow at noon. Now, you must not cry, my dear. You must say good-bye."

And so he left him, thinking to see him no more. Once more, Charles, only once more, and then God help you!

He went off that night to Windsor, and enlisted in the 140th Dragoons.

CHAPTER XLV.

HALF A MILLION.

And so you see here we are all at sixes and sevens once more. Apparently as near the end of the story, as when I wrote the adventures of Alured Ravenshoe at the court of Henry the Eighth in the very first chapter. If Charles had had a little of that worthy's impudence, instead of being the shy, sensitive fellow he was, why, the story would have been over long ago. In point of fact, I don't know that it would ever have been written at all. So it is best as it is for all parties.

Although Charles had enlisted in Hornby's own regiment, he had craftily calculated that there was not the slightest chance of Hornby's finding it out for some time. Hornby's troop was at the Regent's Park. The head-quarters were at Windsor, and the only officer likely to recognise him was Hornby's captain. And so he went to work at his new duties with an easy mind, rather amused than otherwise, and wondering where and when it would all end.

From sheer unadulterated ignorance, I cannot follow him during the first week or so of his career. I have a suspicion, almost amounting to certainty, that, if I could, I should not. I do not believe that the readers of Ravenshoe would care to hear about sword-exercise, riding-school, stable-guard, and so on. I can, however, tell you thus much, that Charles learnt his duties in a wonderfully short space of time, and was a great favourite with high and low.

When William went to see Adelaide by appointment the morning after his interview with her, he had an interview with Lord Welter, who told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Charles was groom to Lieutenant Hornby.

"I promised that I would say nothing about it," he continued; "but I think I ought: and Lady Welter has been persuading me to do so, if any inquiries were made, only this morning. I am deuced glad, Ravenshoe, that none of you have forgotten him. It would be a great shame if you had. He is a good fellow, and has been infernally used by some of us—by me, for instance."

William, in his gladness, said, "Never mind, my lord; let bygones be bygones. We shall all be to one another as we were before, please God. I have found Charles, at all events; so there is no gap in the old circle, except my father's. I had a message for Lady Welter."

"She is not down; she is really not well this morning, or she could have seen you."

"It is only this. Lady Ascot begs that she will come over to lunch. My aunt wished she would have stopped longer last night."

"Your aunt?"

"My aunt, Lady Ascot."

"Ah! I beg pardon; I am not quite used to the new state of affairs. Was Lady Welter with Lady Ascot last night?"

William was obliged to say yes, but felt as if he had committed an indiscretion by having said anything about it.

"The deuce she was!" said Lord Welter. "I thought she was somewhere else. Tell my father that I will come and see him to-day, if he don't think it would be too much for him."

"Ah, Lord Welter! you would have come before, if you had known—"

"I know, I know. You must know that I had my reasons for not coming. Well, I hope that you and I will be better acquainted in our new positions; we were intimate enough in our old."

When William was gone, Lord Wel-

ter went up to his wife's dressing-room, and said,—

"Lady Welter, you are a jewel. If you go on like this, you will be recognised, and we shall die at Ranford—you and I—a rich and respectable couple. If 'ifs and ands were pots and pans,' Lady Welter, we should do surprisingly well. If, for instance, Lord Saltire could be got to like me something better than a mad dog, he would leave my father the whole of his landed estate, and cut Charles Horton, whilom Ravenshoe, off with the comparatively insignificant sum of eighty thousand pounds, the amount of his funded property. Eh! Lady Welter."

Adelaide actually bounded from her chair.

"Are you drunk, Welter?" she said.

"Seeing that it is but the third hour of the day, I am not, Lady Welter. Neither am I a fool. Lord Saltire would clear my father now, if he did not know that it would be more for my benefit than his. I believe he would sooner leave his money to a hospital than see me get one farthing of it."

"Welter," said Adelaide, eagerly, "if Charles gets hold of Lord Saltire again, he will have the whole; the old man adores him. I know it; I see it all now; why did I never think of it before? He thinks he is like Lord Barkham, his son. There is time yet. If that man, William Ravenshoe, comes this morning, you must know nothing of Charles. Mind that. Nothing. They must not meet. He may forget him. Mind, Welter, no answer!"

She was walking up and down the room rapidly now, and Welter was looking at her with a satirical smile on his face.

"Lady Welter," he said, "the man, William Ravenshoe, has been here, and has got his answer. By this time, Charles is receiving his lordship's blessing."

"Fool!" was all that Adelaide could say.

"Well, hardly that," said Lord Welter. "At least, *you* should hardly call me so. I understood the position of affairs long before you. I was a reckless young cub not to have paid Lord Saltire more court in old times; but I never knew the state of our affairs till very shortly before the crash came, or I might have done so. In the present case, I have not been such a fool. Charles is restored to Lord Saltire through my instrumentality. A very good basis of operations, Lady Welter."

"At a risk of about half a million of money," remarked Adelaide.

"There was no risk in the other course, certainly," said Lord Welter, "for we should never have seen a farthing of it. And besides, Lady Welter"—

"Well?"

"I have your attention. Good. It may seem strange to you, who care about no one in heaven or earth, but I love this fellow, this Charles Horton. I always did. He is worth all the men I ever met put together. I am glad to have been able to give him a lift this morning. Even if I had not been helping myself, I should have done it all the same. That is comical, is it not? For Lord Saltire's landed property I shall fight. The campaign begins at lunch to-day, Lady Welter; so, if you will be so good as to put on your full war-paint and feathers, we will dig up the tomahawk, and be off on the war-trail in your ladyship's brougham. Good-bye for the present."

Adelaide was beaten. She was getting afraid of her husband; afraid of his strong masculine cunning, of his reckless courage, and of the strange apparition of a great brutal *heart* at the bottom of it all. What were all her fine-spun female cobwebs worth against such a huge, blundering, thieving, hornet as he?

CHAPTER XLVI.

TO LUNCH WITH LORD ASCOT.

THAT same day, Lord Saltire and Lady Ascot were sitting in the drawing-room window, in South Audley Street, alone. He had come in as his custom was, about eleven, and found her reading her

great old Bible; he had taken up the paper and read away for a time, saying that he would not interrupt her; she, too, had seemed glad to avoid a *tête-à-tête* conversation, and had continued; but, after a few minutes, he had dropped the paper, and cried,—

"The deuce!"

"My dear James," said she, "what is the matter?"

"Matter! why, we have lost a war-steamer, almost without a shot fired. The Russians have got the *Tiger*, crew and all. It is unbearable, Maria; if they are going to blunder like this at the beginning, where will it end?"

Lord Saltire was disgusted with the war from the very beginning, in consequence of the French alliance, and so the present accident was as fuel for his wrath. Lady Ascot, as loyal a soul as lived, was possibly rather glad that something had taken up Lord Saltire's attention just then, for she was rather afraid of him this morning. She knew his great dislike for Lord Welter, and expected to be scolded for her weakness with regard to Adelaide the night before. Moreover, she had the guilty consciousness that she had asked Adelaide to come to lunch that morning, of which he did not yet know. So she was rather glad to have a subject to talk of, not personal.

"And when did it happen, my dear James?" she asked.

"On the twelfth of last month, Lady Ascot. Come and sit here in the window, and give an account of yourself, will you have the goodness?"

Now that she saw it must come, she was as cool and as careless as need be. He could not be hard on her. Charles was to come home to them that day! She drew her chair up, and laid her withered old hand on his, and the two grey heads were bent together. Grey heads but green hearts!

"Look at old Daventry," said Lord Saltire, "on the other side of the way. Don't you see him, Maria, listening to that organ? He is two years older than I am. He looks younger."

"I don't know that he does. He ought to look older. She led him a terrible life. Have you been to see him lately?"

"What business is that of yours? So you are going to take Welter's wife back into your good graces, eh, my lady?"

"Yes, James."

"'Yes, James!'—I have no patience with you. You are weaker than water. Well, well, we must forgive her, I suppose. She has behaved generously enough about Charles, has she not? I rather admire her scolding poor William Ravenshoe. I must renew our acquaintance."

"She is coming to lunch to-day."

"I thought you looked guilty. Is Welter coming?"

Lady Ascot made no reply. Neither at that moment would Lord Saltire have heard her if she had. He was totally absorbed in the proceedings of his old friend Lord Daventry, before mentioned. That venerable dandy had listened to the organ until the man had played all his tunes twice through, when he had given him half-a-crown, and the man had departed. Immediately afterwards, a Punch and Judy had come, which Punch and Judy was evidently an acquaintance of his; for, on descrying him, it had hurried on with its attendant crowd, and breathlessly pitched itself in front of him, let down its green curtains, and plunged at once *in medias res.* The back of the show was towards Lord Saltire; but, just as he saw Punch look round the corner, to see which way the Devil was gone, he saw two pick-pockets advance on Lord Daventry from different quarters, with fell intentions. They met at his tail-coat pocket, quarrelled, and fought. A policeman bore down on them; Lord Daventry was still unconscious, staring his eyes out of his head. The affair was becoming exciting, when Lord Saltire felt a warm tear drop on his hand.

"James," said Lady Ascot, "don't be hard on Welter. I love Welter. There is good in him; there is, indeed. I know how shamefully he has behaved; but don't be hard on him, James."

"My dearest Maria," said Lord Saltire, "I would not give you one moment's uneasiness for the world. I do not like Welter. I dislike him. But I will treat him for your sake and Ascot's as though I loved him—there. Now about Charles. He will be with us to-day, thank God. What the deuce are we to do?"

"I cannot conceive," said Lady Ascot; "it is such a terrible puzzle. One does not like to move, and yet it seems such a sin to stand still."

"No answer to your advertisement, of course?" said Lord Saltire.

"None whatever. It seems strange, too, with such a reward as we have offered; but it was worded so cautiously, you see."

Lord Saltire laughed. "Cautiously, indeed. No one could possibly guess what it was about. It was a miracle of obscurity; but it won't do to go any further yet." After a pause, he said,—"You are perfectly certain of your facts, Maria, for the fiftieth time."

"Perfectly certain. I committed a great crime, James. I did it for Alicia's sake. Think what my bringing up had been, how young I was, and forgive me if you can; excuse me you cannot."

"Nonsense about a great crime, Maria. It was a great mistake, certainly. If you had only had the courage to have asked Petre one simple question! Alicia never guessed the fact, of course?"

"Never."

"Do you think, Maria, that by any wild possibility James or Norah knew?"

"How could they possibly? What a foolish question.

"I don't know. Those Roman Catholics do strange things," said Lord Saltire, staring out of window at the crowd.

"If she knew, why did she change the child?"

"Eh?" said Lord Saltire, turning round.

"You have not been attending," said Lady Ascot.

"No, I have not," said Lord Saltire; "I was looking at Daventry."

"Do you still," said Lord Saltire, "since all our researches and failures, stick to the belief that the place was in Hampshire?"

"I do indeed, and in the north of Hampshire too."

"I wonder," said Lord Saltire, turning round suddenly, "whether Mackworth knows?"

"Of course he does," said Lady Ascot, quietly.

"Hum," said Lord Saltire, "I had a hold over that man once; but I threw it away as being worthless. I wish I had made a bargain for my information. But what nonsense; how can he know?"

"Know?" said Lady Ascot, scornfully; "what is there a confessor don't know? Don't tell me that all Mackworth's power came from finding out poor Densil's *faux pas*. The man had a sense of power other than that."

"Then he never used it," said Lord Saltire. "Densil, dear soul, never knew."

"I said a *sense* of power," said Lady Ascot, "which gave him his consummate impudence. Densil never dreamt of it."

At this point the policeman had succeeded in capturing the two pickpockets, and was charging them before Lord Daventry. Lord Daventry audibly offered them ten shillings a-piece to say nothing about it; at which the crowd cheered.

"Would it be any use to offer money to the priest—say ten thousand pounds or so?" said Lord Saltire. "You are a religious woman, Maria, and as such are a better judge of a priest's conscience than I. What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Lady Ascot. "I don't know but what the man is high-minded, in his heathenish way. You know Cuthbert's story of his having refused ten thousand pounds to hush up the matter about Charles. His information would be a blow to the Popish Church in the West. He would lose position by accepting your offer. I don't know what his position may be worth. You can try him, if all else fails; not otherwise, I should say. We must have a closer search."

"When you come to think, Maria,

he can't know. If Densil did not know, how could he?"

"Old Clifford might have known, and told him."

"If we are successful, and if Adelaide has no children — two improbable things—" said Lord Saltire, "why, then,—"

"Why, then,—" said Lady Ascot. "But at the worst you are going to make Charles a rich man. Shall you tell William?"

"Not yet. Cuthbert should never be told, I say; but that is Charles's business. I have prepared William."

"Cuthbert will not live," said Lady Ascot.

"Not a chance of it, I believe. Marston says his heart-complaint does not exist, but I think differently."

At this moment, Lord Daventry's offer of money having been refused, the whole crowd moved off in procession towards the police-station. First came three little girls with big bonnets and babies, who, trying to do two things at once—to wit, head the procession by superior speed, and at the same time look round at Lord Daventry and the pickpockets—succeeded in neither, but only brought the three babies' heads in violent collision every other step. Next came Lord Daventry, resigned. Next the policeman, with a pickpocket in each hand, giving explanations. Next the boys; after them, the Punch and Judy, which had unfortunately seen the attempt made, and must to the station as a witness, to the detriment of business. Bringing up the rear were the British public, who played practical jokes with one another. The dogs kept a parallel course in the gutter, and barked. In turning the first corner, the procession was cut into, and for a time thrown into confusion, by a light-hearted costermonger, who, returning from a successful market with an empty barrow, drove it in among them with considerable velocity. After which, they disappeared like the baseless fabric of a dream, only to be heard of again in the police reports.

"Lord and Lady Welter."

Lord Saltire had seen them drive up to the door; so he was quite prepared. He had been laughing intensely, but quite silently, at poor Lord Daventry's adventures, and so, when he turned round he had a smile on his face. Adelaide had done kissing Lady Ascot, and was still holding both her hands with a look of intense mournful affection. Lord Saltire was so much amused by Adelaide's acting, and by her simplicity in performing before himself, that, when he advanced to Lord Welter, he was perfectly radiant.

"Well, my dear scapegrace, and how do *you* do?" he said, giving his hand to Lord Welter; "a more ill-mannered fellow I never saw in my life. To go away and hide yourself with that lovely young wife of yours, and leave all us oldsters to bore one another to death. What the deuce do you mean by it? Eh, sir?"

Lord Welter did not reply in the same strain. He said—

"It is very kind of you to receive me like this. I did not expect it. Allow me to tell you, that I think your manner towards me would not be quite so cordial if you knew everything; there is a great deal that you don't know, and which I don't mean to tell you."

It is sometimes quite impossible, even for a writer of fiction, a man with *carte blanche* in the way of invention, to give the cause for a man's actions. I have thought and thought, and I cannot for the life of me tell you why Lord Welter answered Lord Saltire like that, whether it was deep cunning or merely recklessness. If it was cunning, it was cunning of a high order. It was genius. The mixture of respect and kindness towards the person, and of carelessness about his favour was—well—very creditable. Lord Saltire did not think he was acting, and his opinion is of some value, I believe. But then, we must remember that he was prepared to think the best of Lord Welter that day, and must make allowances. I am not prepared with an opinion; let every man form his own. I only know that Lord Saltire tapped his teeth with his snuff-box and remained silent. Lord

Welter, whether consciously or no, was nearer the half of a million of money than he had ever been before.

But Adelaide's finer sense was offended at her husband's method of proceeding. For one instant, when she heard him say what he did, she could have killed him. "Reckless, brutal, selfish," she said fiercely to herself, "throwing a duke's fortune to the winds by sheer obstinacy." (At this time she had picked up Lady Ascot's spectacles, and was playfully placing them on her venerable nose.) "I wish I had never seen him. He is maddening. If he only had some brains, where might not we be?" But the conversation of that morning came to her mind with a jar, and the suspicion with it, that he had more brains of a sort than she; that, though they were on a par in morality, there was a strength about him, against which her finesse was worthless. She knew she could never deceive Lord Saltire, and there was Lord Saltire tapping him on the knee with his snuff-box, and talking earnestly and confidentially to him. She was beginning to respect her husband. *He* dared face that terrible old man with his hundreds of thousands; *she* trembled in his presence!

Let us leave her, fooling our dear old friend to the top of her bent, and hear what the men were saying.

"I know you have been, as they say now, 'very fast,'" said Lord Saltire, drawing nearer to him. "I don't want to ask any questions which don't concern me. You have sense enough to know that it is worth your while to stand well with me. Will you answer me a few questions which do concern me?"

"I can make no promises," Lord Saltire. Let me hear what they are, will you?"

"Why," said Lord Saltire, "about Charles Ravenshoe."

"About Charles!" said Lord Welter, looking up at Lord Saltire. "Oh, yes; any number. I have nothing to conceal there. Of course you will know everything. I had sooner you knew it from me than another."

"I don't mean about Adelaide; let that go by. Perhaps I am glad that that is as it is. But have you known where Charles was lately? Your wife told William to come to her this morning; that is why, I ask."

"I have known a very short time. When William Ravenshoe came this morning, I gave him every information. Charles will be with you to-day."

"I am satisfied."

"I don't care to justify myself, but if it had not been for me you would never have seen him. And more. I am not the first man, Lord Saltire, who has done what I have done."

"No, of course not," said Lord Saltire. "I can't fling the first stone at you; God forgive me."

"But you must see, Lord Saltire, that I could not have guessed that Ellen was his sister."

"Hey?" said Lord Saltire. "Say that again."

"I say that, when I took Ellen Horton away from Ravenshoe, I did not know that she was Charles's sister."

Lord Saltire fell back in his chair, and said—

"Good God!"

"It is very terrible, looked at one way, Lord Saltire. If you come to look at it another, it amounts to this, that she was only, as far as I knew, a gamekeeper's daughter. Do you remember what you said to Charles and me, when we were rusticated?"

"Yes. I said that one vice was considered more venial than another vice now-a-days; and I say so still. I had sooner that you had died of delirium tremens in a ditch than done this."

"So had not I, Lord Saltire. When I became involved with Adelaide, I thought she was provided for; I, even then, had not heard this *esclandre* about Charles. She refused a splendid offer of marriage before she left me."

"We thought she was dead. Where is she gone?"

"I have no idea. She refused everything. She staid on as Adelaide's maid, and left us suddenly. We have lost all trace of her."

"What a miserable, dreadful business!" said Lord Saltire.

"Very so," said Lord Welter. "Hadn't we better change the subject, my lord?" he added drily. "I am not at all sure that I shall submit to much more cross-questioning. You must not push me too far, or I shall get savage."

"I won't," said Lord Saltire. "But, Welter, for God's sake, answer me two more questions. Not offensive ones, on my honour."

"Fifty, if you will; only consider my rascally temper."

"Yes, yes! When Ellen was with you, did she ever hint that she was in possession of any information about the Ravenshoes?"

"Yes; or rather, when she went, she left a letter, and in it she said that she had something to tell Charles."

"Good, good!" said Lord Saltire. "She may know. We must find her. Now, Charles is coming here to-day. Had you better meet him, Welter?"

"We have met before. All that is past is forgiven between us."

"Met!" said Lord Saltire eagerly. "And what did he say to you? Was there a scene, Welter?"

Lord Welter paused before he answered, and Lord Saltire, the wise, looked out of window. Once Lord Welter seemed going to speak, but there was a catch in his breath. The second attempt was more fortunate. He said, in a low voice—

"Why, I'll tell you, my lord. Charles Ravenshoe is broken-hearted."—

"Lord and Lady Hainault."

And Miss Corby, and Gus, and Flora, and Archy, the footman might have added, but was probably afraid of spoiling his period.

It was rather awkward. They were totally unexpected, and Lord Hainault and Lord Welter had not met since Lord Hainault had denounced Lord Welter at Tattersall's. It was so terribly awkward that Lord Saltire recovered his spirits, and looked at the two young men with a smile. The young men disappointed him, however, for Lord Hainault said, "How d'ye do, Welter?" and Lord Welter said, "How do, Hainault?" and the matter was settled, at all events for the present.

When all salutations had been exchanged among the ladies, and Archy had hoisted himself up into Mary's lap, and Lady Hainault had imperially settled herself in a chair, with Flora at her knee, exactly opposite Adelaide, there was a silence for a moment, during which it became apparent that Gus had a question to ask of Lady Ascot. Mary trembled, but the others were not quite sorry to have the silence broken. Gus, having obtained leave of the house, wished to know, whether or not Satan, should he repent of his sins, would have a chance of regaining his former position?

"That silly Scotch nursemaid has been reading Burns's poems to him, I suppose," said Lady Hainault; "unless Mary herself has been doing so. Mary prefers anything to Watts's hymns, Lady Ascot."

"You must not believe one word Lady Hainault says, Lady Ascot," said Mary. "She has been shamefully worsted in an argument, and she is resorting to all sorts of unfair means to turn the scales. I never read a word of Burns's poems in my life."

"You will be pleased not to believe a single word Miss Corby says, Lady Ascot," said Lady Hainault. "She has convicted herself. She sings 'The banks and braes of bonny Doon'—very badly, I will allow, but still she sings it."

There was a laugh at this. Anything was better than the silence which had gone before. It became evident that Lady Hainault would not speak to Adelaide. It was very uncomfortable. Dear Mary would have got up another friendly passage of arms with Lady Hainault, but she was too nervous. She would have even drawn out Gus, but she saw that Gus, dear fellow, was not in a humour to be trusted that morning. He evidently was aware that the dogs of war were loose, and was champing the bit like a war-horse. Lady Ascot was as nervous as Mary, dying

to say something, but unable. Lady Hainault was calmly inexorable, Adelaide sublimely indifferent. If you will also consider that Lady Ascot was awaiting news of Charles—nay, possibly Charles himself—and that, in asking Adelaide to lunch, she had overlooked the probability that William would bring him back with him—that Welter had come without invitation, and that the Hainaults were totally unexpected—you will think that the dear old lady was in about as uncomfortable a position as she could be, and that any event, even the house catching fire, must change matters for the better.

Not at all. They say that, when things come to the worst, they must mend. That is undeniable. But when are they at the worst? Who can tell that? Lady Ascot thought they were at the worst now, and was taking comfort. And then the footman threw open the door, and announced—

"Lady Hainault and Miss Hicks."

At this point Lady Ascot lost her temper, and exclaimed aloud, "This is too much!" They thought old Lady Hainault did not hear her; but she did, and so did Hicks. They heard it fast enough, and remembered it too.

In great social catastrophes, minor differences are forgotten. In the Indian mutiny, people spoke to one another, and made friends, who were at bitterest variance before. There are crises so terrible that people of all creeds and shades of political opinion must combine against a common enemy. This was one. When this dreadful old woman made her totally unexpected entrance, and when Lady Ascot showed herself so entirely without discretion as to exclaim aloud in the way she did, Lady Hainault and Adelaide were so horrified, so suddenly quickened to a sense of impending danger, that they began talking loudly and somewhat affectionately to one another. And Lady Hainault, whose self-possession was scattered to the four winds by this last misfortune, began asking Adelaide all about Lady Brittlejug's drum, in full hearing of her mamma-in-law, who treasured up every word she said. And, just as she became conscious of saying wildly that she was so sorry she could not have been there—as if Lady Brittlejug would ever have had the impudence to ask her—she saw Lord Saltire, across the room, looking quietly at her, with the expression on his face of one of the idols at Abou Simbel.

Turn Lady Ascot once fairly to bay, you would (if you can forgive slang) get very little change out of her. She came of valiant blood. No Headstall was ever yet known to refuse his fence. Even her poor brother, showing as he did traces of worn-out blood (the men always go a generation or two before the women), had been a desperate rider, offered to kick Fouquier Tinville at his trial, and had kept Simon waiting on the guillotine while he pared his nails. Her ladyship rose and accepted battle; she advanced towards old Lady Hainault, and, leaning on her crutched stick, began—

"And how do you do, my dear Lady Hainault?"

She thought Lady Hainault would say something very disagreeable, as she usually did. She looked at her, and was surprised to see how altered she was. There was something about her looks that Lady Ascot did not like.

"My dear Lady Ascot," said old Lady Hainault, "I thank you. I am a very old woman. I never forget my friends, I assure you. Hicks, is Lord Hainault here?—I am very blind, you will be glad to hear, Lady Ascot. Hicks, I want Lord Hainault instantly. Fetch him to me, you stupid woman. Hainault! Hainault!"

Our Lady Hainault rose suddenly, and put her arm round her waist. "Mamma," she said, "what do you want?"

"I want Hainault, you foolish girl. Is that him? Hainault, I have made the will, my dear boy. The rogue came to me, and I told him that the will was made, and that Britten and Sloane had witnessed it. Did I do

right or not, eh? Ha! Ha! I followed you here to tell you. Don't let that woman Ascot insult me, Hainault. She has committed a felony, that woman. I'll have her prosecuted. And all to get that chit Alicia married to that pale-faced papist, Petre Ravenshoe. She thinks I didn't know it, does she? I knew she knew it well enough, and I knew it too, and I have committed a felony too, in holding my tongue, and we'll both go to Bridewell, and—"

Lord Saltire here came up and quietly offered her his arm. She took it and departed, muttering to herself.

I must mention here that the circumstance mentioned by old Lady Hainault, of having made a will, has nothing to do with the story. A will had existed to the detriment of Lady Hainault and Miss Hicks, and she had most honourably made another in their favour.

Lady Ascot would have given worlds to unsay many things she had heretofore said to her. It was evident that poor old Lady Hainault's mind was failing. Lady Ascot would have prayed her forgiveness on her knees, but it was too late. Lady Hainault never appeared in public again. She died a short time after this, and, as I mentioned before, left poor Miss Hicks a rich woman. Very few people knew how much good there was in the poor old soul. Let the Custerton tenantry testify.

On this occasion her appearance had, as we have seen, the effect of reconciling Lady Hainault and Adelaide. A very few minutes after her departure William entered the room, followed by Hornby, whom none of them had ever seen before.

They saw from William's face that something fresh was the matter. He introduced Hornby, who seemed concerned, and then gave an open note to Lord Saltire. He read it over, and then said,

"This unhappy boy has disappeared again. Apparently his interview with you determined him, my dear Lady Welter. Can you give us any clue? This is his letter:"—

"DEAR LIEUTENANT,—I must say good-bye even to you, my last friend. I was recognized in your service to-day by Lady Welter, and it will not do for me to stay in it any longer. It was a piece of madness ever taking to such a line of life."

[Here there were three lines carefully erased. Lord Saltire mentioned it, and Hornby quietly said, "I erased those lines previous to showing the letter to any one; they referred to exceedingly private matters." Lord Saltire bowed, and continued,]

"A hundred thanks for your kindness; you have been to me more like a brother than a master. We shall meet again, when you little expect it. Pray don't assist in any search after me; it will be quite useless.

"CHARLES HORTON."

Adelaide came forward as pale as death. "I believe I am the cause of this. I did not dream it would have made him alter his resolution so suddenly. When I saw him this morning he was in a groom's livery. I told him he was disgracing himself, and told him, if he was desperate, to go to the war."

They looked at one another in silence.

"Then," Lady Ascot said, "he has enlisted, I suppose. I wonder in what regiment?—could it be in yours, Mr. Hornby?"

"The very last in which he would, I should say," said Hornby, "if he wants to conceal himself. He must know that I should find him at once."

So Lady Ascot was greatly poohpoohed by the other wiseacres, she being right all the time.

"I think," said Lord Saltire to Lady Ascot, "that perhaps we had better take Mr. Hornby into our confidence." She agreed, and, after the Hainaults and Welters were gone, Hornby remained behind with them, and heard things which rather surprised him.

"Enquiries at the depôts of various regiments would be as good a plan as any. Meanwhile I will give any assistance in my power. Pray, would it not be a good plan to advertise for him,

and state all the circumstances of the case?"

"Why, no," said Lord Saltire, "we do not wish to make known all the circumstances yet. Other interests have to be consulted, and our information is not yet complete. Complete! we have nothing to go on but mere surmise."

"You will think me inquisitive," said Hornby. "But you little know what a right (I had almost said) I have to ask these questions. Does the present Mr. Ravenshoe know of all this?"

"Not one word."

And so Hornby departed with William, and said nothing at all about Ellen. As they left the door a little shoe-black looked inquisitively at them, and seemed as though he would speak. They did not notice the child. He could have told them what they wanted to know, but how were they to guess that?

Impossible. Actually, according to the sagacious Welter, eighty thousand pounds, and other things, going a begging, and a dirty little shoe-black the only human being who knew where the heir was! A pig is an obstinate animal, likewise a sheep; but what pig or sheep was ever so provoking in its obstinacy as Charles in his good-natured, well-meaning, blundering stupidity? In a very short time you will read an advertisement put into the *Times* by Lady Ascot's solicitor, which will show you the reason for some of the great anxiety which she and others felt to have him on the spot. At first Lady Ascot and Lord Saltire lamented his absence, from the hearty goodwill they bore him; but, as time wore on, they began to get deeply solicitous for his return for other reasons. Lady Ascot's hands were tied. She was in a quandary, and, when the intelligence came of his having enlisted, and there seemed nearly a certainty of his being shipped off to foreign parts, and killed before she could get at him, she was in a still greater quandary. Suppose, before being killed, he was to marry some one? "Good heavens, my dear James, was ever an unfortunate wretch punished so before for keeping a secret?"

"I should say not, Maria," said Lord Saltire coolly. "I declare I love the lad better the more trouble he gives one. There never was such a dear obstinate dog: Welter has been making his court, and has made it well—with an air of ruffian-like simplicity, which was charming, because novel. I, even I, can hardly tell whether it was real or not. He has ten times the brains of his shallow-pated little wife, whose manœuvres, my dear Maria, I should have thought even you, not ordinarily a sagacious person, might have seen through."

"I believe the girl loves me; and don't be rude, James."

"I believe she don't care twopence for you; and I shall be as rude as I please, Maria."

Poor Lord Ascot had a laugh at this little battle between his mother and her old friend. So Lord Saltire turned to him and said,

"At half-past one to-morrow morning, you will be awakened by three ruffians in crape masks, with pistols, who will take you out of bed with horrid threats, and walk you upstairs and down in your shirt, until you have placed all your money and valuables into their hands. They will effect an entrance by removing a pane of glass, and introducing a small boy, disguised as a shoeblack, who will give them admittance."

"Good Gad!" said Lord Ascot, "what are you talking about?"

"Don't you see that shoeblack over the way?" said Lord Saltire. "He has been watching the house through two hours; the burglars are going to put him in at the back kitchen window. There comes Daventry back from the police-station. I bet you a sovereign he has his boots cleaned."

Poor Lord Ascot jumped at the bet like an old war-horse. "I'd have given you three to one if you had waited."

Lord Daventry had indeed reappeared on the scene; his sole attendant was one of the little girls with a big bonnet and a baby, before mentioned, who had evidently followed him to the police station, watched him in, and then accompanied him home—staring at him,

as at a man of dark experiences, a man not to be lost sight of on any account, lest some new and exciting thing should befall him meanwhile. This young lady, having absented herself some two hours on this errand, and having thereby deprived the baby of its natural nourishment, was now suddenly encountered by an angry mother, and, knowing what she had to expect, was forced to "dodge" her infuriated parent round and round Lord Daventry, in a way which made that venerable nobleman giddy, and caused him to stop, shut his eyes, and feebly offer them money not to do it any more. Ultimately the young lady was caught and cuffed, the baby was refreshed, and his lordship free.

Lord Saltire won his pound, to his great delight. Such an event as a shoeblack in South Audley Street was not to be passed by. Lord Daventry entered into conversation with our little friend, asked him if he went to school? if he could say the Lord's Prayer? how much he made in the day? whether his parents were alive? and ultimately had his boots cleaned, and gave the boy half-a-crown. After which he disappeared from the scene, and, like many of our large staff of supernumeraries, from this history for evermore—he has served his turn with us. Let us dismiss the kind-hearted old dandy, with our best wishes.

Lord Saltire saw him give the boy the half-crown. He saw the boy pocket it as though it were a half-penny; and afterwards continue to watch the house, as before. He was more sure than ever that the boy meant no good. If he had known that he was waiting for one chance of seeing Charles again, perhaps he would have given him half-a-crown himself. What a difference one word from that boy would have made in our story!

When they came back from dinner, there was the boy still lying on the pavement, leaning against his box. The little girl who had had her ears boxed came and talked to him for a time, and went on. After a time she came back with a quartern loaf in her hand, the crumbs of which she picked as she went along, after the manner of children sent on an errand to the baker's. When she had gone by, he rose and leant against the railings, as though lingering, loth to go.

Once more, later, Lord Saltire looked out, and the boy was still there. "I wonder what the poor little rogue wants?" said Lord Saltire; "I have half a mind to go and ask him." But he did not. It was not to be, my lord. You might have been with Charles the next morning at Windsor. You might have been in time if you had; you will have a different sort of meeting with him than that, if you meet him at all. Beyond the grave, my lord, that meeting must be. Possibly a happier one, who knows? who dare say?

The summer night closed in, but the boy lingered yet, to see, if perchance he might, the only friend he ever had; to hear, if he might, the only voice which had ever spoken gently and kindly to him of higher things, the only voice which had told him that strange, wild tale, scarce believed as yet, of a glorious immortality.

The streets began to get empty. The people passed him—

> "Ones and twos,
> And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
> And hastened; but he loitered; whilst the dews
> Fell fast, he loitered still."

To be continued.

BY TEMPLE BAR.

A REVERIE.

Not now upon the silent Ings,
Alone with fancy's make-believe,
I watch the grey decline of things
That marks another New Year's Eve.

Steep curves of snow on either hand
Above the crashing river lean,
As once the hollow'd waves did stand
While marching myriads swept between.

But grinding ice and wreathen snow
And rushing stream are far away;
And that red sun, I know not now
If he hath set or shone to-day.

Alone I wait this solemn tide—
But not alone in vale or glen;
The good green earth on every side
Is choked with houses and with men.

Yet, the great heavens are always here:
Above the glimmer of the Thames
One sees their purple hemisphere
Still writ with old heraldic flames;

Still heaving, soaring, toward the noon
Of night, while we below sit mute,
And feel as in some vast balloon
Where all the earth is parachute.

And men, too, heed this closing time;
For toward me through the dark there swells,
In startled gusts, the trembling chime
And thick salute of midnight bells;

And clocks, as various as the creeds,
Strike discord from their windy walls,
Until to such weak rout succeeds
The deep decisive boom of Paul's.

That is the hour! along the floors
Of life it speaks the very din
And thunder of the dungeon-doors
That shut another captive in.

And have we, then, no thrilling spasm,
No quick uplifting of the head,
While audibly this vital chasm
Yawns 'twixt the dying and the dead?

Not now. We once had hearts like yours—
Repeaters of the perfect round,
That throbb'd in music through the hours,
Still, bell-like, stricken into sound

By all that ever came across
The order'd impulse of their ways;
By hope and joy, by grief and loss,
And by the placid-moving days:

But now, the candid face is hid,
The frank sweet tongue has ceased to move;
And daily devilries forbid
That homely household voice of love.

And well, that those true hands are still—
And well, that tongue has ceased to sway—
For all our morrows cannot fill
The place of one bright yesterday.

Ah, brother! we must look behind,
Toward that far land of make-believe—
Of keen and conscious youth—to find
The blessedness of New Year's Eve.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

ENGLISH SACRED POETRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.[1]

THE number at which the editions of Keble's "Christian Year" have now arrived bespeaks an amount of popularity which is no small achievement for the period of thirty-three years—one generation of human existence, according to the technical computation. So large an amount of devotional nourishment has been imbibed from this source, that, to no inconsiderable a portion of the religious world, the period when "Keble" was not, appears a kind of spiritual blank—we will not say quite such a blank as the early Reformers must have regarded the days when the Bible was a sealed book, but not without some analogy to that dreary retrospect. Where, we are led to ask, did High-Church sentiment find its appropriate poetical food before the "Christian Year" appeared? No doubt the faith of Protestant England had had its bards. There was Milton, there was Cowper, there was Addison, there were the Methodist lyrists of the Calvinist and the Wesleyan persuasions. In later times there were the animating strains of Heber, and Milman, and Montgomery. All these were read and remembered up to the time when Keble wrote. But it was difficult for the severely orthodox mind to sympathize heartily with any of them. Milton was an Arian and a Republican. Cowper was a pronounced "Evangelical." Addison was lukewarm and latitudinarian. The Methodist hymn writers jarred on a Churchman's feelings at every turn. Heber and Milman were picturesque and spirited, and orthodox to boot; but their poetry was scarcely of the meditative cast that satisfies a devout Christian's hours of self-communion. None of these authors assuredly came up to the ideal of an

[1] *The Christian Year*, by John Keble. 65th Edition. 1860.

Anglican Church-poet, such as his affectionate admirers recognise in the author of the "Christian Year."

But we must remember, on the other hand, that, before the publication of "Keble," modern High-Churchism—high Anglicanism by its friends, Tractarianism by its foes—was not an established phase of human thought. The High-Churchism of the beginning of the present century was a different thing from what we are usually apt to associate with that term. It was an orthodox, self-satisfied, withal a somewhat prosaic persuasion. Its traditional sympathies with Jacobites and Nonjurors did not go the length of causing serious disaffection to the things that be. The alliance of Church and State — Church represented by prelates like Horsley and Lowth, State represented by a king like George the Third—was a first principle of its creed. Its congregational worship affected no revolutionary Rubricism; for congregational singing, Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, once set forth by authority, was sufficient. Hymns and spiritual songs were perhaps not very much in vogue, either for Church or closet, with those who piqued themselves on being especially "high and dry;" but unsophisticated piety, of whatever persuasion, might and did find aliment in the strains of Cowper, or of Addison, or of Watts, or of other pious versifiers of more or less divergency from ecclesiastical requirements.

And here, preparatory to dealings with some elements in the formation of Keble's style, let us throw a glance over the history and principal features of English devotional poetry in the last and present century, and the influences which have modified the public taste, from time to time, in this department of our literature.

Addison's hymns were written at a time when certainly there was very little sensibility to sacred poetry apparent either in the higher or lower classes of society. The Puritanism, which in its heroic age had produced the sublime conceptions of Milton, had given place to a dull, disputatious Dissent. The feeble chants of the Nonjurors had died away in the not unimpressive tones of Bishop Ken. The rising school of poetic composition was about to exhibit, in the essays of its greatest genius, Pope, a type of the unimpassioned philosophy which was its inspiration. Among the "good society" of that period, the "infidel" Bolingbroke, the "corrupt" Harley, and the "profligate Steele," were representatives of the fashionable principles too commonly afloat. It was a time, assuredly, when devotional tendencies, where they existed, were not brought prominently forward. A man of refinement had no inducement in the sympathy of his fellows, to employ his talents in recommending religious subjects; especially a man who as a statesman, philosopher, and wit, had no professional prepossession for such subjects. Yet, from the natural impulses of a pious heart, Addison produced a few simple effusions of sacred verse, which have always retained a place in the affections of his countrymen. There is no devotional zeal, no fervid spiritualism in these hymns; they are the utterance of a calm, but genial spirit, reposing in sure trust on the Providence of God, and rejoicing in His mercies. Nor were they the casual flights of a soul ordinarily absorbed in the pursuits of ambition or of pleasure. Like the beautiful meditations which infuse an under-current of religion through the pages of the *Spectator*, they arose from the habitual, though to the mere outward observer, imperceptible direction of his thoughts. For by the meditations of his inmost soul in life, not less than by his pious hope in death, to which he himself ventured the appeal, Addison gave evidence far better than that of many a formal treatise, of the faith which is the good man's one sustaining guide through a busy and an evil world.

But, if the fashionable world of Addison's time was disinclined for the cultivation of poetry as connected with religious subjects, if it afforded little attraction to the steady-going adherents of the Establishment, with the straiter sects addicted to Calvinist Nonconformity there was a positive objection to it, on the ground of the old

Puritan prejudices inveighed against by the republican poet, George Wither. They were still disposed to

"Misjudge of poetry, as if the same
Did worthily deserve reproach or blame;"

and, indeed, if the carnal learning and the ornaments of imagination displayed in Milton's verse had been too much for the rigid temper of his contemporaries, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that the succeeding generation should have held in increased suspicion an art that had been perverted to licentious uses by such writers as Dryden, Rochester, and Etherege.

But, as the excitement of great deeds had ceased to elevate the Puritanic cause, some there were who felt that the ore of poetic fancy might be worked to advantage in its behalf. It was the grave sectarian, Dr. Isaac Watts, who first, after the Restoration, ventured on system to invade the realm of Poetry, and conquer a province of it expressly for religious uses. He made his declaration of war in the following terms :—

"The profanation and debasement of "so Divine an art has tempted some "weaker Christians to imagine that "poetry and vice are naturally akin; "or, at least, that verse is fit only to "recommend trifles, and entertain our "looser hours, but it is too light and "trivial a method to treat anything that "is serious and sacred. They submit, "indeed, to use it in Divine psalmody, "but they love the driest translation of "the psalm best. They will venture to "sing a dull hymn or two at church, in "tunes of equal dulness, but still they "persuade themselves and their chil-"dren that the beauties of poetry are "vain and dangerous. All that arises "a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too "airy for worship, and hardly escapes "the sentence of 'unclean and abomi-"nable' . . . Shall the French poet "affright us by saying,

"'De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
"D'ornements égayés ne sont point susceptibles?'

"If the trifling, incredible tales that "furnish out a tragedy are so armed by "wit and fancy as to become sovereign "of rational powers, to triumph over all "the affections, and manage our smiles "and our tears at pleasure, how won-"drous a conquest might be obtained "over a wild world, and reduce it at "least to sobriety, if the same happy "talent were employed in dressing the "scenes of religion in their proper "figures of majesty, sweetness, and "terror!" These seem familiar commonplaces now; but in Watts's time the project was a daring one; and it is a little remarkable that it should first have been entertained, not by the Church party, which might be supposed to hold more liberal views regarding the embellishment of Divine worship, and which assuredly need have attached no prescriptive reverence to the but recently-authorized version of the Psalms by Tate and Brady, but by the austere Puritanic party, whose denunciation of ornament, both in architecture and in vestments, was one of their distinctive shibboleths.

Watts's hymns are some of the best of their class and period, for fervour and freedom from sectarian narrowness. But his contemporary fame was mostly built on his "Horæ Lyricæ," in which he aims at a more reflective and elaborate style. As devotional pieces, adapted for private meditation, the first book of the "Horæ Lyricæ" might stand a curious comparison with the "Christian Year." We might mark the characteristic difference, not merely between the theological standing points of Keble and of Watts, but between the styles of poetical expression on sacred subjects which were relished by the educated contemporaries of the one and of the other. For Watts did not address himself to vulgar or illiterate readers. His style was cultivated by classical learning, and by an acquaintance with French composition. In fact, it is the lingering imitation of French models that we detect in the stilted diction common to most fine writers of that age; and which, when applied to sacred poetry by Watts and

others, resulted in a sort of compound of the sentiment of Le Grand Cyrus and that of Solomon's Song. How much unction was felt in George I.'s days, for the fervid style of those pieces on Divine Love in the "Horæ Lyricæ," which now shock our taste, is testified by the numerous commendatory verses, couched in similar warmth of language, which were appended to the later editions. Thus writes Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe :—

"No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme :
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

"Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, Watts, to thy celestial strain,
Surprised, I listen still."

Thus was accomplished the somewhat curious alliance of Nonconformity with a propensity for rhyme. The Dissenters, Presbyterian and Independent, notwithstanding their proverbial stiffness and dislike of ornament in religious worship, did, nevertheless, take a march in the flowery paths of metre, from which phlegmatic Churchmen held aloof. The early days of the Hanoverian dynasty are noted for a lethargy and poverty in all matters of taste and imagination; yet a constant succession of Calvinist ministers continued to turn into verse the rigid doctrines of their creed, and the "experiences" of the spiritual life; and, notwithstanding the monotony which results from the limited range of subjects on which they allowed themselves to expatiate, will sometimes be found to have touched a chord of true feeling, to which the heart of any Christian might respond. Doddridge, with some of the fashionable affectation of his class, some of the amatory exaggeration to which we have alluded, was tender and earnest. It is a curious trait of the liberalism, or latitudinarianism, as some would say, of the days in which his lot was cast, that some of his hymns, Dissenter as he was, were admitted into our Common Prayer-Book, where they still retain their place. But Doddridge lived on terms of friendship and correspondence with several divines, and even prelates, of the Church of England, and was a favourite spiritual counsellor of some ladies of rank. Perhaps his accommodating temper may have a little compromised, at times, the strictness of his theology.

Augustus Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire, was a man of a different stamp. Whimsical, hard-headed, and extreme in his opinions, he hated an Arminian with right good will. Yet some of his hymns are favourites even to this day with persons of directly opposite views to those he entertained. Dr. Pusey, who would have fought *à l'outrance* with Toplady on almost any point of dogmatic theology, has recorded his fervid admiration of the hymn beginning,

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee," &c.

which finds its place in almost every collection, for Church or conventicle.

The cultivation of hymns by the Wesleyan Methodists was undertaken in a yet more systematic and purpose-like manner than among the old Calvinists. Hymns were regarded by John Wesley, and his brother, much as they were by the author of a greater religious "revival," Martin Luther, as an essential part of his liturgical apparatus. Like Luther's, his spiritual songs, and those of his brother, were the outbursts of a naturally demonstrative nature, and of a temperament inclined to music and verse. They were appeals sent straight to the consciences and feelings of his hearers. They were for the most part intense and overwrought in tone, compared with those of the German Reformer; but, like them, they have retained a hold over the affections of a religious party, to which no other sacred verse among us can furnish any parallel. The sect of the Wesleyan Methodists, indeed, consists, and has always consisted, mostly of the "lower orders." The very circumstance that the Methodist hymns were popular with those for whom they were

primarily intended, would deter them from gaining wide acceptance with the educated classes. For it is unquestionable that in England our higher and lower ranks have difficulty in meeting on any common ground of *sentiment*. Any approximation of this sort among us is commonly artificial and temporary. This is partly owing to the reserve of the one class, partly to the want of any poetical refinement in the other. In Germany, on the other hand, and even in the sister kingdom, north of the Tweed, the noble and the peasant are very commonly moved by the same spell of poetical association, be it in matters of history or of religion. Witness in Germany the *Kirchenlied*, to which princes and divines, titled ladies, artisans, jurists, physicians, all professions and all ranks, have contributed, till the body of sacred song has reached the proportions of a great national monument. Witness in Scotland the strong attachment felt by the people to the Psalms and Paraphrases of the Kirk, and the way in which these mingle with their every-day contemplations. Of historical and traditional associations it is not our place here to speak; but the difference of character between ourselves and our northern neighbours is, perhaps, even more strikingly displayed in this respect.

Meanwhile the stream of Calvinist verse flowed on through John Newton and Cowper. Here it encountered a mind of true genius; and, as genius is never satisfied with passing on a mere transcript of former fashions, but must needs interpret for itself, in its own way, the features of nature, and of human life around it, so with Cowper a modification of character was introduced into our sacred poetry, which in great measure it still retains.

John Newton, of Olney, was one of those vigorous enthusiasts, uniting narrowness of spirit with a vast breadth of common sense, and a thoroughly genial disposition, of which our evangelical school has been very productive. He swayed the gentle impressible mind of Cowper, as a strong though coarse will is often found to sway sensitive genius. The pressure was too strong. The old wine was poured into the new bottles, and, finally, the bottles brake; but, meanwhile, the flavour was enriched and mellowed. The more the composition of the vessel told upon the quality of the liquid, the more the former crudeness disappeared. Even in Cowper's "Olney Hymns," which were written at Newton's prescription, we discern the poetic grace and sweetness of his fancy often controlling the rigid doctrinalism of his theory. His lines on the "Wisdom" of Proverbs, ch. viii. have much freedom and force of diction. Those on "Retirement," "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," are an unaffected transcript of his own pensive temperament. But, in general, these hymns are too much squared to a pattern, in order to suit the requirements of his Evangelical guides. It is not in his "Olney Hymns" that we are to seek for his true poetry. It was not by them that he became the favourite bard of the religious world. Cowper possessed, if not a very powerful, at least a pure and an original genius. No writing hymns "to order" for Newton, and his fellow apostles, could satisfy the instincts of his heart. His true genius is to be found in the discursive verse which was the outpouring of his unfettered thoughts, the solace of his painful existence; for, in addition to the religious affections which made him yearn to God as a Father, even when his dark delusions made him conceive of Him as an angry and offended Father, Cowper possessed also a poet's love of nature; in other words, the Almighty, in His works of creation, was as much an object of attraction to his sensitive mind, as in His work of redemption; and the gloom which his dogmatic views of religion, unrelieved, would have rendered as deep in his poetry as in his life, was tempered in the former by the loving study of the great Parent's manifestations.

Cowper was a thoroughly *English* poet; and this, perhaps, was unconsciously one cause of his popularity at an era when national sentiment, as well as evangelical piety, was called into strong self-asser-

tion by the events consequent on the French Revolution. Perhaps it is impossible to name one of our classical bards so thoroughly free from every tinge of foreign style or sentiment. The days of German imitation, indeed, had not yet arrived, but our poetry had hardly worked itself free from French fashions, and Latin pomposity had but recently accomplished a majestic march in the measures of Johnson. Moreover, there was a sort of conventional diction afloat, which, if not easy at first sight to assign to a foreign parentage, was scarcely less of an exotic, compared to the plain-spoken English which Cowper brought into competition with it. Another characteristic we observe in this poet, distinguishing him from the Calvinistic rhymesters who preceded him, is his strong *moralizing* vein. Morality had been kept so completely subordinate to the doctrines and experiences of faith by the party to which he belonged, that, from the days of Watts to those of Cowper, scarcely any mention of practical virtues is to be found in the verse that emanated from that source.

But it was to men's daily tasks and daily responsibilities that Cowper addressed himself; and his example, followed, as it was, by many writers of various degrees of merit, contributed to give to the evangelical school of this century its practical, domestic style of manners and feeling. It influenced, indeed, the character of our religious poetry more permanently than we may be generally aware of, and still survives the varieties of taste which that branch of composition has subsequently experienced.

The later times of the continental war were coincident with a spirit of romance and martial enterprise in our land, of which, as secular poets, Scott, Byron, and Campbell, were apt representatives. The hymns of Heber and Milman exhibit not a little of the colouring imparted even to religious poetry by the spirit-stirring influences of the day. There is something of almost chivalrous ardour in such strains as "From Greenland's icy mountains;" or again, "The Son of God goes forth to war." And, in the collection published by these writers, we, for the first time, witness an attempt to make the Church of England poetical by bringing her weekly services into connexion with the subjects of verse. We have alluded to James Montgomery. He, too, deserves notice as a writer of devotional lyrics, full of beauty, both of feeling and expression. He was a member of the Moravian Society; and his hymns, though more finished and graceful than those of the Wesleys, are, like them, chiefly concerned with the work of religion on the soul. It is by them, more than by his longer poems, that his merit is most generally recognised.

But the next important era in our religious poetry after the date of Cowper, was that of Wordsworth. The "Lake School," so called, of which he was the principal leader—contemplative and philosophical in character—did not obtain a fair hearing till after the war and its immediate effects had subsided. Wordsworth was not a sacred poet, as the phrase is generally understood. Nevertheless, he has done much to mould our sacred poetry; more, probably, than any other poet within the range of our literature, save Spenser, Milton, and Cowper. The influence of Spenser belongs to a state of things long passed away, and we have nothing to say of him in this place; but it may be not uninstructive to bring some points of Wordsworth's genius into comparison with that of the other two: mentioned together, not for a moment as comparing them in merit, but because they both represent certain phases of thought, significant for our present purpose.

Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth, each dealt with the appearances of nature, and with man's relations to the spiritual world. How did they severally approach those topics? Milton wrote of religion on its God-ward side. His imagination soared to the courts of heaven with the characteristic daring of the Puritanism of his age. He ventured to interpret the Almighty's counsels for the fate of man. His love of nature

led him to delight in those descriptions of her beauties which, for grandeur of diction, scarce any poet in any age or country has come near; but he contemplated the material universe entirely as God's handmaid and tributary. Its morning skies, its nightly splendours, were all parts of the triumphant chant that was for ever arising from His works below as from His angels above.

Cowper wrote of religion on its human side—of religion as applied to the every-day thoughts and habits of life. He loved to regard nature as a message to man's heart from his ever-present Father, and a means of devout communion with Him. In Milton's view, nature was rather a display of God's transcendent majesty; in that of Cowper, it was the voice of His paternal love.

With both these poets, the idea of God as revealed in the Bible gave the key-note to their meditations. Herein lies the difference between their standing-point and that of Wordsworth. The latter aims rather at a philosophic appreciation of nature's influence over the heart, apart from system or creed. He looks upon her in the light of a teacher, to guide man to self-knowledge and self-discipline, without the *à priori* assumption of a Revelation, by which the sentiment both of Milton and of Cowper is determined. Perhaps we may say that the elevation of nature to the rank of an independent teacher was a gradual process; that, while Milton looked upon her as the Almighty's work of power and exceeding beauty, and nothing more, Cowper had already begun to listen to her with something of the spirit of a disciple, before Wordsworth advanced her authoritative claims to be studied and obeyed. But something also was derived from the ideas which the study of German had begun to infuse into our poetical literature:

"Erkennest dann der Sterne Lauf;
Und wenn Natur dich unterweist,
Dann geht die Seelenkraft dir auf,
Wie spricht ein Geist zum andern Geist."

These lines of Göthe's are but the condensation of Wordsworth's creed as developed in his beautiful poem on Tintern Abbey:

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the sense
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things," &c.

It is evident, we repeat, that Wordsworth is not a sacred poet in the sense which any doctrinal zealots would accept. The religion he preaches is that, to use his own expression, of "a dreamer in the woods." True, it is very earnest and sublime, thoroughly pervaded by a sense of the moral government of God, and in harmony with revealed Faith. Still, revealed Faith is not the postulate on which it rests. We are not speaking of the ecclesiastical sonnets, in which he sentimentalizes on the worship and history of the Church of England, nor of other occasional pieces, but of that part of his poetry which is really original and characteristic of his genius, and which, as such, has imparted a new stock of ideas to the world. It follows, consistently enough, that, with the Evangelical party, Wordsworth has never been a favourite. But it is a fact that we see the evidence of his training in almost all other religious poets of the present day; not only in those of more liberal or fanciful views, but in those whose high Ecclesiasticism one would think was little enough in accordance with the very unsystematic faith of the Excursion and the Ode on Immortality. It so happened that Wordsworth had outlived his detractors, and become a popular poet, just about the time that the Oxford High-Church views were forming. In the alliance that took place between these two tendencies of

thought, Keble led the way ; and, if we ask what was the ground of the mutual attraction between such apparently opposite modes of thought, we shall perhaps detect it,

First, in the calm placid tone of feeling, the avoidance of all passionate emotion or expression, which, while in Wordsworth it was to some extent a reaction from the fire and tempest of Scott and Byron, was likewise aimed at by the Anglican religionists as a reaction from the excitement and fervour of the Evangelicals.

Secondly, in the encouragement given to the taste for symbolism by Wordsworth's reverential feeling for the material universe in all its parts. Wordsworth himself was *not* a symbolist, but he *was* in some sense a mystic. It was the informing Spirit of Nature that he—worshipped almost. To contemplate that spirit as typical of a revealed and ecclesiastically organized system, was altogether foreign to his turn of thought ; but the combination was easily made by those whose favourite dream it was to find the visible Church and its adjuncts shadowed everywhere.

Here, then, we have found our way to the historical position which Keble, as a sacred poet, occupies amongst us. Coming when modern Puritanism had reached its culminating point, and when, together with the rise of a new set of theological ideas, a new first-rate poet stood ready for imitation and adaptation, he inaugurated a fresh school of religious verse. Numerous have been his imitators ; and, as is generally the case, they have exaggerated his peculiar characteristics into more or less of a conventional cant. But he was himself early imbued with the teaching of an older school. His religious sentiment was grounded rather on the biblical associations of the long dominant Puritanism, than on the mediæval associations of the Anglican Revival, which he himself contributed to bring about ; and in these respects he stands in advantageous comparison with the writers referred to. Though frequently obscure and fanciful, Keble is not affected. His pathos is deep and tender ; his love and observation genuine, if a little overstrained in sentiment and expression. He manifests an experimental sense of human griefs and necessities, which, with all who have known sorrow, must ever accredit his title to be an expounder of the everlasting text, *Vanitas vanitatum !* All these qualities have made him a lasting favourite, and not with sharers in his own opinions only. In fact, we have a curious evidence, how little the formalism of his ecclesiastical views struck the world at first as a prominent characteristic of his verse, in a criticism of Professor Wilson's, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, three years after the publication of the "Christian Year."[1] The critic here speaks of the new bard much as he would have spoken of one of the pious elders of the Scottish Kirk, whom his fancy loved to idealize, supposing such elder to have possessed the faculty of verse. The inspiration was in his eyes much the same. The Bible, the Sabbath, the peasant's cottage, and the *braes*, are the principal features in his description of the sources of Keble's poetry and of its influence. And so no doubt with most of the world, it was as *sentiment*, not as *system*, that much of the phraseology of the Oxford school was at first regarded. But then came the "Tracts for the Times," and made its real purpose clear ; and then, as in prose, so also in verse, a stereotyped set of notions and expressions soon came into vogue, limiting and hampering on every side that free communion with the heart and with nature which can alone ensure genuine power. Keble, not himself an original poet, though the originator of a new tendency of poetry, became the subject of imitation. Patristic allegorizing and mediæval hymnody were more and more resorted to as sources of inspiration, and much mawkish or dogmatic verse has been the result. The versifiers of this school indeed, have been mostly men of considerable attainment, and of more classical taste than the Methodists, of whatever

[1] Blackwood, xxvii. 832.

denomination, ever affected. But, wherever a poet writes to uphold a party and a system, rather than to interpret nature and the human heart, *cant* of one kind or another will be the inevitable result. With all the pious feeling and graceful versification, for example, of the author of the "Cathedral," there is *cant* in the superstitious reverence he expresses for architectural forms and symbols, as much, perhaps, though of a very opposite kind, as in the daring familiarities with Divine things and persons which are to be met with in Dissenting and Low-Church hymnody. The "Lyra Apostolica," published in 1836, in which Keble himself wrote, was a much more formal exposition of opinion than the "Christian Year." Some of Keble's coadjutors in this work, in fact before long overstepped the extremest limits of the *Via Media*. But the fashion of this world passes away, in devotional poetry as in other things. Though Keble's first work retains its hold over the public mind, the Ultra-Tractarian school of verse is now very much at a discount. The hymns of the German Gesangbuch, on the other hand, have of late been numerously and repeatedly translated. The "Lyra Germanica" has many more readers at the present day than the "Lyra Apostolica."

BEGGARS.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

"*La mendicité est défendue dans le Département du Pas de Calais.*"

This is one of the very first announcements which one reads on disembarking from the Dover packet. It is affixed to the celebrated gate of Calais, which Hogarth has immortalized, and a similar notice is to be found at the entrance to every one of the numerous departments of France. And, though there are just at this moment a great many beggars in Paris, it is yet certain that, as a rule, one is little annoyed by beggars as long as one remains in the French dominions.

It is not so here. In this free and happy country, the beggar thrives and prospers, persecutes, intimidates, and sometimes even, as will presently appear, makes a comfortable independence out of the credulity of the public. The days must surely be at hand when these things will be better looked after than they are at present; and, when these devouring tribes are no longer known among us, it will be interesting to have a record of their existence, as of any other obsolete species. It is such a record that I now propose to draw up for the benefit of posterity.

It is a dreadful thing to be begged of. It is a dreadful thing to see Keziah Kadge waiting for one a few yards ahead by the side of the pavement. She has just been exhausting her eloquence upon a Greek gentleman, by whose side she has been ambling along all round the crescent, looking back straight into his eyes as she runs a little in front of him, which is the professional method, and a very effective one, too. She has abandoned the Greek, who is inexorable, and there she waits for you. You cannot escape her without absolutely turning back, and even then I hardly think you would get rid of her; for Keziah's time is her own, she is very accommodating, and may as well be going your way as any other. Is there any one who has not quailed when he has seen the beggar-woman thus waiting for him, or, still worse, crossing over the street higher up, ready to attack him as soon as he gets within fire? Her mode of address is monotonous and unvarying. "Do, good gentleman," she gasps, as she runs by your

side, for she is a hard feeder and short of breath, and it is common for the victim to "force the pace" a little, in order to get rid of her.

"Do, good gentleman, have compassion on a poor girl—had nothing to eat all day, and mother at home with the fever." This, by the bye, is a very good stroke, for if the persecuted pedestrian happens to be of a nervous nature, he will think it cheap to be rid of the danger of infection at the price of all the copper, or rather bronze, which he happens to have about him. This is followed, if the victim is still obdurate, by a volley of benedictions, expressions of a hope that he may never want "it;" which, considering that he has got "it," and probably means to keep "it," seem almost superfluous. Then follow awful appeals to the Supreme Being to corroborate the truth of her statement; and as this, if you are well initiated in the art of begging, at once decides you not to give, it is commonly succeeded by some muttered curses, "not loud, but deep," to which she gives vent as she stands, having at last given you up, and watches your retreating figure with hateful and malignant eyes.

Those curses are of about as much importance as the blessings which immediately preceded them; but how does a man feel during the enacting of such a scene as that described above? He feels annoyed and uncomfortable. If things have that day been going well with him, if he has just been receiving a sum of money, if he is going home or elsewhere to a good dinner, and to the enjoyment of all sorts of comfort, he will feel a kind of weak and illogical conviction that he ought to impart a penny share in his prosperity to Keziah Kadge. If he does this, he knows, and, perhaps, acknowledges to himself, that he is acting like a fool, but still he goes to his dinner or other enjoyments with Keziah's full sanction and permission, which he otherwise felt to be withheld. Are beggars skilled physiognomists? Does Keziah Kadge know the man who has done a good stroke of business by his countenance? It is far from improbable. Has the reader ever observed that there are some days on which he is more solicited for alms than on others—the same, perhaps, chosen by children to ask what o'clock it is in the public streets, or to request him to pull, on their behalf, "the top bell-handle on the left-hand door-post?"

The class of mendicants of which Keziah Kadge is a specimen, is an especially bad one. She is a strong, young, able-bodied woman, and yet an habitual and professional beggar. It is doubtful, however, whether she is quite the worst specimen of all. She is what may be called the clamorous beggar; is she as bad as the silent beggar?

With the silent beggar we have all been long familiar, though it is only now, as we shall shortly see, that he has reached the culminating point of full development. The silent beggar is ordinarily a thin and sickly-looking individual. He dresses generally in seedy black, showing, however, an aggravatingly white shirt-front, which, in its spotless cleanliness, is part of his stock-in-trade, for he is "poor, but scrupulously clean." It is not unfrequently the case that nature will decorate the nose of the silent beggar with a fine vermilion tinge, which sets off the pallor of the other parts of his countenance to great advantage, and is—pray observe—in nowise the result of drinking. The scene chosen by the silent beggar for his mute appeal is generally one of our leading and most bustling thoroughfares, the Tottenham-court-road or that of Edgeware; and here, selecting a situation where there is a good flaring gas-light blazing full upon him—for night, and especially Saturday night, is his great time—he takes up his position. It is not, however, his practice to stand upon the pavement; he is far too humble for that. He stands in the road, just at the edge of the kerb-stone, and, to complete the unobtrusive character of his appearance, holds himself in a slightly stooping position, with his head bent down, and never removing his gaze from the pavement, except on rare occasions, to glance around him in

a furtive manner as a means of ascertaining what amount of sensation he is making. He generally finds, when he permits himself this relaxation, that a good-natured wench, who has been sent out to buy vegetables, is standing looking back at him, regardless of the knocks she gets from the passers-by; so his eyes quickly return once more to the pavement, and presently a penny is thrust into his hand, and the good-natured wench goes on her way with a purse just so much the lighter for her misdirected mercy.

Sometimes the silent beggar holds in his clasped hands a lucifer-match box, sometimes a very thin account book, and two sticks of sealing-wax, which objects are understood to be offered for public purchase, in case the tide of commercial enterprise should set in such directions. Sometimes, again, the silent beggar is seen with a desperately clean wife, and even occasionally a raw-looking little girl, by his side, all three quietly contemplating the pavement, except, indeed, when the infant mendicant, with the volatile habits of childhood, will sometimes look cheerfully about at the different objects in her neighbourhood, in which case, however, she is speedily brought to order by means of severe knuckle correction between the shoulder-blades.

I have always regarded the silent beggar with immense dislike and suspicion, believing him to be a terrific savage in his family, and a wild and violent reveller in the dark slums of London, out of business hours. But what was the mendicant of this order formerly, to what he is now? The silent beggar has always been in the habit of cultivating a neat and highly respectable exterior, and he has been also found at intervals with a written placard hung round his neck, or placed before him on the pavement, where he reads it upside down all the day long. But now the silent beggar has gone a step farther; and it was only the other day that, seeing a considerable group of persons assembled in Trafalgar Square, and prying in among them, as an inquisitive man should, I discovered that they were simply staring at a tall and stylishly-dressed gentleman, who was standing with his hat off, and his back against a wall, and a pasteboard inscription upon his breast, stating his claims to the consideration of the benevolent. Surely I was right in saying that it is only now that the silent beggar has reached the perfection of his development, for this gentleman was attired in a symmetrical and highly prosperous-looking suit of black, wore a pair of kid gloves, which fitted so perfectly, that it must have been a serious matter to get them on, and carried a jaunty Malacca cane in one of his hands. It really is scarcely too much to suppose after this, that we shall, in good time, have a silent beggar reining up his curricle by the side of the footway, and holding in a fiery "high-stepper" with one hand, while he stretches out a hat with the other. A beggar with gloves! a beggar with a Malacca cane! Allah is good; but what *shall* we hear of next?

I suppose that it is to this school of the silent beggars that the Indian, who crouches on one knee, and hides his villanous face as well as he can with his hands, legitimately belongs; for he never speaks, though he will shiver and chatter with his teeth by the hour together. He, too, has his claims to our regard written out in large text, and, placed before him, an autobiographical notice, from which we may generally gather that he has been very ill-used, is himself immaculate, and is, as indeed are all his tribe, an eminently Christian character. So much is this the case with our Indian teeth-chatterer, that he is sometimes found with a collection of hymns, printed on single sheets of paper, trembling in his hands, and which, in his religious ardour, he is ready to supply to the public at the rate of one penny per sheet. This intolerable impostor, who, with his active, muscular figure, could get up and beat Deerfoot at a running-match if he chose, will crouch and shiver all day long for a livelihood, and a very good thing he makes of it; our friend, the good-natured servant-wench,

the great patron saint of mendicants, being rarely able to get past him without contributing to his wants. It would not surprise us to learn that these trembling gentlemen have a luxurious club-house of their own, where they all meet, after shivering hours, and where they pass the night in performing Nil Darpan, and cursing their British persecutors in a grateful and becoming manner.

From this servile, crawling, grovelling wretch, we turn, by a natural transition, to the cheerful and familiar beggar; a tremendous impostor, too, but of a different sort.

It is not long since that I was crossing over the road not far from Lumbago-terrace, Regent's-park, when I saw advancing to meet me at the other end of the crossing two persons, a man and a woman, who wore so gay and joyous an aspect at my approach, that I thought they knew me. The man was dressed in a snowy smock-frock, and wore tan-leather leggings; the woman was arrayed in a clean cotton gown, and a neat straw bonnet. I was beginning to think whether they were tenants of some country friend who remembered me, though I had forgotten them; for how else could I account for their being apparently so glad to see me? I was puzzling myself, I say, in this manner, when my friend, the model peasant, suddenly burst out with these remarkable words:—

"You haven't got," he said, grinning from ear to ear, and with a jovial roll of his head—"you haven't got such a thing as a copper for a poor fellow, have you? we're in wants of as much as will pay for a night's lodging."

After following me a short distance, and entering into the details of an excursion into "Daarsetshire," which he had in contemplation, and which he discussed in a loud and cheery tone, my agricultural friend gave me up, with a soft sigh and a genial "thank'ee all the same, sir," of terrific power, and fell back to his female accomplice. I have met this couple about continually since, and the man always smiles and touches his hat to me in a jaunty manner, without, however, attempting to stop. He calculates on my thinking to myself, that "there really is something remarkable about this fellow," and then he imagines that I shall turn back and get into conversation with him. No, no, my friend, your smock-frock is too white, and your leather-leggings are too clean, and your get up altogether is too intensely agricultural, for me to imagine that you are acquainted with any other fields than those of Spital, or of still more sinister Tothill.

Perhaps, however, I should have fallen a victim to this honest fellow, if it had not happened that, only a day or two before I made his acquaintance, a middle-aged lady, with a reticule and a red nose, stopped suddenly directly before me in the street, and said, in a calm clear tone,

"Will you give me a penny, if you please?"

Before this accomplished artist, who may be called the unexpected beggar, I fell. She was too much for me, and, doubtless, my weakness in this case helped to give me force in the other instance.

While mentioning this matter of the unexpected beggar, and the difficulty of resisting her, I am reminded of another kind of unexpected Beggar, without mention of whom this category would be incomplete.

You are upstairs in your study, on the second floor. Your study is on that floor that you may be quiet, and, possibly, because you would be in the way on the dining-room, or drawing-room stages. You are engaged in study no matter of what nature—how to make both ends meet, perhaps. Presently, a handmaid taps at your door, and informs you that Mr. Jarvis is below, and wishes to speak with you. He will not detain you five minutes. You don't exactly remember the name, but no doubt it is somebody on business. You impress him by a brief delay, and descend.

On entering your drawing-room, you observe a gentleman seated with his back towards you. He waits till you are well into the room, and then rising, discloses himself to your regard, as a total stranger, a person of magnificent

appearance, and a foreigner, evidently of distinction. The following conversation then takes place :—

Man of genius. Mr. Jarvis, I believe.

Foreigner of distinction. No, bai no means—Charvet—Monsieur Jules Charvet, of the *Revue Ricaneuse.*

Man of genius. Oh, indeed [overtures from some foreign publishers no doubt—well, I shall make my own terms], take a seat, pray Monsieur—Monsieur—

Foreigner of distinction. Charvet. You will ask, perhaps, what is my object in thus intruding upon you ?

Man of genius. Not at all, Monsieur Charvet.

Foreigner of distinction. You are, I believe, the author of the leettle work, entaitled " Startles upaun Sleep."

Man of genius. I must own that I am.

Foreigner of distinction. I am praoud and 'appy to make your acquaintance. That work does you honour. It woot be goot that it should be translate.

Man of genius (internally). Ah, ha !

Foreigner of distinction. You are also the author of the "New Golconde, or Wealts at Weel."

Man of genius. The "New Golconda, or Wealth at Will"—yes, indeed, I am.

Foreigner of distinction. Those works should be known by raights, wherever civilaisation ritches. I am indeed praoud and 'appy to know so distinguish a colleague, for I too am man of letters, as you shall know, no daout.

Man of genius. (Indistinct acquiescence.)

Foreigner of distinction. For the *Revue Ricaneuse* I have much written, my own books not succeeding, I write savage *revues* of those of others. I get together small news of personal kainds, and poblish domestic matters belonging to distinguished families.

Man of genius. (Indistinct disapproval.)

Foreigner of distinction. But I 'ave 'ad ill-lock. I 'ave not socceed. An enemy of maine, jealous of me, 'ave threatened the *Revue Ricaneuse* with law, if I was not discharged for certain things I 'ave poblish abaout 'is affairs. Since then I 'ave not prosper. I come to England. England, I say, is a great nation. The English man of letters is not jealous. I see a French actor come over 'ere. He shows the English that they do not knaow 'ow to act their own plays. I will show them too, that they do not knaow the meaning of their own leeterature. It is a great work this, but I most 'ave support whaile it is in progress. What am I to do ? I turn naturally to the forst men of the country in which I faind myself for help. I think immediate of the renown Mr. Startles —to him I apply myself without reserve, without daout.

In short, M. Charvet is a beggar, and, when he pulls out a volume of his collected works from his pocket, and offers them to you for ten shillings, it is twenty to one that, on the first occasion of such a visit at any rate, you will return to your studies in the art of making both ends meet, finding both those ends farther apart by the distance of half-a-sovereign than they were when you last considered the subject.

The beggar, who is kind enough to wait upon you at your own house, appears under many forms. Sometimes, as in the case of our friend just mentioned, he is an author, sometimes an artist, sometimes an inventor, while not unfrequently he comes to represent the wants of others, when he is more difficult to resist than ever.

Beware of the French gentleman who, addressing you in his native tongue in the public streets, asks you to direct him to a street, the name of which he has got inscribed upon a little scrap of dirty paper. When he asks you for an explanation of that direction, or requests you to inform him where the "*Société de Bienfaisance*" is located, give him a wide berth, for he means begging, and will bring the conversation round to that interesting topic in no time. It is the common practice of this kind of mendicant to address himself to young gentlemen, who appear to his serpent-like wisdom as if they would be flattered by being thought French scholars.

Such youths cannot resist answering in such French as they have at command, and from the moment when they thus consent to enter into conversation, they are lost.

Beware, again, how your sympathies are enlisted in behalf of a little innocent-looking boy who is crying bitterly over the fragments of a broken plate or jug, which has tumbled out of his hand. He has been sent to fetch something which the plate or jug was intended to contain; it has tumbled out of his hand and been broken into many atoms. The child is in an agony of grief, and dilates between his sobs upon the cruel consequences that will ensue when he returns home with the story of the broken plate. Now this would be all very well, and you would be doing quite right in contributing towards a new plate, if only you were quite sure that this was the first and only occasion on which our young friend has appeared with his knuckles screwed into his eyes, and a collection of fragments of the willow pattern at his feet. But what if all this which happens to-day at the corner of Baker-street, occurred yesterday opposite the Foundling, and will be repeated till further notice every day next week in divers parts of the metropolis?

This last-mentioned little mendicant is very difficult to harden oneself against. The same may be said of the woful elderly beggar, who addresses you only for a moment, on a wet night, just turning half round as you pass, and uttering one or two spiritless and broken words, abandoning his suit directly if it is not encouraged. Are there any who read these words, who have gone back a hundred or two of yards to relieve, not so much the beggar himself, as that more importunate mendicant who was pulling and dragging at the softer fibres of their hearts, pleading the cause of that drenched and lonely old man? Somehow I cannot class this sort of beggar with the rest, nor steel myself entirely against his claims.

But, in revenge, against the spouting beggar I can harden myself with ease. This is he who, advancing with slow steps along the very middle of the street, holding a baby in his arms, and followed by a woman and other children, gives out his wrongs to the public ear in a loud and oratorical manner, beginning, "Hi ham a pore weaver," and interspersing his statement with many asides of a threatening character, addressed in a husky whisper to his wife and children. This group will occasionally awaken the echoes of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, which is a favourite beggar-preserve, with the strain of the Old Hundredth, which is commonly interrupted with even more clinkings of halfpence on the pavement, thrown from upper windows, than is elicited by the weaver's narration of his own wrongs and sufferings. This is the same man who, when unable to afford the hire of a wife and family for choral psalm-singing and spouting purposes, lurks about our suburbs and lies in wait for ladies who are obliged to go out alone while their husbands are at business, and makes their walk so unpleasant to them with half-threatening, half-whining importunities, that they are glad enough to give him an alms to be rid of him. He is an intimate ally too of the man who does a mackerel, a moonlight, a mutton chop, and a head from Carlo Dolci on the pavement in crayons, and is well known to the sailor with no legs, who unrolls a painting of a shipwreck and stretches it out by his side, close to that blank-wall on the wrong side of Oxford-street, which communicates by gates with Hanover-square.

From these particular and distinct classifications of the different tribes of beggars, we turn naturally to a consideration of the subject in its broader and more general aspects.

In England, a beggar is always religious, and nearly always clean. Besides the hymns which we have seen that our Indian beggar is fond of retailing, there are little tracts which such personages commonly have on sale, and which, purporting to interest you in a dramatic story, soon make a digression into more theological matters, revealing how wonderfully a certain innocent Indian was once upon a time converted,

and how he prospered afterwards in a certain colony, and acquired a territory, and a house, and cattle and horses, and how he was taken into the confidence of the Missionaries, and became Treasurer to the Evening School Fund, and was interested with all sorts of other Funds as well, because he had said that "um "poor Sambo nebber cared for gold "and silver, only lub im church and school;" at which point history drops the curtain, the historian being, doubtless, afraid of injuring his effect, which, indeed, might possibly have been done by dwelling any longer on Sambo's career.

The statements which Sambo and others chalk upon the pavement, or wear round their necks, are commonly interspersed with religious matter, and we have seen that, when Keziah Kadge runs by your side round the crescent, at the top of Portland-place, she is wont to utter words of sacred meaning, and to make professions of religion which cause one to shudder, and hasten more than ever out of ear-shot of such grievous mockery.

Then, as to cleanliness. The beggar who understands his business is always clean. It is not so abroad; sympathy in foreign climes is rather awakened than otherwise by dirt. The brisk movement of a flea attracts attention to the insect's proprietor, and relief may follow; a clean shirt on a beggar would not be understood, and it might turn out, if he wore one, that his linen was in better order than that of the gentleman whom he supplicates for alms. With us it is different. The English beggar thinks that, if he turns out clean, it will be thought that, at any rate, he is doing all he can, and that he is putting a good face upon his poverty, and making the best of it. I believe that there are no aprons known in the civilized world of such extraordinary cleanliness as those worn by Keziah Kadge, and I also believe that there is an especial manufactory of coarse linen carried on expressly with a view to the shirt-fronts of our silent beggars, they being of a thickness of thread, and of a whiteness which has something unhallowed and altogether inexplicable about it.

All this tells with the British public. Indeed, the peculiar kind of linen just described, and especially when it is set in, or surrounded by, a suit of seedy black, is well-nigh irresistible. The fact is, that the irresistible class of beggars is a very large one, and it is astonishing how long an adroit and practised mendicant will keep his head above water. The Rev. Elliott Hadlow, for instance, who has recently been much harassed by the mendicity officers, has been upwards of twenty years "in the profession." This ill-used personage belonged to the noble order of the pavement-chalkers. The autobiographical notice with which he was wont to ornament the foot-way, was a short one. "I am," he used to write "a decayed "schoolmaster, the author of eleven "works, the last of which went through "a fourth edition." Here was an appeal, which was not likely to be inefficacious. What a delightful sensation for a passing schoolboy to bestow his penny, and feel that he was actually "tipping" a schoolmaster! What a glorious vengeance for the literary character whose works had never attained to a second, or third—not to say a first edition, to go and insult this successful author, this public favourite, with a present of a couple of new bronze half-pennies! How villanous that this interesting person's career should be cut short because an officer of the Mendicity Society, with no regard for literature, chooses to denounce the "decayed schoolmaster" as a well-known impostor, with whose history he (the officer) had been *acquainted for twenty-one years!* The author of the "eleven works," is on this occasion very candid, acknowledges that "he has been "in the habit of begging, and that he "has been previously brought before a "magistrate for that offence, and that "since that time he has managed to "secure a pension of nineteen shillings "and fourpence per month." This, of course, will not supply him with so many luxuries as it is natural he should require; so he flings himself, with his

eleven works, and his four editions, upon public sympathy, and with the world for his oyster, and a morsel of chalk to open it with, could get on very well if we would but let him alone.

He might even perhaps have got on as well as the great Keziah Kadge herself. This name, which in the earlier part of this notice has been applied to a fictitious character, is, incredible as it seems, a real name, and is after all not more difficult to believe in than the history of the worthy lady who bore it. This brief review of the present condition and prospects of the begging interest, would be so incomplete without the short and simple annals of Keziah Kadge, that I must ask leave to give them entire :—

"Keziah Kadge, a decent-looking "woman, attired as a widow, was "charged before Alderman Carter, with "begging under the following circum- "stances :

"William Hewitt, one of the officers "of the Mendicity Society, said that he "saw the prisoner begging of several "ladies, and, knowing her to be an old "impostor, he took her into custody. "He found on her sevenpence in silver "and copper money, *a silver watch, and* "*a porte-monnaie.* She refused her "name and address.

"Alderman Carter said, she could not "have been in such great distress if she "had a silver watch in her possession.

"Hewitt said, that this was one of "the worst cases of begging that he "ever remembered; that the prisoner, so "far from being destitute, or in distress, "actually had as much as 800*l.* or 900*l.* "invested in the Bank of England, and "that she drew her dividends regularly, "upon which she ought to maintain "herself; but she was the greatest im- "postor in London, and had been in "custody before for the same offence.

"The prisoner admitted that she had "had three months' imprisonment from "the court, but that was some years ago, "when her husband was alive. She "*only got a shilling a day by her divi-* "*dends.*

"Hewitt said, he had witnesses who "could prove that the prisoner was a "most determined beggar, and that she "had expressed her intention to "continue begging, until she could in- "crease her capital so as to yield her "1*l.* per week, upon which she meant "to retire into private life.

"Prisoner whined a good deal, and "begged forgiveness, but did not utter "one promise to refrain from the life of "imposition she was leading."

I am happy to say that this magnificent impostor was merely detained for twenty-one days in the House of Correction, giving her dividends time to accumulate. Let us hope that she may speedily attain to the height of her ambition, and retire on a net income of 50*l.* per annum.

Seriously speaking, it is a grave question, whether something might not be done to get our streets a little clearer from beggars. Next year, hosts of foreigners, and more especially of our natural critics, the French, will be in London, and it would be well that we should have our streets in as creditable order as may be. Towards carrying out this object, surely, one valuable step would be made if we began by bringing to an immediate termination the careers of our younger practitioners in the art of begging. On the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge, and in only too many other parts of London, there exist, as the reader has doubtless often remarked, whole hordes of young raggamuffins, who endeavour to extort money from the more good-natured and inconsiderate portion of the community, by running alongside of the omnibuses and cabs, which pass by their beat, and turning summersaults as near the wheels of the vehicles as may be done with security to that safest of all things—a vagabond's life. These youngsters are just entering life, and are entering it by just one of the very worst thoroughfares with which we are acquainted. Would it not be a real charity to them, as well as to the world at large, to lay a merciful hand upon them, and turn them back before they advance further along that grievous path, which begins in the New Cut and

ends in the Old Bailey? We must consider the future of these children. It may be urged, that there is no particular harm in running along by the side of a carriage, and emulating, by means of the arms and legs, the example of the wheel, on which the vehicle rolls; but what we have to consider is, what this is to end in. There comes a time when this branch of the begging profession must be abandoned, and then the little urchin we have laughed at grows up and becomes—what? A vagabond. Prevention is better than cure, and, though we can easily train the young plant when it first shows its green shoots above ground, it is not easy to do anything with the full-grown tree, unless to cut it down. We should have, at any rate, fewer grown-up beggars about our streets, if we thus arrested the career of the young beginners at its earliest commencement.

OUR DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICES.

Since the introduction of the examination system into the Civil Service, public attention has been directed to the different branches of the Home Service, but the working of the colonial and foreign departments has remained as much unknown as ever. And yet a knowledge of the mode of management of our colonial and foreign relations is one which would not only be useful in the way of general information, but would materially assist in forming an accurate opinion on many of the questions of the day. The recent Parliamentary inquiries into the diplomatic and consular services, as well as the events of the day, suggest that this would be a favourable time for giving some account of their present state, and of the changes which appear to be in contemplation, as well as to offer some observations respecting these professions. The general impression on the subject has hitherto been, that the members of these bodies have resided at agreeable places abroad, have enjoyed handsome salaries, and have had light duties to perform; but, while the result of the inquiries referred to has been to point out more clearly what the advantages of their professions actually are, they have unfolded counterbalancing circumstances which had previously been overlooked.

The Foreign Office has kept itself out of any very prominent public notice, in consequence of its official business being so conducted as to avoid the palpable disorder into which the War Office and the Admiralty have of late years fallen; and this has arisen from its staff being sufficient for the work to be done, from the ability of the successive Foreign Secretaries, and from the circumstance, that having had, for many years, a good reputation as a well-conducted government-office, an efficient class of men have obtained appointments in it. Much also is to be attributed to Lord Palmerston's long tenure of the post of Foreign Secretary. His extreme attention to matters of detail, on the proper discharge of which the character of any public office mainly depends, has had a most beneficial effect in forming sound business habits among the senior clerks.

The staff of the Foreign Office consists of two under-secretaries, one assistant under-secretary, forty-one clerks on the establishment, divided into five classes, and about twenty supplementary clerks attached to various departments. There are also translators of European and Oriental languages, and the *employés* necessary for printing confidential papers, binding old despatches, and for managing a branch of one of the foreign lines of telegraph.

The office is divided into eleven divisions or departments, which are under the supervision of one or other of the under-secretaries: of these, six are political, and the others transact the treaty, slave trade, consular, finance, and passport, and the librarian's on general reference business. The office hours begin at eleven, and end when the

work of the day is done; differing in this respect from other public offices, which have fixed and regular hours of attendance. The amount of work to be done is said to vary considerably, sometimes being very slight, and at other times overwhelming. The business is transacted in the following manner:—There are four clerks resident in the office, who in turn attend to the receipt of despatches out of office hours, and forward them to the under-secretaries, by whom they are sent on to the Secretary of State. He returns them to the under-secretary, giving on each such directions as they appear to require, or asking for further information, and the under-secretary sends them out to the proper department to be registered and acted upon. Letters which arrive in office hours go to the under-secretary direct, and follow the same course. Drafts of answers are written by the senior clerk of the department to which they belong, and are submitted by him to the superintending under-secretary, who, in matters of importance, consults the Secretary of State. All drafts of political despatches are sent for approval to the Prime Minister and to the Queen, before the despatch is sent off. Despatches received are also sent to the Prime Minister and the Queen, and are afterwards circulated among the Cabinet Ministers. Business is carried on with great rapidity, and letters are often received and disposed of on the same day.

The salaries at the Foreign Office are as follows:—The permanent under-secretary receives 2,000*l.* a year; the parliamentary and the assistant under-secretary receive 1,500*l.* each. The chief clerk, who superintends the finance and passport business, has a salary of 1,000*l.*, increasing at 50*l.* to 1,250*l.* The salaries of the five classes of the ordinary clerks range—

8 senior clerks at	700*l.*	increasing at	25*l.*	a year to	1,000*l.*
8 assistant clerks .	„ 550*l.*	„	20*l.*	„	650*l.*
10 first-class junior clerks	„ 350*l.*	„	20*l.*	„	545*l.*
9 second-class junior clerks	„ 150*l.*	„	10*l.*	„	300*l.*
6 third-class junior clerks	„ 100*l.*	„	10*l.*	„	150*l.*

The salaries of the supplemental clerks vary, but are smaller in proportion to the above list. Promotion is by seniority, but no extra pay is given for work done after the nominal six hours of attendance, as is the case in many other Government offices.

The competition system of examination has been applied to clerkships. On a vacancy occurring, three candidates are named by the Secretary of State, who are examined by the Civil Service Commissioners,

1. In handwriting.
2. In writing English and French from dictation.
3. In French.
4. In making a *précis* or abstract of papers.

In cases of equality, a knowledge of German is to decide to whom the preference is to be given. The limit of age is between eighteen and twenty-four.

Such is a brief sketch of the organization of the Foreign Office, and of the system of transacting business adopted there. This system has certainly succeeded in preventing the confusion from arising which has elsewhere taken place; while the amount of salary, and the prospect of regular promotion, combined with the social position which its service is supposed to give, have obtained for the office a higher character than that of most other public establishments.

The diplomatic corps is divided into the heads of missions and their subordinates. The former consists of ambassadors, envoys, ministers and *chargés des affaires*. The subordinate *employés* are secretaries of embassy and legation, and paid and unpaid *attachés*. The career is in theory a regular one, and it is supposed that a man begins as unpaid *attaché*, and works his way up to the top of the profession; but this is by no means the case in practice, for there are numerous instances of "interlopers," possessing strong political influence, having been brought in and put over the heads of those who have devoted their lives to the service.

Diplomacy with us has been the branch of the Civil Service where personal influence has done most for a man, and individual talent has done least. Considerable influence has hitherto been required to get a nomination to an appointment connected with the Foreign Office, and *attachéships*, in particular, have been strictly confined to the aristocracy. Interest is required to get the first appointment; interest has to be exerted to obtain each step of promotion; and interest again is of essential use in obtaining a post at an agreeable place of residence. When an *attaché* is first appointed, he works for several years without pay, and has to defray himself all the expenses of his outfit and journey to his post; if he possesses strong influence, he may be nominated a paid *attaché* after about two years' service, but otherwise he may have to wait eight or ten years, or even longer, before a compassionate Secretary of State will take pity on him. Afterwards, when his turn for promotion as secretary would naturally come, he may have to take a post in South America, and leave European appointments to his more fortunate colleagues. It may excite some surprise, that under these circumstances men should be found so eager to enter the diplomatic service; but every one at twenty indulges in strong hopes of individual good fortune, and relies on his own talents and interest, and calls to mind the instances of persons who, in their career as diplomatists, have won the highest honours of the State. Diplomacy, on the other hand, as a profession, has great and peculiar advantages. It procures an introduction to the best society in every country, and brings its members into direct personal contact with the leading men of the age; and, moreover, it soon affords, especially at the large capitals, a pleasure which a man is most unwilling to give up. We see in our own day, from the publication of the secret despatches, and various private letters, and other documents of former centuries, what different ideas of men and things were entertained by statesmen and by the public generally; for instance, what new light has been by this means thrown on the policy of Elizabeth and of the sovereigns and ministers of that era. The members of the diplomatic body are behind the scenes, as it were, of public life; and, though we are doubtless unwilling to think that posterity will know as many secrets about the events of our age as we know about the events of bygone times, yet we are much mistaken if the history of Queen Victoria's reign would not be very differently written by a contemporary, and by a historian living in the reign of Albert the Sixth.

It must also be observed that, until lately, diplomacy was not even so strictly a profession as it is now. Originally, ambassadors were only occasionally sent; and, although resident missions have now been established for about two centuries, the different gradations of diplomatic rank have been slowly and gradually defined and recognised. An ambassador had a secretary to assist him, who was furnished with a royal commission, and was allowed to "attach" such persons as he liked to his legation, who, in return for the advantages which they thus obtained, assisted in the discharge of the official business. Such was the origin of *attachés*. A property qualification was necessary for those who went abroad in this manner, and this requirement has been strictly kept up. Some persons having been retained long at a particular place, and having rendered themselves useful, obtained a salary and further advancement in the service. But, although the Foreign Office has so much encroached on the patronage of ministers abroad that *attachéships* are almost invariably conferred by the Secretary of State, a man, even at the present time, does not become a regular servant of the Crown by holding a commission until he is appointed secretary of legation or embassy. Formerly also, on a change of ministry at home, British representatives abroad were removed, and were succeeded by members of the same political party as the new ministry; but

this has ceased to be the case of late years, and our representatives are, as a rule, retained longer at the same post than those of other powers—a change which has been productive of much benefit to the service, by enabling our ministers to fix their attention on foreign questions, and by rendering them more independent.

At many of the embassies the amount of work to be done is considerable. At Paris, attendance has to be given for seven hours daily, nor is Sunday by any means a day of rest. In fact, messengers are so sent from London, that both at Paris and Vienna, Sunday is the day when they arrive, and much business has therefore necessarily to be done on that day. The business of our embassies is of a commercial, as well as of a political nature. Besides keeping the Government informed with regard to all political events, reports are required to be made on important commercial questions, accompanied frequently by statistical tables. Copies have to be sent home of all public notices relative to navigation, and of decrees and laws affecting trade, and vast correspondence takes place on matters connected with the commercial interests of British subjects in foreign countries, their complaints against local authorities, and not unfrequently the loss of their luggage, or other mishaps which befal them in travelling. Several notarial acts, when done abroad, are required by law to be performed before a minister or secretary. It thus appears that the office of a British minister at a foreign court is, at the present day, by no means a sinecure. Communication between the Foreign Office and the different missions takes place by means of messengers sent at stated times, as well as by post.

Attachés, on their nomination, have to pass an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners. This examination has hitherto not been competitive, and comprises the following subjects: Handwriting; English and French dictation; French; translation from either German, Latin, Spanish, or Italian; geography; making abstracts of papers; modern history since 1789, and particularly that of the country to which they are going. On promotion to the rank of paid *attaché*, several examinations have to be passed in the languages of the countries in which they may have resided since their appointment, a report has to be made on the commercial and political relations of those countries, their institutions, &c., and a knowledge of international law has to be shown.

The present rates of salary are as follows:—

Ambassadors	. receive from	10,000*l.*	to	7,000*l.*	a year.
Ministers	. . ,,	5,000*l.*	,,	2,000*l.*	,,
Chargé d'Affaires	,,	2,000*l.*	,,	1,400*l.*	,,
Secretaries	. . ,,	1,000*l.*	,,	400*l.*	,,
Paid Attachés	. ,,	500*l.*	,,	250*l.*	,,

The larger salaries are, of course, assigned to the principal posts, not only on account of the more important duties to be performed, but also on account of the expense of living.

With regard to the question of salaries, we do not think that the diplomatic profession has, on the whole, any reason to complain. The desire which some of our ministers evince to run a race in extravagance with their French colleagues, ought not to be encouraged. We have lately seen what the consequence has been in France of every department of the Government giving way to a prodigal expenditure of the public money, and we have no wish to see the introduction of any similar spirit in our service. Our diplomatists should understand that they are sent abroad to watch over the interests of England and the general cause of human progress, and not to set an example of extravagance and ostentation. In former years, it was customary for ministers to give presents to persons connected with the Court to which they were accredited: we believe that England was the first power to relinquish this practice, and our influence abroad has suffered no diminution in consequence. Again, most other nations confer decorations profusely on foreign diplomatists, but England has always abstained from doing so, even when they have been almost asked for. Prince Metternich was very desirous of obtaining a garter; but not even his

services, in bringing Austria to side with the Allied Powers against Napoleon, would induce the English Ministry to depart from the established rule. Our regulations on this point have not injured our influence, and we feel sure that, if the expenditure of our representatives was restricted to moderate limits, they would not be less respected, nor the just influence of this country be weakened. We regret to observe, that both Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Lord John Russell said, before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Diplomatic service, that our representatives ought to live in the same manner, and at the same rate, as the highest class of society in the country in which they reside. It appears to us that this statement may lead to very erroneous impressions. The persons referred to possess country houses and estates which necessitate a large expenditure; and it appears to us that our ministers, instead of being provided with an income to enable them to vie with this class of society, should have an income sufficient to enable them to maintain a position *in town* equal to that of the ministers of state at the place of their residence. A house should also be provided at Government expense; it should be taken on lease for a term of years, and not be the actual property of Government; for, at Paris, where the embassy-house has been purchased, the cost of keeping it in repair would have sufficed to build it several times over. Constantinople, and other eastern capitals, are the only exceptions to this rule.

The difference in position between an ambassador and a minister is, that the former is always enabled to obtain an audience of the sovereign, and to bring matters to his personal knowledge, whereas a minister has not this privilege. It is therefore of consequence to be represented by an ambassador at the court of an absolute monarch, but the same necessity does not exist at places where the administration is in the hands of a cabinet responsible to a chamber elected by the people.

Though we consider that our representatives abroad are sufficiently paid, we must say that the secretaries of embassy and legation, whose salaries, as before stated, range from 1,000*l.* to 400*l.* are underpaid. A man must serve for many years before he attains to this rank, and when he obtains this step in promotion, he has to look forward to another long period of service before he can expect further promotion. Of course there are instances of persons who are pushed rapidly forward; but this is the ordinary case, and we are therefore inclined to think that the pay of secretaries ought to be sufficient for the maintenance of themselves and their families. Nor would this involve any great additional expense; for, by the universally recognised rules of the diplomatic service, secretaries are not expected to give entertainments, or to attempt to vie with their chiefs. At the present time, *attachés*, when they receive a salary, receive sufficient remuneration. The Committee of the House of Commons recommend that a salary shall always be given after four years' service. This proposal would certainly remove the injustice, or rather positive dishonesty, of the present system, by which a young man may have to work for ten years without receiving any remuneration. In no profession does a young man support himself at first starting, and there is no reason why an exception should be made in favour of the diplomatic service; but we think it would be better if a salary of 100*l.* a year was given for the first four years of service. Paid servants are better than unpaid; and even this moderate salary, by opening out the diplomatic career, would tend to obviate the injurious effect which the existing system has, by excluding many men on account of the high property qualifications, by no means necessary, which is now so strictly enforced; while it would have the further good effect of checking the extravagance now so prevalent.

The rule as to diplomatic pensions is, that no person can obtain one until fifteen years have elapsed since the date

of his first commission, ten of which must have been passed in active service. But, as commissions are not given to *attachés*, the time previous to an appointment as secretary is not counted in computing pensions, and it was of course felt to be a great injustice that so long a period as ten years or more should be quite thrown away in this respect. The committee have, therefore, very fairly proposed that a commission should be given after four years' service; and, further, that the title of "Paid *Attaché*" should be abolished, and different classes of secretaries formed, in order to place our diplomatic service on the same footing as that of other countries.

The committee also represent, that the regulation by which half the salary of ministers is deducted during the whole term they may be absent from their posts, presses with undue severity on them. It would certainly seem that they should be encouraged to visit England as often as is compatible with the proper discharge of their duties, for it is of essential service to a diplomatist to keep up an accurate acquaintance with the state of public feeling in his own country. Secretaries and *attachés* have no deduction made for the first two months that they are absent from their post in each year; and it seems proper that the same rule should apply to ministers, especially as the expenses incidental to carrying on the work at missions abroad are included in the accounts of "extraordinaries," and do not fall on the minister himself. These accounts, it must also be stated, have increased largely of late years, and call for serious attention and revision.

As the clerks of the Foreign Office are supposed to hold a position equivalent to the members of the diplomatic corps, many persons have advocated a complete amalgamation between the two services, and the committee favour the idea so far as to recommend that individuals in each should be permitted to exchange posts. But the authorities who would have most weight in deciding such questions are opposed to the scheme, although they acknowledge the advantages which would result if the members of the two branches of the service had respectively more experience of the working of the other branch. There appears to be a rule by which two clerks of the Foreign Office are to be employed abroad. It is said to be "negligently observed;" but, if it were so applied as to enable all the clerks to go abroad in rotation, instead of the same person being sent repeatedly, and if members of diplomatic corps were required to attend for a longer period at the office instead of only for three months on their first appointment, according to the present practice, the advantages of both systems would be secured, while the disadvantages of each would be obviated.

It now remains to be seen how our diplomatic service practically works. An ambassador should be a man well acquainted with political life, and should possess the qualities necessary to ensure success in his profession rather than a great amount of book learning. Success in diplomacy depends, chiefly, on individual talent and experience. A diplomatist should have a great command of temper; he should not be too ready to suspect evil, and, if he does so, must not too clearly show it; he should pay particular attention to the interests of those with whom he is negotiating, and be able to distinguish between their language and their intentions. He must not only be able to reason well and soundly, but his manner must be conciliatory, and equally so whether discussing points of difference or questions on which a perfect understanding exists. The great art is, to make others adopt our own views, by putting them in such a manner that they may be seized and put forward as their own by those whom we wish to adopt them. It is undoubtedly true, that a man new to the service may succeed perfectly in a particular case; but, in order to obtain general success, a man must, as in every other profession, have devoted to it the best years of his life. When we consider how frequently the decision of very im-

portant questions, sometimes even the determination of peace or war, may depend on the personal character and manner of an ambassador, we see the paramount necessity of the qualifications which can only be acquired by the experience of many years of service. Much has been said against secret diplomacy; but secrecy is, to some extent, indispensable, as will be apparent on calling to mind the nature of the duties an ambassador has to perform. If it were known that everything which was said to an English representative would be made public, we may be sure that he would learn very little which it would be of use for him to know. Even our present system of laying papers before Parliament has its disadvantages; but great care is taken in preparing papers to obviate any ill consequences to persons who give our ministers information. A comparison between our diplomatic service and that of foreign countries, as well as an examination into the political tendencies of the diplomacy of different nations, would be an interesting subject; but it is one which would take more space than we can now devote to the subject, and we will, therefore, proceed to make some remarks on the consular service.

A consul, except at a few such places as Warsaw and Venice, is essentially a commercial agent. At large ports consuls have much work to do, having to watch over all matters connected with British trade, and to settle the numerous disputes which arise between masters of vessels and their crews. An English consul has to furnish full information on all points relating to commerce; to make an annual trade report, accompanied by various returns of statistics, as well as to announce tariff changes, the prices of different articles of produce and merchandise, the rates of exchange, &c. He has also to send home copies of commercial laws and decrees, quarantine and navigation notices, and of all other public documents bearing on these questions. These reports are published from time to time by the Board of Trade. Consuls have also to perform notarial acts; to superintend British chapels and hospitals; and to solemnise and register marriages. Consuls were originally paid by fees, which they were authorised by Act of Parliament to charge on performing duties required of them. The appointment was generally conferred on some respectable English merchant resident at the place where it was thought necessary to station a consul; and in this manner the consular establishment was a very slight burden on the country. But subsequently it was considered expedient to appoint non-trading consuls with a salary, and lately the House of Commons' Committee recommended that fees should be received on account of Government, and that consular salaries should be further increased. We fear that the desire to extend ministerial patronage had much to do with both these alterations. At certain places, which we will briefly specify, consuls should be paid, and they should receive adequate salaries; but in all other cases we do not consider that the services to be performed justify the additional burden thus laid on the tax-payers at home.

1. Places where consuls have political as well as commercial functions, such as Venice.

2. Places where consuls have to exercise magisterial and police duties, in consequence of peculiar powers vested in them by treaties with certain countries, such as China, Japan, Turkey, &c.

3. Large sea-ports, such as New York, and Marseilles, where the consul would have enough to do to attend to his official duties.

4. Places where, on account of the slave-trade, it would be inexpedient that the English consul should be mixed up with commercial affairs, such as ports in Africa, Cuba, &c.

At all other places we think it would be better if consuls were unpaid. Merchants of respectability are always to be found ready to hold the appointment, and the fees they receive (which are now very moderate) would be sufficient to defray their office expenses, postage, &c. Consuls are examined on their first appointment, and are required—

1. To show a correct knowledge of English.

2. To be able to write and speak French correctly and fluently.

3. To possess a colloquial knowledge of the language of the places they are appointed to; Italian being taken for Mediterranean, and German for Baltic ports.

4 and 5. To show a knowledge of commercial law and of arithmetic. The limit of age is twenty-five to fifty, and they are required to attend for three months at the Foreign Office to learn the forms of official business.

Such are our diplomatic and consular services. The authorities at home give a most favourable account of their efficiency, and declare that they were never in better working order. The examination system is stated to have had already a good effect, although persons who have entered under it have not yet been placed in trying or prominent positions. Our Government appears to be served abroad quite as well as other Governments, if not better; there are in its service men of great ability; and, if promotion was guided more by real merit, and less by other considerations, we need not fear the superior skill of the diplomatists of any other nation.

"THE FAUNA OF THE STREETS."

> "And mine has been the fate of those
> To whom the goodly sun and air
> Are banned and barred—forbidden fare."
>
> PRISONER OF CHILLON.

THE subterranean caverns of America, caverns many miles in extent, and uncheered by the feeblest ray of light, are found, nevertheless, to be tenanted by animals of various races. These hermits cannot in strictness be described as eyeless, for in some may be traced rudimentary organs of vision, but which have, according to Mr. Darwin, become more or less absorbed pending the lapse of successive generations—who have slowly migrated from the outer world, deeper and deeper into the sunless recesses of the cavern. Some have been supposed to regain a feeble power of vision, after living for a few days in the light. But a sort of compensation for the loss of sight is found to be given, in a strange increase of supplementary instincts, and the augmented sensitiveness of other organs.[1]

There seems to be no good reason for restricting this kindly law to the brute creation. Had the dungeon of Bonnivard been his birthplace, the complaint put into his mouth by the poet, and which we have taken for our motto, would certainly have lost half its force; for where an abnormal state of existence has been the birth-lot of any creature, Nature, in pity, makes the best amends she can, or at least schools the sufferer into a patient endurance of evils, which she is powerless otherwise to control.

But for the influence of some such gentle discipline, how shall we account for the uncomplaining fortitude (greater than mere Stoic endurance) of the aborigines of the London streets, of whose lifelong condition Byron's verse is only too closely descriptive? What a study in natural history is the genuine London child, excluding, we need not say, from that term the children of those whose arrival in the West-end constitutes the vernal epoch popularly known as the "London Season." We would here be understood as confining our attention to the child of the streets, the offspring of the back alleys, courts, and slums; visible *semper et ubique*—at all times

[1] See Mr. Gosse's interesting account of the blind Fauna of Caverns.—*Romance of Natural History*, p. 81.

when a halfpenny can be lured from the passenger—in all places in which mud more particularly abounds, for mud is the element on which he thrives, like the Spartan on his black broth, a compound probably not very dissimilar in colour and consistency. In mud he eats, drinks, washes, plays, and sleeps; his favourite spot for a picnic appears to be the sewer. Not long ago, a band of infant brigands were discovered by the police quartered in a fastness—no other than the subterranean tunnel of the Fleet ditch, whose atmosphere would probably have killed any other living creature, the rat, perhaps, excepted.

The stranger may, within five minutes of his arrival in London, select an example for study. Say he arrives from the country by one of the southern railway termini, and would pass over Waterloo Bridge. His progress will be heralded by an apparition, which he might take for a well-grown specimen of the *Volvox globator*, or wheel insect; an acrobat, whose performances may be witnessed on the stage of the microscope—in a theatre whose drop scene is supplied by the fluid of any Metropolitan Water Company. We exclude, of course, the produce of the Thames, for the Thames at Waterloo Bridge has long been incapable of supporting the minutest form of insect life. On closer inspection, the phenomenon will resolve itself into a ragged urchin, who forms an advance guard in an extraordinary series of somersaults, revolving on his centre much as would a capital X, if possessed by the revolutionary spirit lately prevalent among our tables. Head *vice* heels, hands *vice* feet, each member interchanges both place and duty promiscuously and on the shortest notice, with a flexibility outrivalling even the Manx arms (which, by the way, consist of three *legs*), and with at least an equal title to the Manx motto, "*Stabit quocunque jeceris*," which may be freely interpreted, "Pitch him where you will he'll fall on his legs." A copper halfpenny sterling must supply the place of the golden bough as our passport across the modern Styx—a passport clearly not producible by the tiny acrobat; and, even should you present him with a coin of that amount, its investment will not be effected in a manner likely to swell the dividends of the shareholders of the bridge.

So we part company at the turnstile—an event of less importance, from the circumstance that fresh specimens may easily be found on the other side; nay, should it be low water, there will be visible, on looking over the balustrade of the bridge, a group which forms a ghastly parody of Mr. Frith's masterly picture, "By the Sea-side." No rosy children playing on the sands are here! The little figures resemble rather those ghosts of infants, who first met the Trojan hero on the margin of the infernal river—

"A group of spectres weary and wan
"With only the ghosts of garments on."

These are the mudlarks of the metropolis, though what affinity exists between the little featherless biped who, for a halfpenny, will plunge downwards head foremost into the black ooze at his feet, and the feathered one who floats upwards to Heaven's gate in a flood of song, is a problem yet unsolved. Surely, if akin to any bird, it is to the London sparrow; dirt and impudence are alike the family characteristics of both; and the very fact that any bird, albeit a London sparrow, should of its own free will haunt the streets, when by aid of wings he can attain the range of open air and wild wood, is inexplicable, save on a hypothesis like that of the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," that the bird will develop into a child, and is training for the change, or else on a Pythagorean supposition, that the child has already actually taken the form of the bird, with, alas! some human reminiscence of the kennel surviving to clog its wings, and fetter its flight skywards.

Yet a little farther, and, as we cross the Strand, others of the same type present themselves. Here is one whose vocation is apparently that of lord high steward of the crossing, his wand of office a ragged broom, to which the shock

head of its bearer presents a somewhat disparaging contrast. Here is another, who, promptly availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the departure of the billsticker, has stripped off a placard from the hoarding, while yet the paste is damp and reeking. The little wretch has replaced it, but only after having carefully turned it upside down; and now, standing on his *own* head, reads the contents to the passers-by, who are somewhat bewildered by the inversion of the infant Daniel and the writing which he professes to expound. The performance is, of course, concluded with the usual appeal for a "'apenny;" for note that the street urchin's is no golden dream of wealth. It is invariably limited to the sum above specified, neither more nor less—"only a 'apenny."

Throughout the livelong day we shall meet him, go where we will, and (should the spectator be of a thoughtful cast) never without experiencing the somewhat mingled sensation produced by listening to a tale half humorous, half pathetic, or gazing at an actor whose performance, Robson-like, is semi-grotesque, semi-tragic. But the night advances, and, if we follow the little animal to his lair, the serious element may perchance somewhat preponderate. A visit to the Refuge in Field-lane will form no bad *frigidarium*, or mental douche, after the *tepidarium* of a crowded "at home." It may, as a Turkish bath, produce a not unhealthy reaction upon the mind *blazé* with the glare, and relaxed by the heat of the crush we have quitted in time, to arrive at the Refuge while it yet wants a few minutes of twelve. Enter, and you will witness a somewhat singular phase of the night side of street-nature. This is the resting-place of our pariah of the street—the only resting-place, save the one which awaits him when "a longer night is near."

The sleeping accommodation can hardly be termed luxurious. A rug, and a sort of counter, not very unlike that in the Morgue of Paris, on which the suicide and the murderer sleep their last sleep! A raised and sloping platform of wood, such as is used in a guard-room for the temporary resting-place of soldiers on duty, with the difference that the one before us is partitioned off into separate cells! Each cell has now its inmate, for it is close on midnight; and here you may perchance recognise the little face which this morning grinned its quaint appeal, comic in spite of all that hunger and dirt could do to sadden it. The tiny tumbler has played his play out—the marshal of the crossing has laid aside his baton—the song of the mudlark has ended, and its dactylic refrain, "Gīve ŭs ă 'āpĕnnў, plēase sīr," has sunk into silence; and there they lie, with all that is comic, merged in the awfulness of sleep—a deep sleep evidently, for it is unbroken by even that never-ceasing, hacking cough, which rings forth throughout the livelong night—a sound which proclaims, in sadder eloquence than that of words, whence the sleepers have come, and whither they are surely hastening.

No statistics of the Registrar-General, however elaborate, no testimony of Blue-books and Boards of Health, however weighty and convincing, could point the moral more strongly than that never-ceasing cough, the sound of which only dies away as we pass into the open air, absorbed, perchance, in the deep vibration of the bell of St. Paul's. Heard under these circumstances, that midnight vibration may remind us of certain realities, perhaps as important as the fact that the ball-rooms of the West are even now brimming over in a high-tide of arrivals, and glittering in the noontide of their brilliancy.

Two questions, meanwhile, have possibly crossed our mind—the first, What becomes of these children when sick? the second, What is their destiny when convalescent? As regards the first, the case of the sick child of the streets, unable to find a refuge in the hospital, is one for which kind Nature furnishes a speedy solution. To him whose acquaintance of Earth has been almost wholly derived from the mud of the streets, the announcement, "dust thou art," sounds almost a truism, and the sentence, "to

dust shalt thou return," breathes more of mercy than unkindness. And thus the ministry of the parish undertaker is in truth no ungentle one, as he consigns him to his first and last cradle, that little coffin which the creed of certain political economists would teach us to regard as the dust-bin of surplus population—the fit and proper vehicle for the removal of such-like "incumbrances."

But happily there are very many of these little ones (and as charity enlarges her bounds their number is very rapidly increasing) who, in sickness, are enabled to take shelter in one of those noble charities of which London may well be proud.

One, indeed (and would that its powers were equal to the demand for their exercise), is exclusively devoted to the care of sick children; and only those who have inspected such an asylum can form an adequate idea of the contrast which the care and tenderness lavished on its little inmates present to the destitution from which they step as they cross its threshold.[1]

Such as have done so, if they have been readers of "Little Dorrit," will be at no loss to understand how naturally poor Maggy, of the Marshalsea, summed up her notions of comfort in the expressive term "Hospitally," derived from her recollections as an in-patient. Now it is to those who are dismissed from these asylums as convalescent that question number two applies, with very serious importance. For, the greater the comfort of the hospital, the greater the shock to one suddenly deprived of it. Such a change and shock is just what the convalescent is peculiarly unfitted to bear.

True, the patient has been rescued from the dust! What avails it if he is preserved only to return to the mud from whence he came, and to droop, if somewhat more slowly, not the less surely! Must his lot once more sadly form a parallel with that of Bonnivard—

> "And, when I did descend again,
> The darkness of my dim abode
> Fell on me as a heavy load—
> It was as is a new-dug grave
> Closing on one we sought to save."

Is there no alternative, no remedy, no means of preventing the unravelling of so noble a piece of work so nearly brought to a successful completion? Truly the remedy is so simple, so inexpensive, that it is only marvellous to learn that it has been but recently adopted, and, from the limited acquaintance of the public with its existence, on a scale correspondingly limited. Had you, O reader, to prescribe for the darling of your own nursery just recovered from sickness, would it not be in three words—"*change of air?*"

In the case of the child of the streets, the necessity and craving for this "breath of life" can hardly be overstated. Who can fail to sympathise with the longing of the dying boy, who, on hearing the description of the city "whose gates are of pearl, and the pavement of fine gold," meekly expressed the hope that he should be allowed to go into the beautiful country about it, for he was "a'most tired of biding in the streets?" What wonder that one who life-long had been pent up in the narrow alley he was at last about to quit should yearn after the Plains of Heaven,[1] and that, even as the starving are wont to dream of feast, his glazing eye should be haunted by visions of that bright country described in the "sweet song of St. Augustine"—

> "Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,
> Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum,
> Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt,
> Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum,
> Pendent floridorum non lapsura nemorum,
> Non alternat Luna vices, Sol vel cursus syderum,

[1] This institution is situate at 49, Great Ormond-street. For a description of it and its inmates the reader is referred to an admirable article in *Household Words*, April, 1852.

[1] The last work of the painter Martin, on which he was engaged just before his death.

Agnus est fælicis urbis lumen innociduum."

Now, cannot we do something to meet this craving for fresh air, which, as it is the last instinct of the dying, is also the first and most natural instinct of the convalescent? Take a map of London and its environs, and you will by a short survey convince yourself that the neighbourhood of few of our large towns is supplied with better and purer air. Its immediate suburbs for miles and miles form one vast nursery garden. These, again, are circled with a golden belt of commons, yellow throughout the greater part of the year with the ever-blooming furze. Yet a little farther, and you will find a breezy range of downs, purple with heather, and fragrant with bee-haunted thyme, the emerald of their velvet carpet thick studded with the darker green boss of the juniper. Nay, within a dozen years the black cock has actually been sprung within sight of the golden cross of St. Paul's.[1] Throughout all this tract of country, in pure air and the undimmed light of the sun, is freely proffered God's own medicine to the convalescent—a medicine doubly potent in the case of those to whom these elements have been hitherto "forbidden fare."

There is a certain old farmhouse on the margin of one of these seas of furzy gold, within but an hour's drive from the very heart of London; the railway will transport you to it in half the time. Its locality is Mitcham, and the visitor will have no difficulty in finding it, on asking the way to Rumbold's farm. There may be witnessed a practical experiment, worked by the simple common-sense of one in whose benevolent efforts many will surely be thankful to become sharers. "She has done what she could," and the result of her efforts will be best appreciated by an inspection of this asylum for convalescent children. It is an old farmhouse, which, at much expense in the requisite alterations, has been thoroughly adapted for the purpose it now fulfils. An able military authority has lately recommended the site for defences of a very different kind—a fort for the protection of London. And yet this, too, may fulfil a like office against a foe which attacks a class most defenceless, and the cost—how trifling compared with that of our military estimates! The price of a single Armstrong gun would double the efficiency of this asylum, and defray its working expenses for an entire year. Or, to vary the terms of our calculations, the rent of three feet of space during some four or five hours, in the form of an opera stall, would suffice to restore a feeble little brother to health: it would cost as much to bury him!

Of the entire success of the experiment the reader would do well to satisfy himself by personal inspection rather than from a necessarily imperfect description. The matron of the establishment, herself the personification of health, cheerfulness, and tidiness, will proudly point to the difference, visible at a glance, between the looks of the new comer and of one who has sojourned, though only for a few days, under her care. The most heedless will be struck by the wonders worked through the agency of the fresh breeze of the common, and the liberal though simple diet by which it is aided.

The entire place, indeed, breathes a healthy atmosphere, one in which the feeble and neglected may, perhaps, for the first time, learn that he has brothers who care for him on earth, for the sake of Him whom we all in common address as Our Father in Heaven. And surely the blessing promised to the giver of the cup of cold water will not be wanting to those who minister the life-draught of pure air to the least of these little ones, of whom it is recorded "that it is not His will that one of these should perish."

[1] On Leith Hill, in Surrey, where it may possibly still be found.

BRITAIN'S EARNEST-MONEY FOR THE PROVINCES WHICH SAVED HER INDIAN EMPIRE IN THE MUTINY.

A STORY OF MOOLTAN.

It is little more than twelve years since the British officers then acting for the young Maharaja Dulleep Sing, of Lahore, sent envoys to Mooltan to effect the transfer of its proconsulate from the Dewan Moolraj to a more trustworthy ruler.

Those envoys were Patrick Vans Agnew, of the Bengal Civil Service, and Lieutenant Anderson, of the 1st Bombay Fusileers.

The momentous events which have crowded our history since that time make the episode of their murders appear like some incident long passed away, while the high-souled endurance which, in their case, elicited the involuntary admiration of men of another colour, and other sympathies, has been repeated in infinite phases during the late great Indian mutiny, telling a nobler tale of devotion and duty than had ever yet been heard in any nation's history, and illustrating at least one argument of the following attempt to recall and represent their services—that there is a purer heroism in the calm and enduring valour of English men and women, like those of Cawnpore and Lucknow, of Bandah and Hissar, of Jhansi and Shajehanpore, of many unrecorded stations, than any ancient or modern feat of fighting performed in the intoxication of action.

But Britain, unfortunately, cares little for dead heroes. Her monuments, even on the field of Waterloo (till last year only), were to persons who survived the battle; while the Germans, both there and in the capitals, built their monuments to those who died.

It would surely be an encouragement to men so perilously placed by their duty to their country as those whose fate we have attempted to represent, if they could feel confident that their deaths would not obliterate the debt of gratitude due to their devotion—that their friends and family at home would hear of them from their countrymen, and the guerdon of honour be scrupulously paid by Government to those who, in the performance of their glorious duty, succeeded in all but saving their own lives.

This account was written soon after Agnew and Anderson died, and in Britain little or nothing is now known or heard of them; but the exile in India, at the scene of their deaths, may find the following inscription on an obelisk over their graves:—

"BENEATH THIS MONUMENT
lie the remains of
PATRICK ALEXANDER VANS AGNEW,
Of the Bengal Civil Service,
and
WILLIAM ANDERSON,
Lieutenant, 1st Bombay Fusileer Regiment,
Assistants to the Resident at Lahore,
Who, being deputed by the Government to relieve, at his own request,
Dewan Moolraj, Viceroy of Mooltan,
Of the Fortress and authority which he held,
were attacked and wounded by the Garrison
on the 19th April, 1848,
And, being treacherously deserted by the Sikh Escort,
were on the following day,
In flagrant breach of National Faith and Hospitality,
barbarously murdered
In the Eedgah, under the Walls of Mooltan.
Thus fell these two young public servants,
At the ages of 25 and 28 years,
Full of high hopes, rare talents, and promise of future usefulness;
Even in their deaths doing their country honor.
Wounded and forsaken, they could offer no resistance,
but hand in hand calmly awaited the onset
of their assailants.
Nobly they refused to yield,
Foretelling the day when thousands of Englishmen
Should come to avenge their death
And destroy Moolraj, his army and fortress.
History records how the prediction was fulfilled.
Borne to their grave by their victorious brother soldiers
and countrymen, they were buried with
military honours
Here, on the summit of the captured citadel,
On the 26th January, 1849.
The annexation of the Punjab to the British Empire,
was the result of the War
Of which their assassination was the commencement."

All honour to Herbert Edwardes, and his companions, who paid such a tribute to their memory!

They sing the deeds of olden days,
When first the silken fold
Of Britain's royal banner gained
Its blazoning of gold;
They tell us we've inherited
A great and glorious name
From iron-belted sires of yore,
Who founded England's fame;
And we hear of deeds of daring,
Seeming more than mortal might,
Done with boiling blood of battle
Midst the fever of the fight,
Like levin bolts illumining
The gloomy storm of war;
Such deeds too story India's plains
From Ava to Lahore.
And are we then degenerate,
Are our hearts not as bold?
Find we no hand to grasp the brand
Our fathers held of old?

Now, brothers, learn of bearing bold
As ever yet was shown,
Since those olden days of glory,
Since our blazoned flag has flown.
Ah, would 'twere mine to tell it,
So that endless years to come
It would stir our hero spirit
Like the reveille of the drum!
Ah, would 'twere mine to tell it,
So that every hamlet, town,
Every fertile glade of England,
Should hear of its renown!
And would that I could tell it
As its history should be told,
So 'twould fire the young for honour,
So 'twould renovate the old!

Have you seen the Ocean sleeping
On a quiet summer's day,
And the tall ships scarcely cleaving
The waters of the bay—
All nature resting tranquilly,
All danger far away?
Have you known the distant rising
Of some dark and spreading cloud?
Then breezy gusts come rippling by;
Then a wind that moans aloud;
Soon the sullen roll of thunder,
Levin lights across the sky,
And whitening sheets of driving foam
As the tempest wind sweeps by.
Near the Chenaub's silent river
See an eastern city rise,
And its citadel lies basking
'Neath the burning eastern skies;
With embrasures sternly frowning
As a fortress-strength should be;
But yon city resting tranquilly
As sleeps the summer sea.
Lo! along its widest causeway
Comes a gallant cavalcade
Of horsemen decked in cloth of gold,
And silks of every shade.
They gaily guide that human tide,
These warriors of Ind,
Their crined and broidered ensigns
Free fluttering in the wind;
And shirts of mail, and casques of steel,
Are gleaming in the sun,
Their harness plates and corselets
All ringing as they run.
A little band of spearmen, too,
All travel-worn appear,
Who bear St. George's ensign
O'er their motley Indian gear,
While Sikhs and Moslems swell the crowd,
From camp and temple near.

Now, "by the hope of our Christian faith,"
And the Norman "name we bear,"
Has seldom been a stranger scene
Than shows before us there:
A pair of Europe's fair-browed sons,
Amidst that swarthy throng,
In the simple garb of England
Pass fearlessly along—
All fearless and all proudly,
Yet with fixed and thoughtful eye;
We meet no shifting glance in youths
Schooled in responsibility.

They scorn to heed the lowering looks,
Their swart companions show,
Nor seem to hear the muttered curse
Which follows where they go.
In the magic might of England,
In a name the world wide known,
They wander 'midst a hostile crowd,
Nigh armless and alone.
They bring in truth a khalsa guard,
A band of conquered foes,
Whose swords retain the blood-rust stain

Of Moodkee and Feroz;
As though they'd seized a grisly boar,
First tamed his rage, and then
Had led him forth to be their guard,
And face the lion's den.

Full fiercely does the Indian vaunt;
Full hardy does he seem
Where'er no British drums are heard,
No British bayonets gleam.
What wonder that the muttered curse
Should louder accents find?
We mark the cloud, the rising breeze,
The sadly-moaning wind.
Then sudden as the thunder-clap,
Or ripple on the tide,
With eager, startled gaze the crowd
Throngs round on every side.
Some sudden and untoward chance
Seems fallen on them there;
Strange broken cries of fear and hate
Come borne along the air.
In surging waves yon angry crowd
Is tossing to and fro,
While through the streets that tumult-storm
Does sterner, wilder grow.
Then shining blades and coward knives
On every side are bared,
As though to meet some armèd host
Their weapons were prepared.
Oh, highly swells the courage
Of the braggart Indian then,
With sword and spear, with shout and cheer,
Against two fenceless men.

Were five to one the odds they meet,
And they, too, sword in hand,
The spirit of their sires might crown
With laurel-wreaths their brand.
But what avails that Wallace-blood
Which flows in Agnew's veins?
What worth the Anglo-Saxon nerve
Which English calm sustains?
For onward like the tidal-wave
Their wild assailants throng,
And those who lead by after crowds
Are driven fast along,
As melting snows and autumn rain
Drive th' Indus' swollen flood,
Till Mooltan streets are crimson-stained
With Europe's knightly blood.

All slowly and all solemnly,
Like some sad funeral train,
Pass those who bear our envoys
Back to their tents again.
With bodies weak and bleeding,
But with souls yet undismayed,
Pass the youths we saw so lately
'Midst that joyous cavalcade.
Yet the pageant of the morning
Scarce had lived beyond the noon;
It had risen like the rainbow cloud
And passed away as soon;
But this seeming sad returning,
All Christendom may own
To yield, I gage, the proudest page
In India's annals known!

As the weary beat of billows,
Sounding ever drear and dull;
As the sighing winds of ocean,
When the storm begins to lull;
So a ceaseless hum of voices,
From the crowds within the town,
Yield a sorrow-sounding cadence
Till at last the sun goes down.
Then again the tumult rises,
As the wild winds again
With fiercer might in reckless flight
To sweep across the main.

Now where are they whose funeral knell
Is rung by the tumult there?
Do they read aright the lurid light
Which its crested breakers bear?
Oh, they bide together as brethren should
For the fate they meet that day;
And they speak together in kindly tones
Of those that are far away;
And they kneel for the hope of their Christian faith
As they knelt by a mother's knee—
'Tis the selfsame prayer they whisper there
Where they kneel 'neath the tamarind tree.
They seek for no help of the souls to be shriven,
Save the grace that from Calvary smiled;
Nor need they for shrift of a hero's death
But the prayer of an English child.

Ah! gaily day dawns on a far-off scene
Where their memory carries them now;
That sun which is setting for their last day,
And shedding its lurid glow
On dusty plain and heated town,
And bathes in gold as 'tis sinking down
Each minaret tower and dome,
Is rising in streams of joyous light
O'er misty wold and moorland bright,
O'er the meadow fields of home.
That force which can scatter the shades of time
Clears the mists from years gone by;
And the scenes of a life crowd round them again,
Round the pallet where bleeding they lie.

Then like enchantment, broken
By some unearthly spell,
Wild forms, and wilder voices
Fill the "Eedgah" where they dwell.
And a darkening circle hems them round;
No help or hope of freedom shows,
Save one clear path above them,
Which no earthly power can close.
Britain's envoys hold high audience
Of a strange and solemn kind,
Looking dauntlessly for severance
Of the body and the mind.

Then fearless spoke Vans Agnew,
While before his flashing eye
A moment quail'd the rabble rout
That came to see him die.
"'Tis well," he said; "I hail the sign
That ye, with your own hand,
Should use the stain of Saxon blood
To redden this fair land;
It has been said the Saxon red
Will cover India o'er,
That India's chart shall need to trace
Its native States no more.
And we, the least of England's sons,
May gladly die to claim
Fresh conquests for our country—
Fresh honour for our name.

But we die not unremembered,
And not unrevenged we die,
For our brothers here in thousands
Will seek us where we lie.
The storm of Britain's iron hail
Will sweep your city round,
And soon her dread artillery
Will raze it with the ground."

What wonder an they trembled
At the stern reply he gave,
Or deem'd the light of prophecy
Shone on him from the grave?
For many a father thought, I ween,
When that proud speech was done,
"I would yon Kaffir's lion heart
Was placed within my son!"

Ah! hide the fearful vision
Which opens to us now;
Hide their fiendish scowls of triumph;
Veil his calm and fearless brow!
But all sickening sounds of horror
Still echo through the air;
A craven mob that cries for blood,
And none to reason there!
Oh, the leaden sound of murderous blows;
The proudly stifled cry!
Oh, the fearful sweep of sabres;
The shudder and the sigh!
Then the spirit all unconquered
Has no partner left to die.

Lying wounded and forsaken,
Lying "face to face with death,"
Yet upholding Britain's honour
Till life's last ebbing breath,
Far from sympathy or succour,
With no fond friends standing by,
But all frowning eyes around them,
Did our martyred heroes die.

What aching hearts may bleed for them
Let other annals say;
What happy British hearths may turn
As hapless from to-day.
Do mothers live to mourn their sons
As only mothers may?
Will gentle sisters weep for them
In their homes far, far away?

R. H. W. D.

THE ASHEN FAGGOT.

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY THOMAS HUGHES, AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD," &c.

CHAPTER I.

At about four o'clock on Christmas Eve, a year or two back, two men trudged briskly up the little village-street of Lilburne, in the county of Wilts. They were both dressed in rough shooting suits, and one carried a common game-bag, and the other a knapsack. Each of them had a stout stick in his hand. The elder, who might be six or seven and twenty, wore a strong reddish brown beard. The rest of his rather broad face was well tanned by exposure to weather; he had a clear, merry grey eye, and an air of very British self-reliance about him. The younger, in his twentieth year, or thereabouts, wore also as much beard as nature had yet bestowed on him, and was tanned a ruddy brown. He was darker than his companion, and his complexion would have been sallow, but for the work of sun and air on it. There was the possibility of great nervous irritability and excitableness in the look of him; but this natural tendency of his constitution and temperament seemed, at least for the present, to be counteracted by robust health.

The two stopped at the door of "The Waggoner's Rest," the only public-house of Lilburne village.

"Well, here we are then, at the last stage. How much further do you say it is?"

"Just six miles."

"I'm never quite at ease about your arithmetic, Johnny. Hullo here. House! landlord! who's at home here?" and he gave a thump or two on the door-post, which brought mine host out with a run.

"How far do you call it to Avenly, landlord?"

"A matter o' seven miles, sir."

"There, you see, Herbert, I wasn't far wrong," said the younger.

"A mile out, Johnny—never mind. Now what do you say? shall we push on at once, or stop and feed?"

"What should you like?"

"That has nothing to say to it. You're in command, you know, since this morning."

"Well, I shouldn't like to be there very early. I'm sure you would feel yourself—"

"Then we call a halt," interrupted the elder, leading the way into the house; "this cold air of yours has given me a deuce of an appetite. Now, landlord, what can we have to eat, directly? Some cold meat, or whatever you can give us at once. Mind, sharp's the word! Or, never mind, no, you go and draw us some of your best tap. You'll help us, ma'am, I can see, about the eatables, and I'm sure we couldn't be in better hands."

This speech, begun in the street, ended in the tiny bar of "The Waggoner's Rest," in which the hostess stood, a tidy well-looking woman, in Sunday cap and ribbons, donned in honour of the season, and of the rush of guests whom she was expecting as the day wore on.

She was flattered by the compliment of her off-hand guest, who clearly was not in the habit of letting the grass grow on his own heels, or on those of any one else with whom he had to do. He had sent her bustling off in a minute or two to cook rashers of bacon on toast, and to run round to the yard in the forlorn hope that one of the hens might have so forgotten herself as to lay in such weather, in that cold, dark little stable of "The Waggoner's Rest." Meanwhile, he had taken possession of the bar, heaped up the fire, seated his companion opposite

to him, and, by the time the landlord arrived with a jug of his best ale, was as much at home as if he had been in the habit of taking his meals there once a week for the last ten years.

"I'm afraid you'll find it a leetel chilly, gentlemen," said the landlord, as he placed the jug and glasses on the table; "the cellar ain't altogether as warm as it should be."

"Oh, never fear! We shall warm your ale fast enough, I've no doubt. Home-brewed, eh?"

"Ees, whoam-brewed, sir; I does the maltin' for all the farmers round. 'Tis raal malt and hops, I assure 'ee."

"That's all right then. Yes, that has the right smack," he went on, pouring out a glass and taking it off, "fine and bright and wholesome tackle. We haven't tasted such ale this many a day, have we, Johnny? But, as you say, a little chilled; so we'll put it on the hob till the rashers come. Real old Christmas weather this, eh, landlord?"

"Ah, 'tis, sir."

"And when does your mail-cart come by?"

"At eight o'clock, sir."

"Well, the driver will bring our traps, and there is a carrier from this to Avenly, isn't there?"

"Ees, sir."

"Does he live here?"

"Just athert the street, sir."

"Then I should like to see him. You can send over for him presently. Ah, here come the rashers. They look splendid, ma'am. But no eggs!"

"Well, sir, you see as our hens gets no het about the place. My master don't kep no beastesses. There's no 'commodation for 'em here—and I tells 'un th' hens wunt lay without het."

"Never mind, ma'am; the hens are quite right. We shall do famously with that splendid loaf and the cheese. Here, Johnny, hold your plate. We're not turning you out, ma'am? Pray don't go, don't mind us."

The landlady protested that they were quite welcome to the bar, and soon followed her husband, leaving them alone to their meal, to which they proceeded to do ample justice. The worthy pair were soon discussing their guests with one or two village gossips, who had already arrived in the kitchen—amongst them the village carrier.

The travellers lost no time over their food. The landlady was summoned, complimented, and paid, and came out of her bar again very favourably impressed with the strangers. In another minute they were in the kitchen amongst the circle of the Lilburne *quidnuncs*, ready for the road. The elder made the necessary arrangement with the carrier to bring on their luggage, and then, after shaking hands with the curtseying landlady, they sallied out into the street, accompanied to the door by the landlord and several of the men. The daylight was fast slipping away. The air was perfectly still and hushed, but a dull heavy curtain of cloud had settled on the village, from which every now and then a crisp flake or two of snow came floating gently down.

"We sha'n't have much light for our walk, Johnny. You're sure about the road?"

"I should think so. Besides, there is no turn in it, except the one at the end of the village, on to the downs."

"Very good. You are pilot. It's a straight road to Avenly, eh?" he added, turning to the carrier.

"Ees; but 'tis a unked road to kep to in a vall, is the downs road," replied the carrier, "by reason as there ain't no hedges, and sech like, to go by."

"You think we're going to have a fall, then?"

"It hev looked like nothin' else aal day."

"Then we must make the most of the daylight. The moon will be up in an hour."

"Ees; but her'll kep t'other side o' th' fall, zur."

"Small blame to her. Well, good night."

A chorus of "Good nights" from the conclave at the door of "The Waggoner's Rest" followed the two travellers, as they strode away down the village-street. Before they were out of sight, the snow

began to fall in earnest. The villagers stood gaping after them. Such an event was to them as good as a war telegram to their kindred circles in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

"Be 'em gen'l'volk, now, zhould 'ee zay?" asked the blacksmith, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Gen'l'volk! Wut bist thenkin' ov?" replied the carrier.

"Wut, dostn't thenk so? I'ze warn'd 'em for gen'l'volk, that I 'ool," put in the landlord. "Wut dost take 'em for, then?"

"Zummat in th' engineerin' line, or contractor chaps, med be."

"Noa, noa! Thaay be too pleasant-spoken, and don't give no trouble."

"But wut dost zaay to them ther' girt beards? And th' clothes on 'em like zacks, and mwoast as coarse?"

The beard movement, and modern habits of dress, had not yet penetrated to Lilburne. The carrier's last remark seemed to puzzle the landlord, more or less.

"Wut dost zaay, Muster Gabbet?" he said, turning to one of the circle, who had not yet spoken; "be 'em gen'l'volk, or bean't 'em?"

The person appealed to had been a groom in his youth, who had seen "Lunnon," and other distant countries. He kept a pony, too, on which he frequented all neighbouring meets of hounds, and other sporting gatherings, and was considered a great authority by the Lilburne coterie on any matter involving knowledge of life. From his contact with the outer world, the edges of his accent had been rubbed off. He was a man of few and weighty words.

"Gentlemen, to be sure," replied Mr. Gabbet.

"I told 'ee zo," said the landlord triumphantly, turning to the carrier.

"Wi' beards like bottle-brushes! haw, haw!" rejoined that worthy, by no means discomfited.

"That's no odds," replied Mr. Gabbet. "Last coursin' meetin' ther' was half th' young squires wi' beards."

"And wi' duds on 'em, like galley-crows, I s'poses! haw, haw!" said the incredulous carrier.

"What dost go on laafin' for, thee girt gawney?" said the landlord; "that's how th' gen'l'volk do dress now-a-days, bean't it, Mr. Gabbet? Ther' wur young Squire Mundell passed here only last week, dressed noways different from thaay; only he'd a got zhart wide breeches, and red striped stockins', he had, and martal queer a did look."

"They calls them dresses nick-and-nockers," said Mr. Gabbet, gravely.

"Nockers or no, *I* dwon't call 'em gen'l'volk," persisted the incorrigible carrier.

"Thee'st as cam as a peg. 'Tain't a mossel o' use to talk sense to th'."

At this point of the dialogue the objects of the conversation took the turn towards the downs, and disappeared, and Mr. Gabbet retired suddenly into the house. He was followed at once by the rest, and the knotty question was adjourned to the chimney-corner, where it furnished talk for the rest of the evening, and caused the consumption of several extra mugs of beer.

CHAPTER II.

The little hamlet of Avenly is dropped, as it were, in a dip of the downs, many miles from anything approaching to a town. It consists of a miniature church, and neat parsonage-house and garden; the manor-house and curtilage, which we must look at more closely presently; one public-house; two or three general shops in a very small way, one of which is the post-office; and a dozen or two thatched cottages. These are scattered prettily enough by the side of the road from Lilburne to Devizes, or of the little clear brook, which runs parallel to the road through the hamlet, between the church and the manor-house.

There are three or four clumps of fine ashes and elms in or near the hamlet, of which the biggest is the rookery at the end of the manor-garden. There is also timber in the fences of the few inclosures, one of which inclosures is a fine orchard, and there are fruit-trees in most of the cottage-gardens.

Where the hamlet stands, the dip is not half a mile across; it is narrower yet above, and widens below. The downs encircle the place on all sides. Except within the inclosures, not a tree is to be seen; and the contrast is what gives its peculiar charm to the little out-of-the-way place, as it lies there in the lap of the great brown bare downs, rejoicing in its own shade and verdure. The first glance from the brow above, as you come upon it either from the Lilburne or the Devizes side, shows you at once the character of the place. It has the special characteristics of the old manor—the big house in the middle, the little copyhold tenements clustering about it, and around a sea of common lands; not that the lands are copyhold, but the manor-house is so completely the centre of the little community, that one could easily fancy the little people about holding their allotments still by suit and service—as indeed they do, for almost all of them are employed by the owner of the manor-house.

The manor-house itself is one in which the first impression you get on entering, and the last which remains with you after you leave, will most likely be that here, if anywhere in the world, there is no lack of anything.

There is no lack of room. The house is a great, old-fashioned, rambling brick and flint building, with more rooms than anybody can possibly want who is ever likely to live there, and not the sort of little useless rooms which one often sees in country houses, but good large twenty-foot-by-fifteen places, where a dozen children might romp on a wet day. The outhouses, which have been built up by successive generations of wealthy tillers of the soil, each of whom has had some special fancy in the matter of stables, brewhouses, granaries, or barns, are various, solid, and quaint. They surround a yard which covers half an acre of ground, paved with flint round two of the sides to a breadth of some twelve feet, but otherwise soft-bottomed and full of straw, in which fat heifers stand over their hocks, and munch out of the racks which are set up at several points and constantly replenished, and saucy calves disport themselves, and bully the younger generations of small-limbed, fat-sided black pigs, their fellow-occupants. There is animal life of all kinds, representatives of every species of domestic beast or fowl which can be used either for profit or pleasure. There is no lack of dead stock—dozens of hay-ricks and corn-stacks, thatched mounds full of mangold-wurzel, and turnips, and potatoes, besides well-stored barns and granaries; a dozen ploughs, eight or ten waggons, carts, a light carriage or two, and a steam-engine.

And, lastly, there is no lack of human stock to crown the whole; jolter-headed plough-boys and carter-boys, and farm-servants and house-servants, and "the family," with whom we are chiefly concerned. The head of these, and feudal king and lord paramount of the little hamlet of Avenly, is Farmer John Kendrick, as he would call himself—Squire Kendrick, as the peasantry all around call him. He is the fourth or fifth in descent of his family, who have owned a considerable tract of land in the dip of the downs in which Avenly lies; and, besides his own land, he farms a great tract of the downs on lease. In fact, he pays more than four-fifths of the tithes and rates of the parish himself, and employs all but some dozen or so of the whole male population. He is, at the time of our story, a hale man of about forty-three, a good sportsman, and an energetic and successful farmer, reasonably well educated, and open-minded, of good plain manners, without much polish. He has no near neighbours, except his parson, and no spare time to go far a-field for society; so that he sees little of it. A just and a kind man, but hot-tempered and somewhat arbitrary, from having had his own way since he was a boy of nineteen, when his father died. He married early the daughter of a clergyman's widow, a lady of education and refinement, whom, nevertheless, he had managed to make very happy, and who had borne him a large family.

On the morning of the Christmas-Eve with which we are concerned, Mrs. Kendrick is making tea in the south parlour of the manor, at a long table, while her eldest daughter Mabel, a girl of eighteen, is cutting large plates of bread-and-butter, and filling mugs with new milk for the younger branches. Presently the bell rings for prayers, and the governess with her convoy arrive at one door, while two schoolboys of fifteen and fourteen, and a small boy of nine—proud of having been out with his big brothers—come in with rosy cheeks from the hall.

"You can call the servants in, Willie," said Mrs. Kendrick to the eldest boy, as soon as she had returned all their salutes; "we are not to wait for papa."

After prayers, the serious business of breakfast began, amidst a babel of talk from the boys.

"Haven't we had a jolly morning, mamma? Parker's pond is frozen over splendidly, and we've been sliding ever since it was light."

"And I can do butter-and-eggs all down the long slide, which the carter boys have made, can't I, Willie?" (The feat of butter-and-eggs, be it known to those readers who are not up to the higher mysteries of sliding, consists in going down the slide on one foot, and beating with the heel and toe of the other at short intervals.)

"Yes, and Bobby is getting on famously, and goes at the slide like a little dragon," said Willie. Bobby, the small boy of eleven, looked up proudly at his mother, with his mouth too full of bread-and-butter to be able to take his own part by speech at the moment.

"Bobby hasn't learnt a word of his lessons though," said a staid little girl of twelve, looking up from her milk; "and Miss Smith says he'll have to stay in after breakfast to do them."

"That's just like you now, Clara," retorted Dick, the butter-and-eggs boy; "why can't you mind your own lessons, and let Bobby alone?"

"But, Bobby, how did you get out so early?" asked Mrs. Kendrick.

"Oh, Willie came in and told me I might get up and come with them."

"Yes, mamma, and I'm sure it will do him good to be out with us, instead of being with the girls. He needn't do lessons, need he, just at Christmas time?"

"Well, dear, Bobby shall have a holiday, and may go with you. But you must take care of him, for he's only a little fellow, remember."

"Oh, yes, that we will."

"Mayn't I have some cold beef, mamma?" broke in Dick, and, permission being given, he and Willie helped themselves at the sideboard, and kept the conversation alive with accounts of the game of hockey they were going to have with the carter boys, who were to break off work at twelve, and the rat-catching which was to come off in the big barn in the afternoon.

"And to-night is Ashen Faggot night, isn't it, mamma? and you'll let us all go, and you and papa will come? You didn't go in last year; and I heard Joe, the head carter, say it wasn't like Ashen Faggot if master and mistress didn't come in."

A shade passed over Mrs. Kendrick's face, but she said quietly, "Perhaps your papa will look in, dear; and, at any rate, you can all go for an hour or two."

"And, oh, mamma, shall we see the mummers?" asked a little bright-eyed girl of eight.

"Most likely, Maggy. They are sure to come, I think."

"But where's papa? Why doesn't he come to breakfast?"

"He has ridden out. He will come down and see you sliding after breakfast, I'm sure."

"Do you think I might take his skates? Dick wants to begin, and I could lend him mine if I may have papa's."

"Yes, certainly, dear. I'm sure papa would wish you to have them."

"But, Willie," interrupted Dick, "there's that pair of smaller ones, hanging up by papa's; they would fit you better, you know. What's the matter?

Why do you kick me under the table?"

Willie answered by a frown at his brother, and then glanced up hastily at his mother, who had bent down over her tea-cup. Mabel, who had been watching her mother since the mention of the Ashen Faggot, got up quickly, saying—

"Oh, there's papa; I'm sure I heard his horse. Let us go and bring him in."

The breakfast circle broke up at once. Willie lingered, looking at his mother, who looked up presently, and said—

"You can take papa's skates, dear, but you mustn't have the other pair."

"Of course, dear mother, I know," he said, going up to her fondly. And she kissed him, and he pressed her hand, and then went off after his brothers. Mabel came back with her father, and took out some embroidery-work, and sat by him, while Mrs. Kendrick poured out his tea. Each of them made some efforts to talk, but they were failures, and John Kendrick finished his breakfast in silence. When he had done, he got up and walked to one of the windows and looked out, and his wife came and put her hand on his shoulder. He took her other hand in his, and said—

"It was selfish of me to leave you this morning, dear, but I couldn't have borne the children's merry prattle so early. I shall be better before dinner-time. What are the boys doing?"

"They have gone down to the pond, dear, full of all their plans. They are very happy. Shall we dine alone—just you, I, and Mabel?"

"No, no! I must face it. It's only just to-day. One must make home cheerful to them in their holidays."

"Indeed, dear John, they are very happy; are not they, Mabel?"

"Yes really, papa; and Willie is so thoughtful and nice."

"He's a fine character, thank God," said Mr. Kendrick; and then, after a minute's pause, he went on: "Only to have written those three lines all this time. For myself, I shouldn't wonder, but the cruelty of such silence to you—to Mabel—"

"But, dearest John, remember they were written on board ship. He may never have had a chance of writing again."

"God knows, dearest. A cold heart, I fear."

"Oh, no, papa. Indeed you wrong him. He was wild and headstrong, but never cold or cruel."

"I would give all I am worth to be sure of it, Mabel. Come, come, we must bear it as we may. Shall we walk out presently, dear? I want to go to the bailiff's cottage, and to call at old Jacob Eagleton's. His wife's ill again; we can carry her some wine, and take the pond on the way home, and see the boys slide."

"In half an hour, dear?"

"Yes. You and Mabe will call for me, then, in my room."

John Kendrick went to his study, and sat down before his library table, and looked for five minutes absently across the room and out of the window; a most unwonted thing for him. Then he roused himself with a start and a sigh, and took a small bundle of letters and papers, chiefly bills, out of a drawer of his library table. The letters were in a schoolboy hand. He read them through, tied up the packet, and put them back, and then went and unlocked a cupboard, and was looking at a cap, a riding-whip, and cricket bat, and other articles of dress and sport which it contained, when he heard his wife's step. He shut and locked the door of the cupboard, and turned to meet her and Mabel.

"Here we are, dear, ready for our walk, and here's the post-bag."

John Kendrick took it and unlocked it, turning the contents on to his table. A couple of papers and half a dozen letters fell out. He took up the first, and was reading it, when his wife broke out—

"Oh, John, look here! what is this?"

She held out to him a soiled letter, with a strange stamp on it. He took it, looked at it for a moment, tore it open with a trembling hand, and glanced through it, and then, handing it to his

wife, leant forward on the table, burying his face in his hands.

Mabel read eagerly over her mother's shoulder, glancing rapidly from the page to the loved face, out of which the look of repressed sorrow which had haunted it for more than a year was passing, while tears ran down her cheeks, and hindered her from reading. But, as she finished, she stooped, and threw her arm round her husband's neck and said—

"John, God has been very good to us to-day. This day, too, of all others."

Mr. Kendrick squeezed his wife's hand, and then got up and took two or three turns about the room, while his wife and daughter still pored over the letter.

"He is alive, at any rate, and well, and earning his bread honestly. But why couldn't he have written before? Why doesn't he write himself now?"

"Oh, John, I can quite understand. It was so natural that he should get this friend to write for him."

"What's the name?"

"The signature is H. Upton. What can we do to thank him?"

"What is the date of the letter? Let me see the envelope. Why, how can it have been so long? The postmark is July 22d."

"Is it longer than it should have been?"

"Yes, the regular mail comes in less than three months."

"Three months, papa! what a dreadful distance!" said Mabel; "we may write to him at once, now that we know where he is, to tell him to come home, mayn't we?"

"Well, we will think it over, Mabe. Perhaps he is better where he is."

"Poor boy, I wonder how he will spend this Christmas?"

Jacob Eagleton's wife got a double allowance of wine that morning when Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick and their daughter visited her.

"Wutever can be-cum to the squire and missis?" the old woman muttered, as they left her; "thaay hen't looked so cheerful, not scarce since 'em wur married."

Every one who met them in their walk made some remark of the same kind.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT did that old fellow call this road of yours, Johnny?" asked the elder of our two travellers, giving his shoulders a shake, which sent an accumulation of an inch or so of snow off them.

"A unked road to kep in a vall," answered Johnny, imitating the carrier's accent.

"By Jove, he's right! How it does come down! I had almost forgotten what snow was like, though I rather enjoy it."

"It must have been snowing up here for hours. Look how deep it is. Four or five inches at least, already."

"Whereabouts are we? We should be half-way at any rate by this time."

"That we must be, for we're on level ground. It isn't quite two miles now to the dip just above."

They walked on for a minute or two in silence. "What's the matter, Johnny? what are you sighing at?"

"I've half a mind to turn back. I almost wish I had stayed out on your run, instead of coming home."

"Nonsense, man. Cheer up. Why, in an hour's time, you'll be warming yourself by the Ashen Faggot, you've told me so much about. We couldn't have hit a more lucky day."

"But don't you remember? Ashen aggot Night was the very time that it all began."

"And the properest night then for it all to end."

"They never answered your letter!"

"There was no time, man. The answer couldn't have come out before we had started."

"And you think it will be all right, then? If they only knew how bitterly I have grieved over it all, and how I have longed to see home again! And

now I'm here, I don't know how to face them. I almost wish I was back again."

"Cheer up, Johnny. Why, nothing would serve you but coming right off, the moment we landed, without giving me an hour in London, and now you want to be back again. Why, man, it will be the happiest minute of their lives, when they see you again."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. But I'll be hanged if I know when it's likely to be, though. I can't see five yards ahead. All the snow in the heavens seems coming straight down on us. Do you think we're in the road?"

"Well, I hope so; but let's see." And Johnny stooped down and scratched a hole in the snow with his hand; the result of which was "Hullo!" and a long whistle.

"Eh, what is it?"

"Grass, by Jove! We're on the downs."

"Well, that's jolly. Let's try again." So the two tried several more places on each side of their track, with no better success.

"Here's a pretty go. Confound your unked road! we shall have to camp out, or walk all night."

"I hope not. If we go on, we must hit the Avenly dip somewhere."

"Come along, then. It's no good standing here."

They pushed on again, and soon began to be amused by their adventure, and laughed and chatted, in defiance of snow and downs. Their talk turned on home, and the elder was describing his feelings on coming back.

"By the way, Herbert, you've never told me why you left the old country."

"Because I couldn't live in it, Johnny. At my father's death I was left with the magnificent patrimony of 400*l.* and a clerk's place of 40*l.* a year. That didn't suit me. Besides, to tell the truth, I was in a bad way—ready to hang myself about a young woman. There was nothing for it but to bolt, and seek my fortune."

"And you've found it, too."

"Yes, in one way. But it doesn't seem worth much after all."

"Is she married then?"

"Heaven knows. I had a letter from her father, an old family friend, five years back. I think he suspected how matters stood. I never spoke, of course, as she was quite a girl, and it wouldn't have been fair. I wrote to him several times, but letters miscarry from our parts. Then I wrote to some people I knew, and got an answer that he had left our old neighbourhood. Hullo! we've run against something at last. What's this?"

"All right. It's one of the down barns," said Johnny, when they had groped their way round the building, which they had nearly run against; "we shall most likely be able to get in."

But they tried both the great side-doors and found them locked. "Hark! didn't I hear a sheep bleat?"

"Very likely. There's often a fold and a shepherd's cottage close by; which way was it?"

"Just down here."

They followed the sound for a short distance, and came upon haulm walls and hurdles, within which were a large flock of sheep, and the next moment heard furious barking. Then through the down-pour of snow they made out a small cottage, the door of which opened, and a tall figure in smock-frock and long leather gaiters appeared, thrown out into relief by the light in the room behind him.

"Quiet w'oot! Dal th' noise! Cas'n't let'm harken?" As the dog ceased barking, the shepherd's ear caught the crunching of the snow under their feet as they approached. "Hullo, ther'! Wut be at wi' the vauld?"

"We've lost our way on the downs to-night, that's all. We came upon your fold by good luck; may we sit down till the storm's over?"

The shepherd looked somewhat suspiciously at them at first, but then moved aside.

"Ees, ee med cum in. But 'twunt last long this starm." So they entered the cottage, a low two-roomed place, the living-room opening to the outer air, in which they found the shepherd's wife,

and tailless dog, a small carefully-nursed fire, and the tea-things laid.

The occasion was just the one for the elder traveller, and he proved quite equal to it. Under his influence the shepherd's wife bustled about, and the fire was piled up with as much fuel of old faggots, coke, and cinders, as would have lasted the worthy couple a fortnight; the kettle sung and puffed away at the unwonted stimulant administered to him; the three mugs of the establishment were produced, and Johnny brought out a flask from his knapsack, full of good brandy. The coats were shaken by the shepherd, and hung up on pegs to dry, and in five minutes' time the whole party was settled down—the hosts to their tea, and the guests to a mug of grog each.

"Well, Johnny, this isn't a bad change from the Downs, eh? Look here, ma'am; let me put a drop of brandy in your tea; you can't think what a good thing it is. Eh, shepherd, you'll try my prescription, too, won't you?"

"Ef you plaase, zur. Ah, it do 'mazingly flavour th' tea; d'wont it, Betty? Wun't you tek' nothin' to yeat, zur? You be raal welcum to't."

"No, thankee; we fed at Lilburne. But if your wife doesn't mind smoking—"

"Blessee, noa, zur. Do'ee light up. Hur be terrible vond o' th'-smell o' baccur, tho' hur dwon't zmoke."

"But you do, shepherd?"

"Lord, ees, zur."

"Then you must take some of my stock;" and, suiting the action to the word, he emptied his big pouch on the table, and, separating the contents, pushed about two-thirds over towards the shepherd, whose eyes glistened at the sight.

"'Tis very kind o' you, zur; but, can'ee spare't?"

"Yes, yes, there's plenty more where that came from. And, now you've done your tea, draw round, and brew a good mug of that stuff. Don't be afraid of it; it won't hurt you, nor you, ma'am, either, such a night as this. Your health, ma'am; your health, shepherd; and yours, Johnny, and a merry Christmas to you all."

"The zaam to you, gen'l'men, and many ov 'em."

The shepherd drinks, and passes the mug to his wife, and then produces a short black pipe, which he fills, and sucks at with evident delight, Herbert watching him. "There's nothing so comforting, when one's out with the sheep at nights, as a pinch of good tobacco, eh, shepherd?"

"Ther' beant, zur. But how do'ee cum to know't?"

"Oh! I'm a shepherd myself."

"Noa, be 'ee though? Thee dostn't look like one, zur. Wut zart o' vlock's yourn, zur?"

"I've three or four, of a thousand each,"

"Vour thousand zhep! I hopes you've got volks wi' some gumption in 'em, zur, to look arter 'em these cowld nights."

"Oh, it's lambing time with us, and we never have any nights like this."

Shepherd chuckles, and looks incredulous.

"You don't believe me, I see, shepherd."

"I never heer'd tell o' lambin' much afore Easter."

"But you don't understand. It's summer now where I live."

"Zummer at Christmas time! a martal queer time o' year for zummer, zur."

"Yes, real hot summer.

"Wher do'ee live then, zur."

"On the other side of the world. In New South Wales."

"Dear heart! and zo 'tis zummer in them parts at Christmas time? Well, 'tis mighty curous to think on, now.

"Do'st mind, Jonas, as Mrs. Gibbins said, as her son, as wur transported wrote from Botany Bay as the seasons wur all got wrong ther.' Zo a zend to zay."

"You dwon't cum from Botany Bay, zur, do'ee?"

"Well, it's in the same part of the world. But we're not returned convicts, if that's what you mean."

Shepherd glances at his wife, and seems much relieved.

"But you may depend upon it, that's the place for us shepherds. What would you say now to fifty pounds a year, and your keep, with as much beef and mutton as you could eat? You don't get anything like that in the old country."

Shepherd stops smoking, and opens his eyes, "Vifty pound a year!"

"Ay, every penny of it, and not a bit too much. I should like to know who ought to be well paid if the shepherd isn't—

"If 'twasnt for the sheep and the poor shepherd,
"The world would be starved and naked—

you know."

"So you knows th' owld zhearing zong?"

"No, I only know a line or two that I've picked up from my friend here. I should like to hear it of all things. Can't you give it us?"

The shepherd looks shy, but, after a little persuasion from his wife, who declares that he is noted for singing, he clears his throat and croons out:—

"Zeng, bwoys, zeng, a zhepherd's as happy as a lord,
And a zhep's the vinest creetur owld England can afford,
And, if you listens vor a while, the truth I zoon will tell 'ee,
'Tis clothin' to the back, my bwoys, and linin' to the belly.
The zhepherd stands beneath the bush, a-shiverin' and shakin',
If 'twasn't vor th' zhep and th' poor zhepherd th' world'd go starved and naked.
All along the winter time we gives our zhep some hay,
Keps fodderin' and fodderin' on until the month of May.
And, when the month of May cums in, if the weather should prove fine,
The little lambs will skip and play, and plaase the zhepherd's mind.
And, when the month of June cums in, if the weather should prove hot,
We teks the clothin' off their backs, while the pudding's in the pot.
And then agen at night, my bwoys, together we will zeng,
For a zhepherd lives as happy as ever a prince or king."

"Thank you. I shall carry the old song back to the other side of the world. Now, shepherd, come, take another glass. The brandy isn't out, you see."

The shepherd, after some coquetting, makes another mixture in his cup, and hands it to his wife, who puts down her knitting, and gets up to make a little curtsey, and say, "Your health, gentl'men." The shepherd takes a drink.

"Ah! it zims to do a body good, that do, now—to put the heart into 'un, zur."

"I'm glad you like it. You must have a hard life of it up here on the downs at times."

"Ah, 'tis zur, I assure 'ee, and I had ought to know. Nigh varty year, man and bwoy, I've ben a zheperdin' and afore that I wur bird-kepin', when I wur quite a leetel 'un. I allus liked bird-kepin', and I've zhot a zite on 'em wi' th' owld king's-arm as maester kep vor't."

"What was the best shot you ever made, now?"

"Well, zur, I'll tell 'ee. It wur at th' rooks, and, ef you knows about bird kepin', you minds how keen the rooks be at seedin' time, to light and snicker about wher' thaay can see arra bit ov a scratch, specially in the mornin's. So I casts about in my yead—I haint got much book-larnin', but I got a yead on m' zhoulders as answers to't—how to cotch 'em, cos' 'em be aggravatin' birds, plaguey cunnin' let 'em be never zo lear. One mornin' afore light I hucks up a bit o' ground right afore the barn ther', and drows a handful o' zeed corn auver the scratch, and gets inside zo as un med'nt zee m', and then puts two pipes-full o' powder, and a'mwoast all the shot as I'd got, into the gun, and waits. Arter a bit I hears one on 'em a cawin' up above, and then down a cums, plump. Th' owld wosbird teks a look at th' barn, but both doors was wide open, zo as a' could zee right droo. Zo a gevs a caw as tho' 'twur all right (a could'nt zee I, for a bit o' straw as I'd got round m') and falls to hisself, and, a'most afore you could look, the scratch wur all black wi' 'em, scrouging and cawin' together. Then I zets up zoftly and teks a long

breath, and zhuts m' eyes, and pulls. A went off wi th' mwost all-fired noise, and kicked I fit to bust. Wen I cum to, and zet up in the straw, and could look out, 'Lord,' sez I, 'wut! haint I killed not one on 'em?' Then I heers a flop-peting behind m', and turns round. You zee, zur, th' owld king's-arm had took and kicked I right round, zo as I wur looking out o' tother door o' the barn wen I cum to."

"Oh, yes, shepherd, I dare say."

"Well, but when you got faced round again to the right door, what had you done?"

"Lord, zur, the ground wur all black wi' 'em, mostly dead, but zum on 'em hobblin' about—more nor dree-score on 'em ——"

The shepherd is interrupted by the laughter of the younger of his guests.

"You med b'leeve m' or not, as you plazes, zur."

"Three-score rooks at a shot. What do you say to that, ma'am?"

"'Twur afore my time, zur, but I never heerd Jonas tell it no other waay."

"Well, it would take a big whale to swallow you, Jonas."

"Poor owld mother tuk and put zum on 'em into a pie. But 'em did yeat terrible runk—I wun't deny but 'em wur terrible runk."

"So I should think. Let's see, what's the time? Not half-past seven. How's the night, shepherd?"

The shepherd gets up and goes to the door.

Johnny, in a low voice to Herbert, "I know all about where we are now—only about a mile and a-half from home. It's the great barn we used to call the haunted barn."

"What was it haunted with?"

"Cats: I'll tell you the story presently. I don't want to talk, or Jonas might recognise me."

"Not he. Well, what do you make of the night, shepherd?"

'Tis clearin' off, zur. 'Twill be vine enuff d'rectly."

"Did you ever see any ghosts in the barn?"

"Haw! haw! Noa, zur. Ther' beant no bogles up here; thaay keps down below, thaay does."

"Well, we may as well be getting ready for a start." So they got up, put on their coats, shouldered their knap-sacks, and, having astonished Jonas's wife by a present of five shillings to buy fuel with, stepped out, accompanied by Jonas.

The last flakes of the snowstorm were falling, and the moon shone out keen and white, and the air felt deliciously keen and fresh after Jonas's little close hole of a kitchen.

"How splendid!" said Herbert, as they paused before the cottage door. "Hark! don't I hear bells?"

"Zartin zhure. Thaay be Avenly Christmas bells, zur, a-ringin' for Squire Kendrick's Ashen Faggot. Thaay'll be lightin' he up zmartish, I'll war'nd."

"We can go straight across to Avenly, I suppose."

"Ees, zur, straight as you plaazes. Zo you be gwine to Avenly?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Did'ee ever heer o' th' Squire's zon as runned awaay vrom whoam out in thaay forrin' parts, zur?"

"I never met any one who went by that name. So the Squire's son ran away from home?"

"Ees a did, mwoar' nor a year ago."

"How was that?"

"Well, I d'wont kneow th' rights on't, zur. I've heerd as a wur zo nat'rally grounded wi' pride and obs'tncy a would'nt tek a word vrom's own vather. Then a' spent a zite o' money, I heerd, at college. Hows'mever, won daay, th' Squire spoke zharper n' usual to'n, and a went aff then and ther. A wan't a bad haart neither; that I 'ool zaay var'n. Ive a zeed un about wi' Tummus scoors o' times; Tummus be the Squire's zhep-herd, and wur main vond ov'n. But a'd got a zart o' prodigalish waay wi' un as did'nt bode no good."

"Well, shepherd, I hope he'll come to his senses and get back home soon."

"I wishes a med, zur. For th' squire hev never rightly held up s' yead sence he bin gone; nor madam neither. And there a'nt a better macster nor

missus in th' whole country-zide. I kneows I wishes I'd been barn on he's lands."

"Well, good-bye, shepherd. I hope we may meet again before long."

"I dwont care how zoon, zur. But shall I gwo 'lang with 'ee a bit, to shew 'ee th' waay?"

"No, thanks, we shall do famously; good night."

So they shook the horny hand of their host, and went off across the glittering snow in the still moonlight towards Avenly dip, with the Christmas chime coming up from the little hamlet, and speaking to open hearts, of the child that was born, and the shepherds that kept their flocks, in a far land, near twenty centuries ago.

CHAPTER IV.

"LET th' adze 'bide, Maester Dick; let th' adze 'bide, I tell'ee. Dal'd if I dwon't gev thee the stick, ef thee gwoes an spwilin the tools, aal as I can zaay."

Dick Kendrick, to whom this objurgation was addressed in the outhouse next the stable of Avenly Manor House, which was used for a carpenter's shop, dropped the forbidden adze for the moment. Moses Ockle, the carpenter, his interlocutor, went on with his work for some time with one eye on the adze, but presently relaxed his vigilance, and Dick had hold of the adze again, and was chipping away at a tough log of timber, "before a body could wink a'mwoast," as his victim described it. The second or third chink of the adze, however, recalled Moses to the state of affairs, and, dropping the saw he was using, he caught up the nearest switch he could lay hands on, and made at Dick, who bolted behind the big bench which stood in the middle of the shop, meaning to parley. This afforded him protection for the moment, but, seeing that Moses was in earnest, and would infallibly reach him over the bench, he broke cover, and made for the open door, upsetting, on his way, the cross-trees at which his pursuer had been working, and just escaping a swingeing blow, which the enraged carpenter, his shins smarting from contact with the over-set cross-trees, aimed at him, and which fell on the door-post.

"Od, drattle th' young carcase," growled Moses, as he gathered up his work and went on with it; "thee bist he very moral o' thy brother. He wur transpworted, or zummat equal to't, and thou'lt cum to th' gallus, zhure as my neam's Moses."

"Well, Moses," said William Kendrick, entering a few minutes afterwards, "you're making the Ashen Faggot for to-night, ain't you?"

"Ees, Maester Willum."

"Will you please make a smaller one too? You'll be glad, I know, to hear that we have had news of my brother. So papa and mamma say the children may have a faggot before the supper begins."

"That I ool, Maester Willum. And how many hoops 'll 'ee hev to un?"

"Oh, four or five, Moses."

"Zaay arf a dozen, zur. But I be mazin' glad to hear about th' young squire. And wher be un then, Maester Willum, make zo bowld, and wut be un doin' ov?"

"He is in Australia, right on the other side of the world, Moses. And he is very well, and doing capitally. He is a sort of head man to a great sheep farmer there."

"Th' young squire a zhepperdin! Maester Willum?"

"Yes, Moses, and why not? The sheep farmers are the great people. I should like nothing better than to go out myself, and make my own way there. But can't you let me help you? I should so like to help make the Ashen Faggots for to-night."

Moses was nothing loath. Willie was a very different style of boy from Dick, and so the two worked on together, Moses cutting ash poles for the two faggots, and Willie under his direction preparing the hazel rods for her hoops.

"Why don't you make the hoops of ash too, Moses?"

"'Cause hazel burn slawer, and zo howlds th' vaggot together langer."

By the time it was dusk they had finished binding the two faggots; one a monster, some six feet long, with about a dozen hazel hoops round him, the other a miniature one of half the size. Willie marched off in triumph with the smaller, leaving the carpenter to follow with the other when he had tidied up the place a bit, which he did, muttering to himself: "And zo th' young squire be zhepperdin, be un? Ef a' had 's desarvins a'd be kepin' pegs, like he in Scriptur, and a fillin ov s' belly wi' th' husks as th' zwine did yet."

Willie and the carpenter deposited their burdens in a huge lofty room at one end of the house, away from the sitting-rooms. It was called the kitchen, but seldom used for that purpose, a smaller and more central room having succeeded it. It had now become more a servant's hall, but its special vocation, and one for which it was eminently qualified, was that of receiving the periodical gatherings at harvest homes, Ashen Faggot nights, and such occasions, when the Kendricks made entertainment for their vassals.

The chief feature in the room was the fireplace, which cannot be better described than in the homely words of a rhymer of the country—

> My veather's vires wur mead o' logs
> O' cleft 'ood down upon the dogs,
> In our girt vire-pleace, zo wide
> As you med draw a cart inzide,
> An big an little med zet down
> On boath zides, an avore, an all rown;
> An up in corner thaay did hitch
> The zaalt-box on the bacon vlitch;
> An, when I wur a zettin, I
> Could zee aal up into the sky
> An watch the zmoke gwo vrom the vire
> Aal up an out at un, an higher;
> An ther' wur beacon upon rack,
> An plates to yet it upon tack;
> An rown the walls were yarbs, stowd
> In peapern bags, an blathers blowed;
> An jest above the clavey boord
> Were vather's gun, an zpurs, an zoord;
> An ther' were ther' our gertest pride,
> The zettle by the vire zide.

This room was now, under the hands of two maids, being prepared for the evening's festivities, while the children ran in and out, helping, as they delighted to think. A bright fire crackled already on the dogs, which were in due time to receive the Ashen Faggots; all the furniture was moved except the great table which ran along one side. There was plenty of Christmas, in the shape of holly and ivy, over the fire-place and on the walls, and a bunch of mistletoe hanging from a rack in the middle of the ceiling. The Ashen Faggots were duly deposited in a corner of the great fireplace, and, by five o'clock, when the maids and children went off to tea, all was ready. The kitchen was left, winking away in the cozy firelight, for the fairies, if they pleased, to come in and take their pastime on the clean sanded floor. Meantime, the sole occupants were two robins, who seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with the asylum which they had hit upon for their Christmas Eve, and chirped to one another, as they flitted about, and peered with their small bright eyes into every corner, discoursing, no doubt, of how unpleasant the snow was becoming outside, and what fools their neighbours, the wrens and sparrows, were, not to avail themselves of such comfortable quarters, before they went up to perch for the night on the bacon rack.

The robins, no doubt, soon began to see reasons for reconsidering their opinions, when, at about six o'clock, the door which led from the house opened, and Clara, Bobby, and Maggie, and the party of children they had been allowed to ask to tea, rushed into the room, followed by Mabel, and her friend the clergyman's daughter, who brought her little nephews, and Miss Smith.

After the first rush round the great room, all so nicely cleared for a good romp, had been duly executed by the children, and candles had been lighted, there was a call at once for the Ashen Faggot. In fact, Bobby and the vicar's eldest grandson had seized on it, and were in the act of putting it on the dogs, when Mabel suggested that it would be burnt out too soon if they lighted it at once.

"Oh, yes, let us have a play first,"

said Clara; "and then we will sit down and make forfeits, or Mabel will tell us a story, and then we can have the faggot."

"And Aunt Nelly will sing us a song, won't you? one we can all join in?" said the vicar's grandson.

"Oh, yes, Walter, presently, when you are all tired of play." And so to play they went vigorously. Blind-man's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, and the post-office, in which latter game Clara distinguished herself, succeeded one another rapidly; and the circle was constantly increased by the arrival of one after another of the servants—dairymaid, laundrymaid, housemaid, nursemaid, &c. The Ashen Faggot was put on in triumph, and blazed and crackled to the complete satisfaction of the young ones. Then a great dish came in for snap-dragon, and Bobby and his friend were soon distinguishing themselves by dashing their hands bravely into the burning brandy, and bringing out the raisins for their favourites amongst the group of girls. When all the raisins had been extracted and eaten, and the salt had been duly thrown into the burning spirit, and everybody had looked sufficiently green and cadaverous, a cry for forfeits arose. So the party sat down round Mabel on benches brought out from under the table, and Mabel began,—

"The first day of Christmas my true love sent to me a partridge and a pear-tree;
The second day of Christmas my true love sent to me two turtle-doves, a partridge, and a pear-tree;
The third day of Christmas my true love sent to me three fat hens, two turtle-doves, a partridge, and a pear-tree;
The fourth day of Christmas my true love sent to me four ducks quacking, three fat hens, two turtle-doves, a partridge, and a pear-tree;
The fifth day of Christmas my true love sent to me five hares running, four ducks quacking, three fat hens, two turtle-doves, a partridge, and a pear-tree."

And so on. Each day was taken up and repeated all round; and for every break-down (except by little Maggie, who struggled with desperately earnest round eyes to follow the rest correctly, but with very comical results), the player who made the slip was duly noted down by Mabel for a forfeit.

In the middle of the game, the door which opened to the garden flew open, and Willie and Dick arrived on the scene of action, with—

"Now then, make room, here are the mummers!"

"Oh? the mummers, the mummers! hurrah!" chorused the infantry, as they withdrew, under Mabel and Nelly's wing, to the side and end of the kitchen. St. George and his adversary were then called by the two boys, who stood by the door, as masters of the ceremonies. They came in, shaking the snow from their queer attempts at costume, consisting of helmets, in shape very like fools'-caps, of different coloured paper, and scraps of ribbon and coloured cloth or cotton, sewn on to their smockfrocks. They marched round after one another, repeating their introductory verses in a queer nasal sing-song, and then fell to single combat with their wooden swords, which soon resulted in the discomfiture of St. George. His adversary, being of a noble temper, now calls for the doctor.

"Doctor, doctor, plaay thy part;
St. Gaarge be wounded to the heart:
Doctor, doctor, come and see;
St. Gaarge be wounded in the knee."

The ridiculous figure called the doctor answers the appeal, entering with—

"Here cums I, a ten pound doctor;
Ten pound is my fee;
But, sence thee bist a vriend o' mine,
I'll tek but vive vrom thee."

And so it goes on, with much more ridiculous doggrel, but of absorbing interest to little Maggie, and all the younger portion of the audience.

"Well, what were you playing at when we came in?" said Willie, as the mummers went off, after getting the accustomed gratuity.

"Forfeits," said Mabel. "Will you play? Our faggot is nearly out, so you won't have much of it."

"Hullo! look, here's a robin; what fun!" said Dick, shying his cap at one of the robins, who, from his perch on the rack, was contemplating the doings

of mankind, with his head on one side, and thinking probably what fools they must be, to be carrying on their unmeaning games, instead of sleeping and letting him sleep.

Dick had three or four shots with his cap at the birds, before Mabel, backed by Willie, to whom she appealed, could make him leave them alone. Then they took to forfeits again; and Dick, who was absolute lord of misrule in the place, soon made it too uproarious. Whenever it came to his turn to declare a forfeit (and he constantly managed that it should do so, by making horrible faces, and otherwise interrupting the one whose turn it was to repeat), he played some half-malicious prank. At last, having caught up the dairy-maid, he declared her forfeit "clenching hands." This operation is performed by the caller and payer of the forfeit standing up, and joining their hands with the fingers laced, when the gentleman, by extending his arms, brings the lady's face close up to his own, and kisses her. In the present case, the dairymaid, being full as strong as Master Dick, kept him nearly at arms' length; but the attempt annoyed Mabel, who put a stop to the game. Whereupon Dick took himself off till supper-time, declaring them slow.

They were getting rather tired, and the embers of the faggot were all red-hot and nearly consumed; so they made a circle round, and the maids brought some logs and put them on.

"Now, Aunt Nelly, you must sing us a song."

"Oh yes, the one about the sisters, and the cherry without a stone, please," said Bobby.

"Very well. Mabel, you will take the questions. And, mind, you must all sing the chorus."

"I had four sisters lived over the sea,
Parra marra dictum domine;
They each sent a Christmas present to me,
Partum quartum paradise templum,
Parra marra dictum domine.
The first sent a cherry without a stone,
Parra marra dictum domine;
The second sent a bird without a bone,
Partum quartum paradise templum, &c.
The third sent a blanket without a thread,
Parra marra dictum domine;
The fourth sent a book no man could read,
Partum quartum paradise templum, &c.
How could it be a cherry without a stone?
Parra marra dictum domine;
How could it be a bird without a bone?
Partum quartum paradise templum, &c.
How could it be a blanket without a thread?
Parra marra dictum domine;
How could it be a book no man could read?
Partum quartum paradise templum, &c.
When the cherry's in the bud it has no stone,
Parra marra dictum domine;
When the bird's in the egg it has no bone,
Partum quartum paradise templum, &c.
When the blanket's in the fleece it has no thread,
Parra marra dictum domine;
When the book's in the press no man can read,
Partum quartum paradise templum,
Parra marra dictum domine."

The song and chorus delighted the children; and then Mabel was called on for her story, which would, no doubt, fascinate readers as much as it did her audience round the remains of the ashen faggot, were there space to give it. And now it was getting near eight o'clock, the chimes were ringing out, and it was time to prepare the kitchen for the supper of the grown-up folk. Nelly and her charge withdrew through the house, and the other children dispersed. Mabel remained to give an eye to the supper-arrangements. Presently Bobby and Maggie, who had not yet been carried off, ran up and pulled her gown.

"Oh, Mabel, come and look, do come and look!"

"What is it, Bobby?"

"Oh, two great hairy faces, like the giants in our picture-book."

"Where? What do you mean, Bobby?"

"Here, at the window. They frightened Maggie so."

"Oh yes, that they did," said Maggie, holding on to her sister's gown. "You ain't afraid, Mabel?"

"No, dear; come along." So she went to the window, which looked out on the garden, and which she had opened a few minutes before to freshen the room.

"Why, Bobby, you must have fancied it all."

"No, no; didn't we see two great hairy faces, such big ones, looking in?"

"Oh, yes, Mabel."

Mabel looked out carefully amongst the shrubs. The moon and snow made it almost as light as day, except just in the shadow of the house; but she could see nothing.

"Well, Bobby, you see they've run away. They couldn't get through these bars at any rate; so we're quite safe. Hark! there are the school-children, singing a carol at papa's window. Come along; you can go and hear them, and say good-night to papa." And so Mabel and the children left the kitchen.

* * * * *

"Nearly caught, eh, Johnny?" whispered the elder of our travellers, as the two drew themselves up in the shadow of the house, behind a laurel. "Who was the pretty little bright-eyed girl?"

"My little sister, Maggie."

"And the boy?"

"My youngest brother, Bob."

"And the tall girl they ran up to?"

"My eldest sister, Mabel."

"You're a lucky dog. Hark! what's that?"

"The school-children, singing a carol before the house."

They listened while the young voices sang the grand old carol—

"While shepherds kept their flocks by night."

Neither spoke for some seconds after the voices ceased.

"What are you going to do, Johnny?" Herbert said gently, at last.

"Oh, I don't quite know yet; I am so confused still. You don't mind waiting a little?"

"Not a bit. As long as you please, so that we get housed by bed-time."

"Here come the people to 'Ashen Faggot,' stand back."

* * * * *

"Now, papa. They have done supper, and Dick and I have put the Ashen Faggot on, and it's just blazing up. You'll come in and wish them a merry Christmas, won't you?"

Mr. Kendrick rose from his chair in the parlour, where he was sitting with his wife and Mabel, and prepared to go with Willie.

"But the vicar isn't come," he said; "he would like to go in with me and say a few words to them."

"Oh, John, I'll wait for the vicar and Nelly, and bring them in for a few minutes when they come."

So Mr. Kendrick and Mabel went with Willie back to the kitchen, where the Ashen Faggot was already crackling and roaring away merrily on the dogs. The women, who had supped with their husbands and brothers, were seated in the chimney-corner, and round one side of the fire on benches, leaving the space clear between the fire and the long table. At the upper end of the table, the bailiff, the carpenter, the parish-clerk, and the wheelwright were seated, and the farm-labourers, men and boys, below. Mabel joined the women, while her father took the top of the table; the men all rising till he had taken his seat, with Willie by his side. Dick was seated at his ease next to the bailiff, on the opposite side from Moses, the carpenter.

There were several large copper jugs on the table, out of one of which Mr. Kendrick filled a horn of beer.

"Here's a merry Christmas to you all," he said, drinking, "and I hope you've enjoyed yourselves to-night?"

"Ees, ees, that us hev'," chorused the men, and, at a sign from the bailiff, Moses, the carpenter, cleared his throat and sang—

"Here's a health unto our maester,
Th' vounder ov this veast;
I haups to God wi' aal my heart,
His sowl in heav'n may rest,
And ael his works med prawsper,
Wutever he teks in hand,
Vor we are ael his zarvents,
And ael at his command.

CHORUS.

Then drenk, bwoys, drenk,
And mind you do not spill;
Vor, ef you do, you must drenk two,
Vor 'tis our maester's will."

"Your health, zur, and missus's and ael th' fam'ly, and a merry Christmas to ee ael, and many ov' em!" followed this poetical greeting, which was sung vociferously, the words being those of an

old harvest-home song, well known for generations to all the inhabitants of Avenly."

"Now you can light your pipes, and make the most of your time; the Ashen Faggot waits for nobody."

The lighting up of pipes soon followed this permission; and Mr. Kendrick, after chatting for a minute or two to the men nearest him, was just getting up to speak, when the lowest of the hazel bonds of the Ashen Faggot burst.

"A bond, a bond; drenk to th' bond," said several voices. The bailiff looked at his master, who seated himself at once.

"No, no, I can wait," he said; "keep to your custom. A sip and a song for every bond."

This saying was received with enthusiasm, and a call on Muster Hockle followed. The carpenter seemed the favourite performer. "Gie's th' howl's disaster, Maester Hockle," suggested the bailiff.

I've often heard my gram 'mer tell
Of a peart young owl, as ael the day
In a nook ov the paason's barn did dwell,
In hidlock blinkin' the time away.

But, zo zoon as ever the zun were zet,
A poachin' away like mad went he,
And once his desarvings he did get,
As aal o' you shall presently zee.

A vlod vor miles auver hill and dale,
And a' caddled the mice in many a vield;
For ael o' you as heers this tale
Do know as the weakest must allus yield.

At last a hunted zo vur away
That the zun cum peeping auver the hills,
And the birds waked up and did un espy,
And wur ael in a churm az um whetted their bills.

"Gwo at un, my bwoys," the missel-dresh cries;
"'A vrightened my mate, and her eggs be ael addled;"
And the yuckle did scraam, "Let us peck out his eyes;
Zich a girt mouchin' wosbird deserves to be caddled."

Thaay dreshed un long, and thaay dreshed un zore;
Thaay dreshed un and tar ael the dowl vrom his yead,
And thaay vollured un whoam unto the barn dwoor,
And ther' thaay left un purty nigh dead.

MORAL.

Now, ael you young men as loves ramblin o' night,
Be plazed from this story to take timely warnin',
Vor ther' med be them as ud not thenk it right
If you chances to get auvertuk by the marnin'.

Any one who had thought of looking at the garden window during Moses's song would have been able to confirm the story of little Maggie on all points, except as to the size of the two faces which peered through the window-bars. They might easily have fancied that the fleshy embodiments of some two antagonist Christmas principles were watching the Ashen Faggot supper from without; so marked was the contrast between the merry curious look of the lighter, and the painful tension of muscles and hungering anxiety of the darker face.

"Lawk! do'ee look, Miss Mabel. Zhure as vate I zeed zummat at th' winder," whispered Goody Ockle, the carpenter's wife, to Miss Kendrick.

Mabel glanced at the window a little nervously, and thought she detected figures disappearing; but her father had now risen to speak to his men, and she turned to listen.

"You all know," he said, with his homely Wiltshire manner, which gave him such a hold over the people who lived round him, "you know well, after all these years we have lived side by side as good neighbours, how much I enjoy meeting you here at such times as this. For five-and-twenty years now we have met here, and had our merry makings, our harvest-homes, and Ashen Faggot nights, through bad times and good times. Well, we've had good times lately in field and fold, and I hope we're all thankful for them, and laying by something against hard times, which will be sure to come back again, sooner or later—remember that. When they come, I hope we shall all pull together, as we have done before; but there's nothing like being a little before the world. The only one of all those twenty-five Ashen Faggots which I

haven't seen burnt with you, was the last one. You all know why I was n't with you. It had pleased God to send me a very fearful trial last year, and I hadn't the heart to come among you as usual. I know how pleased you will all be, to hear that I have had good news to-day from the other side of the world; good news of Master John." Here his voice faltered, and, when the rough murmurs of sympathy had subsided a little, he changed the subject abruptly, and went on. "It has always been a source of great pride to me and to our good vicar, whom we all love as an old friend, though he has only been with us four years or so" (the vicar, who had just entered, with Mrs. Kendrick on his arm, followed by his daughter, was hailed by a burst of applause, and stood benevolently wondering through his spectacles what it could be all about), "we are very proud to think how little drunkenness we have in this parish. I'm sure you'll all take a pride, and you particularly, boys," (the boys at the end of the table become specially attentive) "in keeping up our good name. 'Merry and wise,' is our Avenly motto. You will be sure to go right if you will only mind your mothers and wives, whom I am always delighted to welcome here with you, and who, mind, ought always to be with you at such times. Mind, boys, and men too, there's no honest mirth where wives and daughters can't come. There's one more word, which, perhaps, would come better from the vicar than from me; but, as he'll have his turn to-morrow in the pulpit, I may just touch upon his ground now. This 'Ashen Faggot' night, you know, is the night of peace and goodwill of all the year. So, if any of you have had fallings out with your neighbours, or in your families, now's the time to set them all right. Don't let the last bond of the faggot burst before we have made all our hearts clean and whole with all men this Christmas Eve. I see there's another bond just going to burst; so I shall only wish you all again a very merry Christmas."

The bond burst almost before Mr. Kendrick sat down, but not a soul in the room noticed it. Every eye was turned to the opposite side of the room. Her father's look as he spoke, and some of his words, had touched Mabel very deeply. She could scarcely keep from bursting into tears. The warmth of the great faggot and the smell of the smoke gave her a choking feeling, which she found it every moment more difficult to struggle against. So she had glided across to the opposite door, and, opening it a little, stood by it listening. Just as Mr. Kendrick finished, she stepped out for a breath of fresh air, to look at the pure moonlight, and recover herself, when she heard her name whispered close by. She turned with a start, and the next moment found herself in the arms of a man. Altogether, the excitement of the day and the evening, with this last shock at the end of all, proved too much for her, and she fairly fainted away.

"Good God, Herbert! what am I to do? Here's Mabel fainting!"

"Why the deuce did you frighten her then? Come, bring her in," and, so saying, Herbert pushed the door open. The astonishment of the company vented itself first in a sort of gasp; Mr. Kendrick turned sharply round, following the universal stare, and beheld one bearded stranger in front, standing on his kitchen floor, with a big stick in his hand, and his daughter in the arms of another just behind him. He sprang to his feet, as did all the other men, but not before Mrs. Kendrick had rushed across the kitchen, crying—

"Mabel, dearest, what is it? What have you done to my child?"

"Mother, dear mother, don't you know me?"

"Johnny! Oh God, is it Johnny?" and now the mother was on his neck, sobbing hysterically; and the whole of the women thronged round them, and murmurs of "Master John!" "'Tis the young squire, zhure enough!" "Massy, how a be grawed," and such like, passed round the men.

"Hadn't you better stand back, and give the young lady room to come round?" said Herbert.

Mr. Kendrick now pressed forward with blanched face through the crowd. The son could only stretch out his hand, with, "Dear father, you have forgiven me?"

John Kendrick, the elder, seized and grasped it twice, but could not speak. He was not the man to give way in public, but his bowels yearned to his son, and he fled away to his chamber to weep there.

Herbert was looking on, much moved, weighing within himself whether he could be of any use, when his eye caught sight of the vicar, making horrible gulping faces, and wiping his spectacles. He looked anxiously at him for a moment, and then, springing across, seized his hand and began shaking it furiously.

"Why, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ward, don't you know me?"

"Eh, oh! what! no! Who are you?" replied the vicar, shaking away, however, with great goodwill, and glad to find an outlet for his feelings.

"Why, Herbert Upton of course. Who should I be?"

"What, Herbert! God bless me! No, it can't be. Yes, I see. My dear boy, what brings you here? Where have you been? Why haven't you written?"

"So I have, often, some years back."

"What, written? I've never had the letters."

"And Nelly?"

"Oh, here she is, somewhere. Nelly, where are you? We often talk of you and old times."

And now there was like to be another catastrophe calling for salts and cold water, as Herbert and Nelly met again after six years' parting. He had left her a slip of a girl, and found her a fine young woman. She had last seen him a stripling of twenty, and he stood there now a great-bearded man.

Readers must picture to themselves the rest of the scene—how the troubled groups divided themselves again; how the Ashen Faggot revelry went on in the kitchen, every bond that had burst during the interruption receiving due posthumous honours; how the reputation of Avenly for strict sobriety was somewhat shaken that night, though nothing was said about it by squire or vicar; how, at the supper in the parlour, to which no one but Herbert and Dick did any justice, the story of Herbert's meeting with Johnny half-starved in the streets of Sydney, and taking him into his employment, of their defence of their waggon and beasts against bushrangers, of the lucky accident which enabled Herbert to come home, was told by fits and starts in answer to a thousand questions.

It was almost midnight before they broke up, and then Mr. Kendrick asked the vicar to read to them, and took down his big Bible. And the old vicar, peering through his spectacles, turned to the 15th chapter of St. Luke, and read it; and, as the well-known words were heard again, there was no dry eye in the parlour, except the incorrigible Dick's.

Herbert Upton escorted the vicar and Nelly home; and on the next Sunday the banns of Herbert Upton, of New South Wales, and Eleanor Ward, of Avenly, were duly published for the first time in the parish church. Herbert established himself for the winter at the vicarage, with three good hunters, which stood in Mr. Kendrick's capacious stables. The worthy villagers of Avenly will long remember and talk over the Ashen Faggot night when the young squire came home again.

A GLANCE BEYOND THE "TRENT" DIFFICULTY: THE INTERNATIONAL LAW OF THE SEA.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

BEFORE these pages appear in print, the dread issues of war and peace, which hang upon the "case of the *Trent*," will in all probability have been decided; the discussion of the chief points of international law involved in it will have become superfluous, as respects the solution of the present difficulty. But even assuming, as I earnestly trust, that that solution will be peace—that the great sorrow which has fallen upon England and her queen, through the death of the Prince Consort, will not have been outraged by the din of war,—nay, hoping, as I do, that that event will itself tend to still men's angrier passions on either side of the Atlantic,—I believe that there could be no greater fallacy than to suppose that the difficulty itself is but a summer cloud, to pass away and be forgotten. It is, on the contrary, it can be, but the first as towards us, as the shelter given to the *Nashville* will have been to the Americans, of a series of inevitable frictions produced by a state of war, between nations kindred in pluck, spirit, enterprise, national pride—frictions which are certain to fret into sores, if real wisdom be not actively employed on both sides to minimize pressure, ease contact, soothe every chafed surface.

Never in the history of mankind were the circumstances of any war more favourable for endeavouring to mitigate, at least, its maritime horrors. The war is wide as the continent over which the territories of the belligerents extend, wide as the water-world over which the trade of one of them is spread, and the privateers of the other are scattered. Yet there are no entangling alliances, no furiously passionate sympathies, to stretch the compass of that war over any others than the two belligerent powers; it is the interest, and till now it is, I trust, the wish of all the world besides, to stand neutral. And the two belligerent powers are the fragments of one, whose whole foreign history, since it entered upon the world's stage, is, so to speak, one long assertion of the rights of neutrality;—whose worst demerits towards foreign countries have been, that it seldom seemed to know where these rights stopped, and by what test a neutral trader was to be distinguished from a piratical slaver or a lawless filibuster;—and which has sometimes acted as if it deemed it lawful, on strictly neutral principles, to annex every neighbouring province and island. It is impossible thus for either belligerent, without stultifying their common history, to seek to stretch those rights of war, which all the world besides is so interested in curtailing.

Let us briefly recall the facts as matter of history. A steamer, owned by a chartered British Company, under contract with the British Government, for a certain yearly sum, to carry the British mails under the charge of an Admiralty agent, but not in Government employ, and making the usual profit of a merchant ship on passengers and freight, is stopped on her voyage between neutral port and neutral port, being part of the return-route of the mails, by an American war-steamer, and four persons are taken out of her, as agents of what England and France have recognised as a belligerent power, but the United States treat as yet only as an unlawful league of rebel provinces.

Now, when all the treatises on the law of nations, all the reports of Courts of Admiralty, have been fully ransacked for principles and precedents to bear upon the *Trent* difficulty, there remain in it several points which none of these

can reach, which it is most essential to determine. For instance, the seemingly elementary questions — In what light are we to consider a ship at sea? What is the protection which may be afforded by a national flag?—however much discussed, have never been decided. Even the very practical question of the right of search, as the case of the *Trent* itself shows, embraces several unsettled points.

Let us take the first question:— From Jefferson to Webster, America has endeavoured to maintain the principle, that a vessel is to be considered a part of the national territory. But it is obvious that such a principle, construed strictly, is radically contrary to the very existence of the right of search, which her own greatest international jurist, Dr. Wheaton ("Elements of International Law," vol. ii. p. 248,) speaks of as "a "belligerent right, essential to the exer- "cise of the right of capturing enemy's "property, contraband of war, and ves- "sels committing a breach of blockade." Jefferson, indeed, did not shrink from such a conclusion. In a letter to R. R. Livingston, (September 9, 1801), written some months after his entering upon the duties of the Presidency, he says: "The "persons on board a vessel traversing "the ocean, carrying with them the laws "of their nation, have among them- "selves a jurisdiction, a police, not es- "tablished by their individual will, but "by the authority of their nation, of "whose territory their vessel still seems "to compose a part, so long as it does "not enter the exclusive territory of "another. No nation ever pretended "a right to govern by their laws the "ship of another nation navigating the "ocean. By what law, then, can it "enter their ship, while in peaceable "and ordinary use of the common ele- "ment?" "War between two nations," he says, further on, "cannot diminish "the rights of the rest of the world "remaining at peace." And he proceeds accordingly to argue away the whole doctrine of "contraband of war." ("Correspondence," vol. iii. pp. 487-8.)

Between this doctrine of "neutral ship, neutral territory," thus carried out to its logical consequences, and the old English doctrine of untransferable allegiance, in virtue of which the Crown claimed a prerogative right of enforcing the services of English subjects wherever they might be, and searching neutral vessels at sea to discover, impress, and if found to be deserters, hang them, there is an abyss. I believe the latter doctrine, although so late as 1842 Lord Ashburton declined to abandon it, will be found untenable for the future. I believe the former doctrine, though it has been once asserted by an English cabinet minister (Sir William Molesworth, in 1856), cannot be literally applied. *Some* right of search at sea in time of war must, I conceive, subsist, to prevent neutrality from sinking into the most treacherous and cowardly of all modes of warfare. Yet we feel instinctively, that much of the reasoning as to the territorial character of the ship comes entirely home to us. Let us see if there be not some principle by which these contraries can be reconciled.

It is strictly true, no doubt, that every ship is primarily governed by the municipal law of the country to which it belongs, and is therefore independent of any other. It is, so far, similar to the landed territory of the country itself. But there is this great difference between the two. The domain of the municipal law in question on land is fixed, and immediately conterminous with other domains of a different municipal law. You cannot step out of France to the north without stepping into Belgium; to the north-east and east, without stepping into Germany, Switzerland, or Italy; to the south, where the frontier is a land one, without stepping into Spain. The sphere of international law, so far as it affects that territory on the land side, is purely a moral one. But, when we come to those domains of municipal law which are called ships, we find them in the first place movable ones—now conterminous with the land-domain of the same law, now with that of another—and between the two, floating in a great

material realm of international law called the sea.

From this movable character of ship-territory, if we may so call it—from the circumfusion of the great international water-realm—flow important and peculiar consequences. No one, that I am aware, has ever claimed that the three miles of water, which are held annexed to every coast-line, should follow a ship at sea. Again, on land, the sovereignty of each system of municipal law is, within its domain, absolute against every other, except so far as it may be modified by treaty. Without a treaty for the pursuit or extradition of criminals, you have no right to meddle with a malefactor except upon your own territory. At sea, the pirate, though he may claim the benefit of every municipal law in succession, may be sunk or blown out of the water by the first comer; and this right has, under various safeguards, been extended in various cases to the prevention of the slave-trade. In time of war more important results yet follow. On land a belligerent, through his ambassadors and ministers, through his resident or travelling subjects, or simply through their relations with other countries, is almost always able to know all that is going on in a neighbouring neutral country. His frontier forts and forces protect him against direct hostilities. If aid be furnished to his adversary through another frontier of the neutral state, he can remonstrate, and, if need be, enforce neglected remonstrances by marching troops over his own frontier—in other words, by making war on the false neutral who is really helping his foe. But at sea he has no such safeguards. Suppose (which God forbid) a war between England and Prussia, France remaining neutral. Our coast-defences and Channel fleet may be a sufficient protection against French ships; our ambassador, consuls, English merchants established in France, Alpine club-men in search of summits, and every Brown, Jones, and Robinson on their travels, must look to the movements of French armies. But what is to be done with all those little bits of France (if you choose to deem them so) called ships, which to-day may be lying in French harbours as parts of a larger France, storing in cannons, rifles, powder, shells, and a few days hence may be conterminous with the German coast? We cannot have a pair of English eyes on board of each; if we had, we could never reckon on receiving in time the result of their observations. Hence, I take it, the right of search, and, consequently upon it, the right of seizure. You, belligerent, want to know whether this floating morsel of alleged neutral territory is really what it professes to be, or whether it is not seeking to help your enemy. If it does so, it is really making war in alliance with him, and can no more deserve to be treated otherwise than as a belligerent than would the great fixed territory of which it claims to form a part, did the latter do the same things. And, therefore, you may take possession of it, just as you might, by the law of war, take possession of the country itself had you conquered it. The right of seizure of neutral vessels in such cases is really but a limitation of the rights of war, which, if not confined to the particular persons committing the breach of neutrality, would have to be extended to the country itself under whose flag the ship sails. You seize a private ship, as carrying on a private war against you, in order not to make war upon a nation. That such is the principle underlying all the law on the subject, is clearly proved by this, that unneutral conduct which, if practised by a private ship, would entail seizure and confiscation, if practised by a ship in the service of the State, would amount to a *casus belli*. And the right of search is, probably, the simplest method at present discovered for enforcing this limitation. A ship in the actual service of a neutral Government is held exempt from search, because her ownership is assumed to guarantee her good faith. A private ship is searched because it offers no such guarantee. Whether certain classes of vessels could not be assimi-

lated for this purpose to vessels in actual Government employ—whether a system of guarantees for the faithful neutrality of others could not be devised, so as to obviate the necessity of search, are ulterior branches of the question. It will be seen that, viewed as we have viewed it, the right of search becomes no more a peculiar prerogative, but a mere form of ocean-police, requiring to be regulated, within fixed limits, by well-considered rules. America in particular has, by special treaties with different nations, endeavoured to effect this; there is no reason why the practice should not be generalized.

The position, therefore, that a ship at sea is to be considered as part of the country to which she belongs, must be taken with certain very important qualifications. Properly speaking, land-territory and ship-territory are analogous, not identical; the latter is to be held governed by the same rules as the former so far, and so far only, as the differences of subject-matter allow.

But now—granted the belligerent right of search, or search and seizure, as respects ship-territory,—the next question is, On what grounds should it be exercised? These, so far as the past is concerned, may be, perhaps, broadly summed up under five chief heads: 1. Contraband of war. 2. Despatches. 3. Persons in the enemy's service 4. Property belonging to the enemy. 5. Deserters, or other subjects of the searching Power. In considering them all, we should, moreover, always bear in mind the right of blockade, whereby a belligerent is held entitled, if strong enough, to cut off all communication with his enemy's coast.

The two last heads may be soon disposed of. The principle long enforced by England in her own practice, that a friend's goods in an enemy's ship are free, whilst an enemy's goods in a friend's ship are good prize, must be considered to have been waived since the Conferences of Paris in 1856, in favour of the opposite one long contended for by neutrals, that "free ships make free goods." It is evident, indeed, that the former one cannot be reconciled with the mutual independence at sea of the various domains of municipal law. You could not enter on land a neutral territory to seize the goods of your enemy; there is no reason why you should do so at sea. Moreover, it is acknowledged that neutrals are entitled to keep up friendly relations with each belligerent, so long as they do not directly aid either to carry on the war. There can, therefore, be no right to hinder them from carrying, as an act of friendly intercourse, his goods not being contraband of war, nor, consequently, to search his ship for such goods.

So, as before indicated, the same doctrine of the mutual independence of ship-territory would forbid in future the claim of any belligerent nation to take out its own subjects from any neutral ship, otherwise than by virtue of a treaty. Here again the right on land must govern that at sea. There is no reason why a nation should have any more right to search for and seize deserters, rebels, offenders of any description, subjects bound to service, on a neutral ship at sea, than in neutral territory on land. If anything, there is less, since the inconvenience to the neutral may be far greater; as when Washington complained that we had pressed men from American vessels by entire ships' crews. If the Southern commissioners were really seized as rebels, the act is in principle quite indefensible.

Putting then aside as untenable these two grounds claimed for the right of search, we revert to "contraband of war." On this head, I take it, the right of search must clearly subsist. For a neutral ship to carry to either belligerent arms, ammunition, military stores—to transform herself in short into a floating arsenal for his behoof,—is clearly un-neutral conduct, a virtual act of warfare. No doubt there is great difficulty in defining precisely what is contraband of war. No doubt such definition has been extended, will fluctuate according to circumstances. Dr. Wheaton, in his "History of the Law of Nations" (p. 126, and following), shows

how an extension of the term to naval stores took place about the beginning of the eighteenth century. What is contraband of war at one time or place, need not be so at another. To take the notorious instance of coal; it evidently could not be contraband of war ere steam-ships existed; it need not be even now, in any country which does not yet possess them; it would be contraband of war of the most dangerous nature in a country which has war-steamers, and can get no coal but by sea. Thus, whilst it is easy to argue away all contraband of war by cavilling about the limits to be affixed to it, the very uncertainty of these limits in nature renders it all the more necessary to fix them by authority. Accordingly, the practice has often been followed in treaties, of defining or enumerating what articles should be contraband of war; as in the treaty of commerce and navigation of 1794, between Great Britain and the United States; or the maritime convention of 1801, between Great Britain and Russia, the long enumeration of contraband articles, in which begins with "cannons," and ends with "saddles and bridles." Of late our Queen's proclamations have in part fulfilled the office of a treaty for such purposes. I say in part, because the action of the proclamation is clearly only a limited one. No ship probably could escape condemnation in a belligerent's prize court, which could be shown to have carried articles declared contraband by the proclamation of its own sovereign; but it does not follow that it would not be condemned for carrying articles not declared contraband by the proclamation, but which the prize court would hold to be such. What is needed on this head in international law, is clearly definite rules, universal agreement, subject of course to modification from time to time.

Let us consider now the case of despatches. The right of search and seizure for the carriage of them is fully recognised by international law. Lord Stowell, in particular, is very strong on the subject. He treats as despatches (case of the *Caroline*) "all official communications of official persons on the "public affairs of the Government." "The comparative importance of the particular papers is immaterial," he declares; "it is sufficient that they "relate to the public business of the "enemy, be it great or small." "It is not to be argued," he says, in another case (the *Atalanta*), that "it is necessary to show a military tendency." The consequence of such a service rendered by a neutral "is indefinite, infinitely be-"yond the effect of any contraband that "can be conveyed. . . . In the transmis-"sion of despatches may be conveyed "the entire plan of a campaign. . . . It is "impossible to limit a letter to so small "a size as not to be capable of producing "the most important consequences in "the operations of the enemy." And lastly, "when a party, from want of "proper caution, suffers despatches to "be conveyed on board his vessel, the "plea of ignorance will not avail him" (the *Rapid*).

It is impossible to exaggerate the force and decisiveness of these positions. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that they require to be very considerably modified, if not wholly given up.

Let us consider the case of a war on land. France is at war with Holland, and has landed troops on the coast. Luxemburg, however, has not been reduced; Belgium stands neutral. Would it be a breach of her neutrality to allow the despatches of both belligerents to pass across her territory—between the invading army and France—between the Netherlands and outlying Luxemburg? I rather think that either belligerent, whose despatches she might stop, would be very apt to make it a *casus belli*. I am not aware that during the Italian campaign Austria ever dreamed of making the passage of French couriers through Switzerland a ground of complaint against the latter.

Is there any reason why the mere transmission of despatches by sea should be governed by other rules? Unless the neutral ship be actually hired *for* the transmission of the despatch, in which case she is clearly neutral no longer, but

in the service of the belligerent, or unless the coast be blockaded to which the despatch is addressed, I confess I see no such reason. Whilst the coast is open, the carrying of the despatch is *primâ facie* a mere friendly act, entirely within the rights of the neutral. It is no more concern of his that the despatch should direct hostile operations, than it is, that the cargo of corn which he carries should be used for such. Its being addressed to a blockaded coast may afford, indeed, some suspicion of an intention to break the blockade, just as the carriage of goods so directed may afford; but, even in this case, according to the new rule of "free ship, free goods," it seems to me that both should be respected, if the voyage is shown to be a *bonâ fide* one to a neutral or open port. The breach of a blockade is a mischief, not a crime; the neutral is not to be considered as an accomplice because, not breaking the blockade himself, he carries for one who does or means to do so.

I venture to think, therefore, that the mere carriage of despatches by neutrals —the voyage not being for that purpose —will, by the international law of the future, be primarily taken out of the category of un-neutral acts, and only assimilated to the carriage of contraband in those cases where knowledge of the hostile character of the despatch can be distinctly fastened upon the master or owners.

An exception has indeed been admitted as respects despatches, when proceeding from an ambassador. It has been decided (the *Caroline*) that despatches may be lawfully carried by a neutral *from* the ambassador of a belligerent in a neutral state to the belligerent country. But it has also been decided that despatches may not be lawfully carried from a belligerent country *to* the ambassador of a belligerent in a neutral country—the despatches in this case being indeed meant for the belligerent country (the *Constantia*, cited in note to the *Caroline*). Are these two views consistent? "It is too much," said Lord Stowell, "to say that all the business "of the two states shall be transacted "by the minister of the neutral state, "resident in the enemy's country. The "practice of nations has allowed to "neutral states the privilege of receiving "ministers from the belligerent states, "and the use and convenience of an "immediate negotiation with them." But when a belligerent stops his adversary's despatches from reaching the neutral state, does he not, *pro tanto*, compel "the business of the two states" to be "transacted by the minister of the neutral one?" If meant for the benefit of the neutral—*e. g.* to pay debts contracted in the neutral country,—is not the "convenience" of the neutral seriously invaded by a stoppage of the despatch? I cannot help thinking, therefore, that—apart from the question of breach of blockade—the carriage of despatches *to* the ambassador of the belligerent in the neutral state deserves to be placed on precisely the same footing as the carriage of despatches *from* such ambassador.

Again, the growth, since the last war, of the great system of international mail transport, which has now well-nigh girdled the world, amounts to another call for the modification of existing international law on this subject. I believe myself that where a mail-packet has on board a duly appointed officer in charge of mail-bags, she should be absolutely exempt from search; although it would probably be necessary in that case to give the mail-agent certain powers of forbidding the carriage of articles or persons contraband or quasi-contraband of war. But at any rate, the inclusion in such cases in an ordinary mail-bag of a despatch to or from either belligerent should of itself—as admitted, indeed, already by French and American jurists —constitute no *indicium* of unneutral conduct.

There remains now to consider the carrying of persons in the service of a belligerent. As respects military persons, the right of search and seizure must, I take it, subsist, as clearly as in respect of contraband of war. It is absurd to forbid a neutral from carrying cannons or rifles, if he is not also to be forbidden from carrying

the hands that are to make hostile use of them. No doubt there is an old case before Sir George Lee (the *Hendric and Alida*), which decided that the carriage of both military men and contraband of war of the most distinct nature, intended for the service and use of a belligerent, but between neutral port and neutral port, could not be interfered with. But I cannot see how such doctrines can be reconciled with any consistent view of ship-territory, as ruled by the municipal laws of the country to which it belongs. If England be at war with France, Belgium neutral, it must be just as much a breach of Belgian friendship with England to carry French soldiers by Belgian ships from Ostend to Antwerp, or *vice versâ*, as by land from the Belgian frontier to Ostend. The latter would be a clear *casus belli*—why is a ship to do the former, and go free? The destination of the ship carrying such military persons appears therefore immaterial, if their errand be a warlike one.

But, admitting the point, as respects military men, the great question remains, which the *Trent* affair involves, whether the same reasoning applies to civilians? American jurisprudence seems clearly opposed to such an extension.

Neither Dr. Wheaton in his "Elements of International Law," nor the judges of the Supreme Court in an important case of "the *Commercen*," in which the unneutral act of carrying *military* passengers was dwelt upon by both the majority and the minority of the Court, give any hint of it. In the negotiations between Great Britain and America in 1804, the first article of the projected treaty, as proposed by the Americans, bore that no person was to be taken out of a ship of either party upon the high seas, "unless such person be at the time in the military service of an enemy." A few years later, Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Bowdoin, of April 2d, 1807, ("Correspondence," iv. p. 72), looking forward to the "establishment of neutral rights" by a peace, adds expressly, "among which should be that "of taking no persons by a belligerent "out of a neutral ship, *unless they be the "soldiers of an enemy.*"

It seems difficult to me, however, I confess, to distinguish civilian officials on Government service for war purposes, from military persons, so far as the rights of belligerents and duties of neutrals are concerned. In the negotiations above referred to, the article noticed was eventually amended, through English objections, so as to provide simply that neither party while at war should "take from on board the vessels "of the other the subjects of the oppo-"site belligerent, unless they should be "in the actual service of such belli-"gerent,"—thus embracing the case of both military men and civilians. And Lord Stowell, adverting to the point in a case where it was not necessary to decide it (*i.e.* where civilians were carried together with military men), said it appeared to him "but reasonable that "whenever it is of sufficient importance "to the enemy that such persons should "be sent out on the public service, at "the public expense, it should afford "equal ground of forfeiture against a "vessel that may be let out for a pur-"pose so intimately connected with the "hostile operations." (The *Orozembo.*)

No doubt the above case was that of a voyage virtually to a colony of the belligerent power. No doubt the stoppage of civilians in your enemy's employ, on a *bonâ fide* voyage between neutral port and neutral port, as in the *Trent* matter, seems wholly unparalleled in the history of international law. No doubt the military character carries with it an inherent notice of warlike purpose, which should only be rebutted by special proof that the soldier's errand happens to be a peaceful one; whilst the civil character is *primâ facie* peaceable, and special evidence should be required to prove the warlike purpose. But supposing the warlike purpose to be proved, it seems to me that the unneutral conduct in carrying such persons is as evident, as in carrying military persons themselves. Would it be lawful for Belgium, neutral between belligerent France and England, to allow civilians in the service of either or both, to organize military operations from within

her territory on land? Here again, why should Belgian ships be subject to a different rule?

But now we come across the difficult question of the rights of ambassadors. It is admitted that neutrals have a right to keep up equal friendly relations with either belligerent, subject to the belligerent right of blockade. It is admitted that they may send, receive, and keep ambassadors to, from, and with each. It is admitted that such ambassadors, while within the neutral's territory, are inviolable. It is admitted, as we have seen, that despatches may be lawfully carried by a neutral from the ambassador of a belligerent in a neutral state to the belligerent country, and this on the ground that "it is too much to say "that all the business of the two states "shall be transacted by the minister of "the neutral state, resident in the enemy's "country." But on the other hand, Lord Stowell, following Vattel, followed by Phillimore, has expressly said that "you may stop the ambassador of your "enemy on his passage."

Are these positions strictly consistent? When a belligerent stops his adversary's ambassador from reaching the neutral state, does he not practically compel "all "the business of the two states" to be "transacted by the minister of the "neutral" one? If the neutral has a right to receive ambassadors at all, is not that right inchoate from the instant that ambassador sets his foot on board at least *that* neutral's ship to come to him?

Clearly, then, in the interest of neutrals, the international law on the subject of ambassadors, as well as their despatches, requires to be settled and rendered consistent. The right to stop an ambassador *in transitu*, if to be exercised at all on board a neutral vessel not breaking a blockade, would seem to require limitation by the right of the neutral power to whom such ambassador is accredited, of receiving such ambassador, and thereby of claiming to have him delivered up; a limitation which would apply to every subordinate agent sent to open relations with the neutral government. But the mission must be a *bonâ fide* one; the ambassador must not be sent simply to organise war. If he does so, as in the case of the French minister Genet, in the early days of the United States, who used his position as minister in that country to direct hostile operations against England, he clearly puts himself out of the pale of international law, whether at sea or on shore.

I have now endeavoured to glance at the various heads under which rights of search and seizure have been or should be claimed. The question of the protection which may be afforded by a national flag is one much involved with the former ones, yet somewhat overlapping them. There was a time when a right of sanctuary was claimed by ambassadors. It is now admitted that on land no such right generally exists; that a foreign ambassador's flag in a country cannot override the municipal law of that country, so as to screen offenders against it, unless in the persons of the ambassador himself and his followers, who are deemed, by a fiction, "extra territorial." I say "generally exists," because few people can doubt that in countries where municipal law has, properly speaking, no existence, or at times when it is utterly trampled under foot, an ambassador is often morally justified, and would often be supported by his country, in extending the protection of his flag to those who would otherwise fall victims to a despot's caprice, or to the violence of a mob. But such are rather cases of international morality, than of international law. They are governed simply by the broad human principle of sheltering a fellow-creature against unjust violence.

At sea the case is different. There is no need of a fiction of extra-territoriality. The ship is a physical domain of municipal law. Every person who is on board the ship of a particular nation, whether belonging to that nation or not, is subject to the municipal laws of that nation. If he commits an offence there, he is punishable according to those laws, and not according to his own. This being the case—he being *pro tempore* a subject

of the nation whose flag floats over that vessel—it seems but fair that he should be able to claim the benefits, as well as bound to bear the obligations, of his temporary allegiance : that, in short, he should be able to claim the protection of the flag. Of course it is competent for the master of the vessel, considered as the executive authority of the municipal laws of his own country on board, and subject to any civil liabilities for breach of contract, to deliver up or expel the claimant, whenever he might be delivered up or expelled from the country itself. But where the claim of protection is made, and not refused, it is difficult to see how the individual can be separated from the whole ship—how international law can step in between them, to seize the one, and let the other go.

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that, subject to a duly regulated exercise of the right of search and of seizure for unneutral conduct, the principle of absolute protection of persons by a *bonâ fide* neutral flag deserves to be admitted into international law. I say, by a *bonâ fide* neutral flag, as of course the principle could not apply where the hoisting of such flag is merely colourable,—where another municipal law than that it denotes, is really in force on board;—where, in short, the ship is practically in the service of one of the belligerents. In the case of the *Trent*, beyond all question the flag was a *bonâ fide* one,—the ship was a British ship, governed by British municipal law, and the persons of the envoys claiming the protection of the flag should, upon the principles laid down, have been inviolable. But there would be no greater mistake than to suppose that international law, as at present recognised, does in any way cover those principles. The "right of asylum," of which we hear talk in the matter, has not risen to be more than a comity among nations—a very noble policy pursued by some, who have conscience enough to recognise, and strength enough to fulfil, the common human duty of harbouring the defenceless, until shown unworthy of shelter. The United States have known well how to assert that alleged right on their own behalf; putting even out of view the *Trent* case, they have now unfortunately shown also in the utterly lawless seizure of ex-senator Gwir and other Confederates on their passage through the neutral territory of the Isthmus of Panama, how ready they are to trample upon it when asserted against them by a Power too weak and defenceless for them to respect.[1]

I have indicated a few of the grave questions of international law which the affair of the *Trent* has raised, and none of which it will certainly have sufficed to settle. Can nothing be done to settle them, otherwise than by the wrangle of diplomatists on each side ? Such international law as exists has, in fact, grown up at a time when war, and not peace, was considered as the chief concern of a nation's life. It is only within the present century, it may be said, that the interests of war have been felt to be wholly subordinate to those of peace. Hence international law requires to be revised from that new point of view, of which the neutral is the representative. But the privileges of neutrals require no less to be revised than the rights of belligerents. Hitherto, so entirely has the point of view been one of war, that virtually a state of war has been assumed between the neutral himself and each belligerent, the former being held entitled to do everything that a belligerent did not hinder him from doing. But the secret war carried on by a neutral in fomenting hostilities, under colour of peace, is really an offence against mankind. The interests of all being peace, he injures all by covertly assisting war. The time will

[1] I have not adverted in this paper to the proposal, much agitated of late years, to render all private property inviolable at sea. There is probably more to say upon it than Chambers of Commerce, which have shown themselves so ready to vote upon it, are aware. But it is a question chiefly important as between belligerents; and, dealing only here with those questions which may divide belligerent and neutral, I have felt myself entitled to leave it on one side.

come, I believe, when to carry contraband of war or otherwise knowingly aid a belligerent under a neutral flag, will be held an offence against the law of nations only inferior to piracy, entailing search and seizure by neutral vessels as well as belligerent, and condemnation in any neutral court of Admiralty.

And now, as we have seen, all the nations of Europe are, as they have never been before, united in one interest, and that a neutral one. Why should not they settle once for all—with or without the concurrence of both belligerents or either—the terms upon which the rights of peace shall henceforth be trenched upon by the so-called rights, or rather the alleged necessities, of war? A beginning of that good work was made at the Congress of Paris in 1856. England, by accepting the rule of "free ships, free goods," as respects articles not contraband of war, has shown her willingness for concession. Why not carry the work now further? Why should not a few of the maritime nations, having agreed previously upon a few leading principles or bases of settlement, appoint each a really able jurist as Commissioners to draw up an international "Code of the Sea,"—the respective rights of neutrals and belligerents to form the first subject of consideration,—and with power for the Commissioners to add to their number representative jurists from other maritime states as they may be appointed? The Code once framed might be embodied in a great international treaty, and in the meanwhile might receive force, chapter by chapter, through special conventions, as each state acceded to what was done. From the moment when the bases of settlement were agreed upon, still more from the adoption of any chapter of the Code, the navy of each power should be pledged to the enforcement of the rules laid down on behalf of all powers agreeing to them, so that every neutral trader should feel assured of protection wherever the flag of any neutral man-of-war was flying. Such a system would not have the character of distrust inherent in a so-called "armed neutrality;" it might possibly lead to the establishment of an international "police force of the seas," the ships affected to which should be inviolable in any war whatsoever.

The work I have sketched out need really not be a difficult or a long one. The Great Exhibition of next year, the approaching meeting of the Social Science Association in London, might be made materially to assist towards its being taken in hand. Assuming that really efficient men were appointed, and at a sufficient rate of remuneration to secure the exercise of all their energies for the time being, six weeks, or two months, ought to be sufficient to give the world some authoritative heads of a "law of search in time of war," which is the main thing required, and a couple of years might probably enable us to see the whole Code framed, together with those authoritative translations into all the maritime languages of Christendom which are essential to its efficacy. And if only the case of the *Trent*, which, while I write, is still but a dark political riddle, by calling attention to many unsettled questions involved in the present "law of the sea," should lead to an authoritative solution of some of them, it may yet be felt that, in the words of another riddle of old, "out of the "eater came forth meat, and out of the "strong came forth sweetness."

But in the meanwhile? Well, we neutrals must bear and forbear. It is not a pleasant part to play, that of neutral, especially when, like England, you are by no means used to it. To have your merchant-ships stopped and overhauled on every sea by foreign officers—by mere privateers—seldom over-courteous, often not very scrupulous, is decidedly disagreeable. War, it must be admitted, is a terrible nuisance; and, after all, we should be thankful that it makes itself such. For the chorus of grumbling which it awakes from every captain, ship-owner, merchant, whose ship has been delayed, whose expenditure has been increased, whose profit has been diminished, by a stoppage for search, or a *détour* to avoid

such stoppage, swelling as it is sure to do year after year, must help greatly in course of time to stun and paralyse the very belligerents. But we must remember that—not to speak of older times—in the days of our own fathers we inflicted at all events the maritime portion of the war-nuisance, for the better part of a quarter-century, on all the nations of the civilized world, and that none suffered at our hands as neutrals more acutely than they whose belligerent doings we are now complaining of. We must remember that at no time are men's passions more violent than during the struggle of a doubtful civil war, such as that now raging between the two fractions of the late American Union; and as bystanders, we shall do well to make allowance for these passions, and not to be carried away by them. We must remember, that owing to the monopoly of federal office held almost without intermission since the very formation of the Union by the party who have now led off the secession of the South, the men now in office at Washington are raw hands, ill-prepared by stump oratory, electioneering factions, or even the governorship of single states, for the functions which they have to fulfil; and we shall do well to make allowance for their inexperience. We must remember that, demoralized as it has been by the long ascendancy of the slave power, the North has not yet even risen to a clear perception of its own standing-ground—that the party now in office simply represents the negative principle of resistance to the slave power, many of its members being really mere free-soil filibusters instead of pro-slavery ones; and we shall do well to make allowance for the low morality of this New York *stratum* of the republican party—this mere topmost drift of spouters and intriguers, who share with, I believe, more sterling elements (the President himself included) the direction of the present American Cabinet. Trusting, as I do, that the present crisis of our great sister nation across the Atlantic is a crisis, not of dissolution and death, but of new birth—believing, as I do, that the tremendous necessities of a gigantic struggle will gradually purge away the dross, and bring to the surface the more solid and nobler portions of the nation,—I trust, also, that we shall know how to forbear towards it. Our journalists seemed never to have done enough in sermonizing the American people as to their folly in falling out together; as to the horrors of a fratricidal strife between the members of a kindred race; as to the absurdity of their mutual outbursts of violence. The South might bombard Sumter; take sudden possession of all the Federal property which it could lay hold of; commission privateers; threaten the Capitol. Still, in England, the doves of the broadsheets went on cooing to the North of peace. Now, a single utterly bloodless "outrage upon the British flag" has been committed without authority by a notoriously hasty-tempered officer; and because that act is not instantly disavowed, but is lauded by American folly, every dove is turned into a raven, and our nation is not only told to prepare for war, but is, from some quarters, actually hounded on to it. I do not say that, if the Commissioners were not released, war would not be for England a dread necessity. But I say that that war would be at least as great a folly, very nearly as true a fratricide, as the civil war between North and South—I believe that to some extent it would be even more so. I believe there are large tracts of country in these islands, whose relations of kindred with the North are closer and more multiplied than those of the North itself with the South. It has been truly said, that in our manufacturing districts there is scarcely a family which has not some member in America; and I believe there are more Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen at the North (in which I include the whole present United States), than there are Northerners at the South, or Southerners at the North. And I believe that the true North—the old Puritan North of the Pilgrim Fathers—the North that works and

fights while others loaf and spout (alas! even in Boston itself)—is far more genuinely akin to us in feelings, in morality, in cultivation, than it is to the slave-owners, slave-drivers, and "poor whites" of the South.

Let us then hope, pray, work, that this dreadful doom of war between England and America may be averted. Let us allow no Napoleonic cunning or perfidy, acting through foreign or easily disavowed French journals, after egging us on to that war, to take advantage of it for the greater glory and profit of French neutrality; in order that, when our blows have operated as a diversion in favour of the South, it may hold us up to the scorn of the world as the hypocrite nation that paid twenty millions to emancipate 800,000 West Indian slaves, and double that amount or more to rivet the chains of four millions of Southern ones;—in order that, if occasion suit, it may join the North in the struggle, to the war-cry of "France and freedom," against "England and slavery." Let us endeavour ourselves to keep neutral, that our cause may be that of the civilized world. Let us endeavour, by every act of forbearance consistent with national honour, to avoid every measure which should help to prolong the existence of slavery. And if, indeed, the chains of the black man should burst asunder, and in the wild frenzy of a freedom he has been rendered unfit to use, the very cotton-plant should be rooted up from American soil, let us turn the more gladly to that glorious empire which God has consigned to our charge in the far East; and as we develop more and more its unlimited resources for the production of every tropical staple, as we apply more and more our own mechanical and scientific ingenuity towards rendering its produce available for manufacturing purposes at home, let us thank God that He has at last released us,—though at the cost, no doubt, of much temporary suffering, which we should one and all do our best to alleviate,—from being any more, as consumers, virtual accomplices in the continued perpetration of a great wrong.

I began by saying that I wrote these pages on the assumption that the solution of the "*Trent* difficulty" would be a peaceable one. I should have nothing to unsay, if it were a bloody one. A war between England and the United States cannot last long; and if, as is most likely, it should lead to the bolstering up of a peace between the two fractions of the Union, that peace cannot last (as I have before endeavoured to show in this periodical), so long as the cause of dissension, slavery, is not removed. Until that takes place, again and again will the war between North and South break out; again and again will England find herself placed in the position of a neutral betwixt belligerents, again and again will the need be keenly felt of a definite "Code of the Sea."

But if, indeed, the solution be peaceable, I must here express my hope, in opposition to what I know is the general feeling of this country, that in spite of the past, England will be in no haste to recognise, otherwise than as she has done, in the qualified character of a mere belligerent, the Southern Confederacy. Whatever the *Times* may say, no thinking man can look at the present state of things and say that that body is not far less entitled to recognition from foreign countries now, than it was six months ago. Then, the blockade was indeed a paper one; now, the vaunt made by President Davis of the application of Southern citizens to manufactures, shows clearly how real it is; whilst the surprise excited by the occasional arrival of a cotton ship at Havre, of a turpentine ship at Liverpool, proves equally the fact. Then, the Federal flag had ceased to be in North Carolina, in South Carolina, in Georgia. Now it flies in all three states: forty-five counties of North Carolina have been represented in a Union Convention, Savannah and Charleston are both threatened from Port Royal, and new expeditions are yet preparing. Through the successive lodgments effected at Fortress Monroe, Cape Hatteras, Hilton Head, and now Tybee Island, the Federals have secured the actual control of almost

the entire Western sea-board, and a few more such blows to the South will give them the command of the whole coast-line. In such a state of things—though the great army of the North be not yet in motion, and the Western campaign seems to have resulted in strengthening the Confederacy,—yet the latter is at best but a sort of huge unwilling Paraguay, cut off from all intercourse with foreign nations. To recognise that Confederacy now, before it has shown the strength to clear for itself a single line of coast, would be an act of pique, not of policy or of justice.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

If the epitaph of the year 1861 were to be written, most people would agree that it might be written very briefly as far as this country is concerned. Both in politics and in religion it has been set down by general consent as a year of Conservative reaction. Whether England be well or ill governed, whether the Church is lost in spiritual darkness or walking in spiritual light, England and the Church are at all events content with the *status quo*. The din of Parliamentary rivalries scarce has penetrated of late beyond the walls of St. Stephen's into the healthy open air. The question of the enlargement of the Franchise has rocked itself to sleep. Everywhere the country enjoys an almost monotonous political repose, broken only here and there by the tinkle of some ruminating statesman or the distant cry of a melancholy Reformer. The terrible Mr. Bright himself—the Black Douglas, at whose name country gentlemen grow pale—has been infected with the epidemic tranquillity, and the House of Lords been allowed, this autumn and winter, to shoot, hunt, and dine in peace. As for the religious world, it presents a somewhat similar aspect. Unorthodoxy, which, at the beginning of spring, seemed likely to give the theological public no little trouble, as the days shortened, retired again into its own studious corner. Mr. Bright is not more completely put out of court in general estimation than these bold thinkers, who drew upon themselves the random fire of religious circles at the beginning of the year. One watchword has been passed down the ranks, both as to politics and theology—to let well alone. *Nolumus leges, nolumus deos Angliæ mutari.* Reformers and non-Reformers alike are inclined to believe in a Conservative reaction. The cry has at last become so loud, that it behoves sane people to see if it be well-founded. Are we going forwards, or are we going backwards, or, lastly, are we standing still?

Those who are immediately implicated in the fortunes of either Parliamentary party may exaggerate to themselves, we think, the importance of the reaction —if a reaction there be. To a certain class of politicians, whose interest in politics is nothing more or less than an interest in the division-list of the House of Commons, the country may well seem to be retrograding. Lord Palmerston, the strength of whose policy lies in its heartiness and sympathy with popular feeling, might always be confirmed in power by a foreign war, or even by continental disorder. Otherwise, it must be confessed that the Derbyite government are nearer office than they were. While we have been busy over the course of events in Italy or America, the Tories have stolen a march upon Downing-street. The gods of the Whigs are intently watching the battles on the windy plains of Troy, and the country gentlemen have almost climbed unnoticed into Olympus. Birkenhead and South Lancashire, and especially the latter, are regarded in some quarters, as not only important, but as significant losses to the Liberal cause.

When parties are so evenly balanced in the House, a single vote is not to be despised, and an adverse election may have as depressing an effect on the spirits of the ministerial supporters, as an adverse division itself. Once at least, last session, the equilibrium of the Parliamentary ship was only preserved by a rush, at the last moment, of neutral and indifferent spectators in the centre to the threatened side. A brilliant budget from Mr. Gladstone, whose budgets excite Parliamentary opposition in exact proportion to their ability, might this spring upset the Cabinet for good. The tone of confidence in their coming greatness, which never, indeed, deserts the leaders of the Conservatives, is at present more than usually strong; and a stray borough, which now and then comes drifting in to them, is the seaweed which announces to the adventurous mariners that they are nearing the promised land. Lord Derby may not win the race, but he is certainly once more in the running.

We are of opinion that this gain is more apparent than real, and that England is not necessarily less progressive because the country party in the House is preparing itself—it may be prematurely—to be summoned to the Treasury Benches. The reason why the Tory vessel is sailing in upon us so successfully, is that it has carefully hauled down everything like Tory colours. Upon matters of home policy there is little difference between them and their rivals. On foreign questions, their two greatest statesmen, Sir Lytton Bulwer and Lord Stanley, have made speeches about which there is but little of the old Tory ring, while their greatest tactician, Mr. Disraeli, prudently on such subjects takes refuge in his shell of diplomatic reserve. Lord Derby, indeed, has spoken on Italy with less discretion; but discretion is not supposed to be the *forte* of the Rupert of Debate, nor are the ideas of one or two aristocratical leaders of the Derbyite host shared on these points with their less fashionable comrades or their followers. There is a nameless social something, which prevents men like Lord Malmesbury and Lord Derby from taking the popular and the true view of Italian affairs, and inclines them, like Lord Normanby, to sympathise with Grand Ducalism and gentility. But the popular fibre runs more strongly through the most powerful bulwarks of the future Tory cabinet. Little, probably, except filial piety, divides Lord Stanley from the Liberals or Semi-Liberals of the day. Sir Lytton Bulwer, but for his literary sensibilities, if he had not been a philosophical Conservative, would certainly be a philosophical Radical. It is true that Lord Stanley's creed on the subject of Hungary was less bold and less advanced. This was a graceful concession to the weaknesses of his father's supporters. There can now be little doubt that the Conservatives will go as far as popular feeling compels them. Nobody, however, can expect that they should go farther, or perform works of supererogation to mortify themselves. The cause of Hungary has not yet been called on at the bar of Europe. A theory upon the Hungarian question is therefore as practically unimportant as a theory on the rival claims of Denmark and Slesvig-Holstein. Lord Stanley's hesitation simply proved that the party whose good opinion he was bound to consult have no notion of being more progressive than they can help.

On all subjects of foreign policy the Conservative chariot, then, either keeps pace with the Liberal coach, or may be heard rumbling on in the same direction from a little distance behind. In domestic politics both are pretty nearly standing side by side, for the truth is that both are standing still. The only difference between them is, that the one is anxious to get on, and the other is only too happy to be permitted to rest its weary wheels. Until the country gives the signal, it is not necessary for the one to move, or for the other to refuse. It may be taken for granted that the country is in no hurry to decide on action. All things considered, even those of us who do not govern themselves are apparently as well governed as they care to be, or

are ignorant at least that they might be governed better. But the grand cause of our apathy upon internal questions is that our whole attention is riveted on what is passing abroad. We are the interested spectators of great events. The Corn laws had not long been repealed, when it became evident that home politics no longer were to be the all-absorbing study that they hitherto had been. Up to that date we had been stirring, and Europe had been motionless for a time. But with the advent of free trade all imperious necessity for internal change subsided throughout the kingdom. Nearly at the same moment the Continent, which for years had enjoyed repose, was once more visited by a political earthquake; which, though less terrible than its great predecessor of sixty years before, was still sufficiently violent to arrest all eyes, and to shake a great portion of the civilized world. Since the commencement of 1848, our situation has been reversed. Till then we were actors in a drama of our own; we have become the audience at greater tragedies enacted by our neighbours. The newspapers, so long read chiefly for the sake of their political manifestoes and their domestic intelligence, now were important as the vehicles for conveying to us the contemporary history of the Continent. Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Turin, grew to be centres of political interest, which drew away the thoughts of practical Englishmen from their own more immediate concerns. Nor has our excitement been to us a mere excitement of the imagination. The history of the Continent for the last decade, touching ourselves so closely as it does, has been much more to us than a mere thrilling romance. Our possession of India, and of the chain of communicating outposts which run from India to the Mediterranean and Gibraltar, gives us, unhappily it may be, too much reason to be interested in European complications. Our proximity to France compels us to follow, with fascinated eyes, each movement of that powerful, dangerous, and feverish empire. It is idle to talk of household and domestic reform when Europe is in flames, or threatening us with the explosion of sullen and pent-up volcanic forces. *Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.* Safety to-day; purity of election, and extension of the franchise, can afford to wait till to-morrow.

Mr. Bright, who, if he is often unwise in the means he adopts, at least knows the nature of the obstacles with which he has to contend, sees perfectly that it is hopeless to inoculate with the fever of reform agitation a patient from whom the intense interest of foreign politics has driven out all minor political excitements. Napoleon III., by way of withdrawing the minds of his fiery subjects from home, feeds them with the intoxicating spectacle of continual disturbance beyond their frontier. Conversely, the Apostle of reform is aware that, before he can interest the nation in the task of reforming itself, he must succeed in calming the interest it takes in the affairs of Europe. He has hit two of the right nails upon the head. India and France are, as he correctly judges, the sources of a great portion of that keen unrest which attracts our eyes from home, and fixes them abroad: and he acts consistently with himself in endeavouring in the one case to cut away the cause of our alarm, in the other to persuade us that our alarm is foolish. Without entering into the question whether the Eastern policy of Lord Palmerston is, or is not, a policy of mere obstruction and temporary shift, we may fairly say, that as regards France, Mr. Bright labours under a dangerous, and, fortunately, a singular delusion. The second Empire has conferred some benefits, if not on France, at least on the rest of Europe, and there is no necessity for either underrating or overrating their value. But France, in any aspect of the case, stands beside us with drawn sword, an armed and ambitious missionary. Mr. Bright has chosen the wrong season to persuade us that we can afford to look away from this restless neighbour, and to devote our entire energies to mastering the Manchester theory of the British Constitution. In declining to do so, England is not

espousing the cause of reaction, but simply acting upon an instinct of self-preservation.

But, were her own safety and fortunes not indirectly involved, the paramount interest of the scenes which are passing before her gaze would be sufficient to justify the indifference which England displays for almost everything except European questions. We are entering on another cycle: and "the world's great age" seems to be "beginning anew" even if the "golden years" are not returning. Religious preachers exclaim, as they have done in every generation, that the end of all things is at hand, but to an unbiassed eye it would rather appear as if all things were commencing afresh, and the earth had begun to spin at railroad speed down a new and untried groove. With the first French Revolution a fresh page was turned in the history of civilization. The old heavens and the old earth passed away, and a new heaven and a new earth supplied their place. New principles, new theories of society and human rights, new truths and new errors, were let loose upon France, and, thanks partly to the universality of the French language, and partly to the irresistible *élan* of the French character, vibrated through Europe, till Europe shook again. Weary of an old civilization, which had been a kind of fortuitous growth out of heterogeneous and discordant elements, an important part of the Continent endeavoured to fling off all law, all social tradition, all order which could not be explained deductively from some simple and logical first principles, to undo the knots which ages had been tying, to return, if necessary, to a fictitious state of primitive simplicity, and upon a logical basis to begin the work of constructing the world over again. The Treaty of Vienna and the Holy Alliance surprised these new world-makers before their task was finished. The gods of a classical civilization succeeded for a time in vanquishing the brawny Titans of a more vigorous and mundane birth. Apollo and Minerva overcame and bound Typhœus and Briareus. It was not for many years that the giants who, in 1815, seemed buried for ever under mountains, were able successfully to re-emerge into the upper air: a saddened, a sobered, and a wiser crew. Once more, another Paris Revolution set going the problems, which as yet had been mooted, but never solved in the first: and European order set to work to refashion itself. New and unknown phenomena, great forces of which the world was little conscious, spring up into sight. Questions of nationalities, of the will of the people, of universal suffrage, arise and lock themselves one with the other, producing complexities innumerable, compared with which all questions as to forms of government seem of minor moment. Society, which since the French Revolution has discovered the steam engine and the telegraph, finds that the new and gigantic opportunities for centralization thereby introduced, increase all our political difficulties and dangers a hundredfold. In a word, Europe is experimentalising on herself, and on those new weapons for self-decomposition, or instruments for self-cultivation, which have been put into her hands.

It is true, that England is a spectator of these things, and takes no part in the ordeal of analysis; but there is no reason to suppose that she is not learning and profiting by what she sees. We are not a creative nation, like the Italians; we are not a nation which pushes everything to its logical conclusion, like the French. We are a nation that clings tenaciously to the past: we are drawn slowly and reluctantly into the agitating vortex of new social opinions: we are fonder of legal fictions than of imaginary logical axioms, and unfitted altogether to reconstruct society from given philosophical premises. It is said, and pertinaciously said—because, suddenly occupied with the sight of what is stirring abroad, we are doing little or nothing at home—that England is passing through a phase of reaction. That this country has been forcibly struck with the evil results of pushing to their conclusion some of the principles laid down by democratical thinkers, needs no showing.

But there is a double lesson to be drawn from all great events, and we do not see why Conservatism should suppose that England is only drawing half of it. The first French Revolution retarded the first Reform Bill. But no one who has observed the effect of that great convulsion can doubt its influence upon English Liberalism. The events of the last twelve years, in like manner, are affecting Englishmen in two distinct and different ways. For the moment they are rendering us disinclined to take any decided onward step. But, meanwhile, the country, from land's end to land's end, is unconsciously imbibing broad, manly, and liberal opinions.

Much of our just hesitation to embark at once on the perilous seas of extreme Radicalism may be traced to a prevalent feeling, that we have seen Radicalism tried and have seen it fail. France, as it is said, has proved to us that the tyranny of the one follows naturally upon the tyranny of the many. America shows conclusively that the tyranny of the many is as bad as the tyranny of the one. Nor are we content to ascribe to democracy merely its own inherent defects. Democratical institutions are considered enough to account for every ill that flesh is heir to. Universal suffrage bears its own and other people's burdens. Thus, even the American civil war is set down as a flagrant instance of what we may expect to come to if we lower the suffrage in our large towns, and every American filibuster who misconducts himself upon the high seas is regarded as a frightful example of the results of voting by ballot.

A popular preacher of the day, who assiduously takes upon himself to explain the ways of Providence, regards the cholera as an heaven-inflicted evil, flowing immediately from Catholic emancipation, and the passing of the Maynooth grant. Adopting this kind of reasoning, anything may no doubt be explained by anything. But, though the world of literary politicians is too fond of accounting for all foreign calamities by the fact that the institutions of foreigners differ from their own, we are justified by the aspect of American affairs in pausing before we take any leap into the dark. America must accordingly bear the imputation of having fairly brought into some disrepute and odium universal suffrage, the ballot, and large constituencies. As for large constituencies, the horror in which they are held is perhaps unnecessary. Our metropolitan members are not ideal statesmen. Finsbury and Marylebone are not abodes of political innocence, but likely to be the walk for many years of successful Old Bailey barristers, or of triumphant insecticides, and to borrow what little respectability either may acquire from the occasional election of—at most—a retired alderman. But Finsbury and Marylebone represent a large class who have only since the Reform Bill known what it is to enjoy political life. These cannot be expected to emerge at once from the stage of political mollusks into the stage of highly-organised politicians. They will only learn to use political privileges rightly after being allowed for some little time to abuse them. Still, in spite of all, large constituencies will probably long remain unpopular, and each successive instance of electoral folly will increase this unpopularity. Though over-fastidiousness may lead us to be unnecessarily indignant with, and want of confidence in the future of society to despair of, monster constituencies, we can hardly be said upon these subjects to be undergoing a "reaction."

A moment's consideration of the method by which the so-called "reaction" has been brought about, will demonstrate that, whatever it be, it is certainly not a "*Conservative*" reaction. It has not been caused by the Conservatives. All that the Conservatives have had to do, has been to make no noise, and not provoke a counter-reaction, by showing undesirable symptoms of life. If Lord Derby returns to office, he has to thank not the activity of his partisans —though their activity has not been less because they have been silent—he has to thank that portion of the edu-

cated classes whose opinions proceed from a kind of political dyspepsia. It is natural that the majority of the literary order should view with dislike any further addition to the power of the body below them. The Semi-Liberals belong neither to the upper nor to the lower ranks; neither to the sons of heaven nor to the sons of earth. They are themselves kept back from power and distinction by the aristocracy above; they fear to be swamped altogether by the democracy below. Let us sympathise with the dilemma. It is perhaps difficult to say with whom they should unite. Years ago their course was not so difficult to steer. They devoted their keen swords to the service of Reform; led the van of Liberalism; and contributed not a little to turn the tide of public opinion into its present channel. In the palmy days of the *Edinburgh*, the most influential of the educated literary class were Liberals. Like the Whigs, they have since discovered that the champions of an oppressed cause sink into minor importance when the victory is won. Partly, too, it may be, a qualm of suspicion has come upon them as to the nature of the work they have been accomplishing. They thought they were labouring to remove a mill-dam, and lo! the Atlantic is upon them. Hesitatingly and tremblingly they determine to go no further. Mr. Bright is noisy and violent. The crowd which seemed pleasant to lead, is vulgar and offensive to mix with. The old waters of Abana and Pharpar are better after all.

There is much truth in the gloomy reflections of the Semi-Liberals. Those who have seen anything of the English middle and lower classes know that they are constituted by nature to accept an aristocracy of birth, and to rebel against all aristocracies of talent. The thinkers who most influence working men are not the thinkers who think most clearly, but those who think most strongly. At a certain feverish crisis in the progress of society, knowledge ceases to be necessarily power. The tumultuous fires of rhetoric and personal force melt to a white heat the souls of the great masses, whom the clearer flame of science, economy, and learning cannot affect. The alarm of the Semi-Liberals, then, though excessive, is not unnatural. They undertook to sow the wind, and they find that they were well-nigh sowing a whirlwind. But, whether their alarm be excessive or justifiable, it must not be forgotten that no reaction caused by such men as these could fairly or without grave qualification be called a Conservative reaction. At best it is not a Conservative reaction, it is a political pause. For those who have been instrumental in effecting it are not to be confounded with the advocates of abuse. Their temporal interests are on the side of moderate progress. Their intellectual bias is in favour of freedom in everything, but especially of *free thought*. They have fought in days gone by, and are ready to contend again, for civil and religious liberty. They refuse to give their goodwill to the established order of things, when it has produced nothing but despotism and corruption. Italy, Hungary, Poland—these are the causes that consistently receive their sympathy and their support. Men like these may be timid and mistaken, but they never can be reactionaries.

England this last year has been pausing with them: but a great people cannot be said to be retrograding which is hourly drinking in all the lessons that experience can teach it. We are not rowing against wind and tide, or endeavouring to remount whence we have descended. We are resting on our oars—intent on the sights and sounds around us: and the great stream is bearing us gently and happily along upon its bosom. For it would be untrue to say that, because we make no conscious movement onward, our thoughts are not changing, growing, ripening. The country is gradually learning to understand, and here and there to sympathise with, the aspirations and ideas of other countries which are widely unlike our own. We are more tolerant towards forms of government which differ from ours. Universal suffrage, if it has be-

come almost a joke, has ceased at all events to be a bugbear. The ballot seems to thinking statesmen no longer to be a monstrosity, but to be merely a mistake. The antiquated and sentimental notion of the Divine right of kings, which long ago was beaten into silence, has at last nearly disappeared even from our pulpits. A new Divine right has made its way upon the stage, with the evident intention of replacing the old—the Divine right of the "*fait accompli*." We are gradually learning to comprehend that the voice of the people, if it is seldom the voice of God, is generally a voice that makes itself heard at last. We now see that a nation's resolute will, noble self-control, and moral strength, may win for it prizes which its armies could never have won, and Order and Law may lift their heads higher at the sight of revolution itself submitting to their own mild sway. Light has been thrown on the relations subsisting between subjects and their sovereign. The political value of social distinctions—the world's most important problem—is being tested at one and the same time in many places: and, whatever its solution, it can hardly fail to be without some influence on English minds. From France itself in the last two months we have received a solemn recognition of the value of constitutional government from the mouth of the most unconstitutional of monarchs. The country, it seems, is quietest and governed most cheaply where the people tax themselves; and it has been reserved for a foreign despot practically to remind us of the old maxim, that Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, are three sisters who go hand in hand. The questions regarding capital and labour are likely to be solved in England sooner even than elsewhere, except, perhaps, in Italy; but the state of Paris and the South of France may recall to our recollection the unsentimental and homely truth, that, if the capitalist does not invariably understand his true interests, the labourer is not the best judge of what is good for labour, and that the laws of Political Economy are not always successfully slighted. This, and far more than this, the great majority of Englishmen have been learning during the last two years; and the years in which they have been so occupied cannot with propriety be termed years of reaction.

That 1861 has been a year of religious reaction is equally untrue. It has, indeed, been in England a year of considerable theological excitement. "Essays and Reviews," a now famous volume, which was published in the spring of 1860, at the commencement of last winter began to fall into the hands of the bishops and country clergy. Great agitation followed in all parts of the country; and a storm of invectives, arguments, and confutation, was directed against the clerical writers who had taken part in its composition. We are not now concerned with the merits or demerits of the work, the opinions contained in which were at the time no novelties to many educated men. But at first it seemed likely that great injustice would be done to the authors by society at large. They were treated by many as if they were the preachers of some Methodist congregation of Little Bethel, who were paid only to teach what their audience chose; instead of being the ministers of a great and generous national Church, which, if its ministers could discover a new truth, would claim to share it with them. It was said, and said intemperately, that the Essayists were bound to leave the pale before they promulgated views contrary to the opinions of their fellow-Churchmen. It would have been as wise and as just to insist that a man who was accused of a crime which he denied, should spontaneously try, condemn, and execute himself. By the customs of Japan a notorious offender is required to disembowel himself. It would be too much, every time an English incumbent passed through a phase of thought which he imagined inconsistent with his subscription to the Articles, that he should be considered a dishonoured man unless at once, and without waiting to be judged,

he performed this Japanese ceremony on his own person. Every man has a right to be relieved from the responsibility of being critic in his own case. No man is bound as a matter of honour to commit ecclesiastical suicide, or to anticipate a verdict of the law courts on his own views. Were it not so, a clergyman of talent and education would be driven into becoming a theological hypochondriac, eternally watching his own health, and examining the pulse of his own orthodoxy.

Our middle classes are sincerely attached to a few extremely popularised formulas which represent to their eyes the Christian faith. The Church since the last century has become less learned, though, at the same time, she has perhaps become more practical and active. The mass of her members have never heard of one half the controversies and dogmas for which there was formerly ample room within her bosom. That there should be a burst of excitement on the publication by clergymen of half a dozen disquieting Essays, was, then, extremely natural. It was true that many who abused, had never read them. One of the most extraordinary religious pecularities of Englishmen of the middle classes, is, that they are perfectly willing to condemn all reputed heretics unheard. Lord Shaftesbury, whose name will be ennobled for his philanthropy's, not his learning's sake, either distinctly asserts that "Essays and Reviews" are the organs of infidelity, or else distinctly encourages the uneducated audience whom he is addressing, in the delusion that they are as good judges of a polemical point as the divines and scholars of the Church. He protests against the tyranny of professors, much in the same way as Hyde Park orators protest against the tyranny of political economy. He is quite prepared to have the questions raised in "Essays and Reviews" settled by himself and the working-men of England, without any appeal to dictionaries, histories, or commentators. In Indian literature it is understood and believed that Sanscrit, the superior language, is the language of gods and men. Prakrit, the inferior dialect, is the dialect of women and benevolent genii. Lord Shaftesbury apparently thinks that benevolent genii can do not only with an inferior language, but without knowledge of language altogether.

Happily, few educated Englishmen think on these subjects like Lord Shaftesbury. Protestantism, which implies the right of private judgment, does not fortunately imply that all private judgments are equally valuable. Appeals to popular passion and ignorance are everywhere beginning to be condemned. The agitation which seemed at first somewhat like a reaction against the right of free speech and free thought has almost passed away. People are ready to acknowledge that the Essayists should be met either on the fair field of argument, or on the impartial arena of a law court. While we write, the trial of an Essayist, deservedly, perhaps, the most unpopular, is actually pending. Whatever the wisdom of the Bishop of Salisbury's move, none can complain of its injustice. It is just and fair; law alone should decide whether a legal barrier has been overstepped. Whatever be the judgment of the law, the country will accept it in a spirit of liberality and toleration. Among the intelligent and educated there cannot now-a-days be a religious reaction; for religion stands in need of none. Among the less wise and the less tolerant, whatever opinions prevail, we may look to see an increasing love of justice and of fair play. A recent act of academical and pedantic bigotry, by which the most distinguished of the Essayists was deprived of his hard-earned salary as Greek Professor on account of his opinions, was deservedly reprobated by public opinion, and by all the better portion of the press. In a word, Britain is not reactionary, because she desires above all things to know the truth and to be just.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The removal, by death, of the man of most public station in Great Britain, would, at any time, be an event of national concern. But, when the exalted person so removed is such a man as the late Prince Consort, and when the time of his removal is such a time as the present, the feeling may well be as deep as the appointed signs of it will be extensive. It is not only that we must all be impressed by the thought that one of the highest rank in the realm has been struck down at the age of forty-two, in the full strength and comeliness of manhood. It is not only that the sympathy with family-grief, which we all yield whenever, within our own circles, we hear of the death of a good husband and father, will naturally be yielded, in larger measure than usual and over the whole land, when it is in the royal halls of Windsor that death has made the blank, and the lady so suddenly widowed is our honoured Sovereign, and the children left fatherless are those princes and princesses in whose characters and fortunes, from him who is the youthful heir to the throne down to the smallest prattler in the nursery, we and our posterity are collectively interested. There is more than this in the death of the Prince Consort.

Flattery attends the great; but so also does the crabbed suspicion that the great are flattered. Hence it may well be that, if sometimes a person in royal station is credited with more ability and worth than he possesses, at other times such a person may have to work against peculiar difficulties, and may not have his real merits so readily allowed as if they had been shown in less conspicuous circumstances. In the present age of the world it is perhaps against the grain with most of us to believe that a prince may be a superior man. The old kind of loyalty has so gone out, and the opposite, or the affectation of the opposite, is so common, that, in the case of a person of princely rank, we positively require greater evidence of trustworthiness than would satisfy us in other cases, before we yield that true respect in our private thoughts and our private talk which is so different a thing from ceremonious flexure of the body in public. Perhaps only the most gently-constituted minds are so free from the dread of sycophancy, as to be able, in such cases, to avoid the contrary error of churlishness.

That, notwithstanding all this, it should have been long a conviction, with those who had the best means of judging, that the late Prince Consort was really no ordinary man, but one whom natural endowment and culture, not less than the chance of position, had fitted for an influential part in affairs, and that this conviction should, of recent years, have been extending itself beyond the inner circles of British society and becoming a national tenet, are facts which argue that the conviction must have been well founded. His late Royal Highness came among us young and unknown, a prince from one of those German courts with which our relations of this sort had not been always fortunate. While making his reputation, and, in part, forming his character here, he had to labour under the disadvantage of being required to exercise, first of all, virtues which are merely negative. Not so much to act as to abstain from action, was what a natural British jealousy, never without lynx-eyed representatives, demanded, more especially at the outset, from the German Consort of our Sovereign. To have answered expectations in this respect as Prince Albert did answer them was much in itself. Abundantly creditable it would have been to the deceased Prince if we could now say nothing more of him than that, with

exemplary tact and dignity, he had, for two and twenty years, borne the honours and enjoyed the pleasures of his high rank, not starting aside in extravagant courses, nor causing such scandal and perplexity as, had they so come, it would have been easier to resent than to remedy. When we think of what might have been, had our sovereign's choice of a partner been less happy, this may seem much. Positive virtues, certain sound and manly qualities, were required even for such negative excellence in so high a station. But to our notion of a man entitled, in the more perfect degree, to our respect and consideration, something more largely and decidedly positive is requisite. We ask that a man should have his own thoughts about things, that he should have a will and predilections of his own, that there should be something characteristic about him, affecting the society in which he lives and affecting it beneficially. In this respect Prince Albert far transcended that standard of mere royal non-offensiveness with which we might have been contented. It was impossible to see him in any place of public resort—in the royal box at the Opera, listening good-humouredly to Ronconi, with his children around him, or at a conversazione of the Royal Society, examining a model of the Whitworth cannon and asking questions respecting it—without inferring, from his appearance, that he was a man of acute and strong intelligence, as capable as any within the whole circle of the British aristocracy of acting a well-reasoned part, and as likely, if there were occasion, to act it resolutely. One even fancied that, at the rouse of some not impossible juncture of affairs, that brain and head might turn out, in some less reserved manner than hitherto, to be of importance to the nation. Then, we had only to remember of what stock he came, and how carefully he had been educated as a German student, to be aware that such an inference might probably be correct. But in aid of all this there were confirmations on every hand, settling the matter as far as it could be settled. No one, it appears, ever came in contact with his Royal Highness without carrying away an impression of his superior capacity and attainments; and the multiplicity of such impressions, made upon different kinds of persons, and sent by them through society, had amounted, in the end, to a considerable and still growing item in British public opinion. Now, to have been such a man, and to have done justice to such marked personal qualifications, so that they could have scope and assert themselves, without any transgression of limits which even the most scrupulous constitutionalism could reasonably find fault with, was a noteworthy solution of the problem of a life. The late Prince Consort solved it with remarkable skill and persistency. No one can say of him that he was merely a cipher who satisfied by abstinence from offence. He chalked out a career for himself which the nation was willing to see him adopt and our institutions made legitimate, which was a career of great public effect and utility, to which there was really some need that a man of high rank and accomplishments should devote himself in this country, and in which none could have done so much as precisely the Consort-Royal. He was not an idle man. His days were full of occupations, of business of his own, and of engagements with others punctually kept. It was impossible that he should not be interested in our politics, and especially in our political connexions with Germany and the rest of the Continent; and we should think less of him if we did not believe that what he felt and thought on such subjects he found means of honestly and yet discreetly expressing where his views might be of weight. But from our party-politics in any public way he stood consistently and judiciously detached; and the work which he made his own, and which the nation was glad to see him making his own, was that larger kind of political work, unclaimed by either Whiggism or Toryism as such, which consists in the promotion of enlightened modes of thinking, and of recognised measures of social improve-

ment. Here the part he took in suggesting and bringing about the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, gives him a title even to originality and to the chief invention of a method of international education the developments of which are not yet exhausted; and, on the whole, he did so much and did it so well that we now think of him not as the foreign Prince who came among us two and twenty years ago, but as a naturalized Briton who understood us and our ways, had made our interests his own, and so conducted himself as to win honour for himself and confer additional dignity on our Queen.

There is a melancholy interest now in turning over those printed speeches of Prince Albert on public occasions which are as yet the only literary memorial of his activity. They are models of what such things, from such a speaker, ought to be—singularly neat and concise, always hitting the exact nail of the occasion on the head, and generally distinguished not only by their practical good sense, but also, so far as that slight and formal style of composition will permit, by a vein of speculative meaning not usual in British orations of the same order. Here are a few passages which seem characteristic:—

At a meeting of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, May 18, 1848:—"Depend upon it, the interests of classes too often contrasted are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents them from uniting for each other's advantage. To dispel that ignorance, to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilized society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person; but it is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth and education."

At the Lord Mayor's Banquet in London, March 21, 1850, *in anticipation of the Great Exhibition*:—"Gentlemen! I conceive it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and, as far as in him lies, to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained. Nobody, however, who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end to which, indeed, all history points; *the realization of the Unity of mankind!* Not a unity which breaks down the limits, and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity, the *result and product* of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities."

At the Dinner of the Royal Academy, May 3, 1851:—"Gentlemen! the production of all works in art or poetry requires in their conception and execution not only an exercise of the intellect, skill, and patience, but particularly *a concurrent warmth of feeling* and a free flow of imagination. This renders them most tender plants, which will thrive only in an atmosphere calculated to maintain that warmth; and that atmosphere is one of *kindness*, kindness towards the artist personally as well as towards his production. An unkind word of criticism passes like a cold blast over their tender shoots, and shrivels them up, checking the flow of the sap, which was rising to produce perhaps multitudes of flowers and fruit. But still criticism is absolutely necessary to the development of art, and the injudicious praise of an inferior work becomes an insult to superior genius. In this respect our times are peculiarly unfavourable when compared with those when Madonnas were painted in the seclusion of convents; for we have now on the one hand the eager competition of a vast array of artists of every degree of talent and skill, and on the other as judge, a great public, for the greater part wholly uneducated in art, and thus led by professional writers, who often strive to impress the public with a great idea of their own artistic knowledge by the merciless manner in which they treat works which cost those who produced them the highest efforts of mind or feeling. The works of art, by being publicly exhibited and offered for sale, are becoming articles of trade, following as such the unreasoning laws of markets and fashion; and public and even private patronage is swayed by their tyrannical influence."

At the Banquet in Birmingham, on laying the first stone of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, November 22, 1855:—"The study of the laws by which the Almighty governs the Universe is therefore our bounden duty. Of these laws our great academies and seats of education have, rather arbitrarily, selected only two spheres or groups (as I may call them) as essential parts of our national education—the laws which regulate quantities and proportions, which form the subject of mathematics; and the laws regulating the expression of our thoughts, through the medium of language, that is to say, grammar, which finds its purest expression in the classical languages. These laws are most important branches of knowledge, their study trains and elevates the mind, but they are not the only ones; there are others, which we

cannot disregard, which we cannot do without. There are, for instance, the laws governing the human mind, and its relation to the Divine Spirit (the subject of logic and metaphysics); there are those which govern our bodily nature and its connexion with the soul (the subject of physiology and psychology); those which govern human society, and the relations between man and man (the subjects of politics, jurisprudence, and political economy), and many others. Whilst of the laws just mentioned some have been recognised as essentials of education in different institutions, and some will by the course of time more fully assert their right to recognition, the laws regulating matter and form are those which will constitute the chief object of *your* pursuits; and, as the principle of subdivision of labour is the one most congenial to our age, I would advise you to keep to this speciality, and to follow with undivided attention chiefly the sciences of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, and the fine arts in painting, sculpture, and architecture."

At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at York, July 13, 1848:—"Agriculture, which once was the main pursuit of this as of every other nation, holds, even now, notwithstanding the development of commerce and manufactures, a fundamental position in the realm. And, although time has changed the position which the owner of the land, with his feudal dependents, held in the empire, the country gentleman with his wife and children, the country clergyman, the tenant, and the labourer, still form a great and, I hope, united family, in which we gladly recognise the foundation of our social state. Science and mechanical improvement have, in these days, changed the mere practice of cultivating the soil into an industrial pursuit, requiring capital, machinery, industry and skill, and perseverance in the struggle of competition. This is another great change, but we must consider it a great *progress*, as it demands higher efforts and a higher intelligence."

At the third Jubilee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, June 16, 1851:—"We cannot help deploring that the Church, whose exertions for the progress of Christianity and civilization we are to-day acknowledging, should be afflicted by internal dissensions and attacks from without. I have no fear, however, for her safety and ultimate welfare, so long as she holds fast to what our ancestors gained for us at the Reformation, *the gospel and the unfettered right of its use*. The dissensions and difficulties which we witness in this as in every other Church, arise from the natural and necessary conflict of the two antagonistic principles which move human society in Church as well as in State: I mean the principles of *individual liberty, and of allegiance and submission to the will of the community*, exacted by it for its own preservation. These conflicting principles cannot safely be disregarded; they must be reconciled. To this country belongs the honour of having succeeded in this mighty task, as far as the State is concerned, whilst other nations are still wrestling with it."

There is no reason to think but that, as these views are characteristically those which the Prince-Consort always urged in public, so the expression of them, as here given, was his own too. Matter and expression together, they surely reveal, when we allow for the necessary straitness of all such oratory, a mode of thought and feeling which we can regard as *princely* in a rather high sense of the word. No one among our numerous aristocratic orators on public occasions thought and talked in the same exact strain. It was distinguishably the Prince-Consort's. Putting the notion of his intellectual and moral qualities we so get along with others derived from other sources, are we not entitled to think, that, had his life been spared, a time might have possibly come—say in some conflict with the rest of the world, rolling Britain back upon herself, and evoking the full powers, without stint, of all who were capable to represent her—when such a mind would have been roused into more powerful and direct action than had before been required of it, and would have been watched as worthy of the emergency? As it is, just as the year 1861 is drawing to a close in prospects cloudy enough, these prospects are complicated, and our spirits in meeting them unsettled, by the calamity of his loss. He is gone; what he has been, we know; what he might have been, we know not. His widowed Queen (whom God comfort) survives as our Sovereign, dearer to us because of her great sorrow; and, a generation hence, his children, whom thrones and chances await, will look back to this then distant year, and think of their father prematurely lost to them!

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A QUIET NOOK; OR, VAGARIES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I STUMBLED UPON SCHRANK-STEINBAD.

After a nine months' uninterrupted enjoyment of the sweets and bitters of a great metropolis, a man, without being a misanthrope, may own to a strong inclination to wish his fellow creatures well at a certain distance. It was in such a frame of mind that one fine day, in June, no matter the year—dates at a certain time of life become invidious witnesses—I left town for Switzerland, in quest of a quiet nook, wherein to dream in peace, and watch leisurely some flowing stream.

Understand me, pray, *cum sale discretionis*. When I speak of a quiet nook, I mean relatively so. I am no Utopist. Give me a little space, a little air, a little privacy with a patch of green and water, my ambition goes not beyond. A modest programme, I hope; yet, as I had to learn to my cost, not easy to realize. Not certainly at the Hydrotherapic Establishment, which I tried first, on a friend's recommendation, and where I found a house crammed to suffocation, sixty-seven crinolines, and twenty-six panamas in full array, *salon en permanence*, concerts, amateur theatricals, tombolas, and what not! Bore for bore, I might get it cheaper in town.

Equally, if not worse glutted, was the Spa, to which I next applied, and the what-is-its-name Kulm, up to which I climbed next. I was told at the first, to come again within a week, and there might then be a small room free; and, at the second, I had to fight my way to dinner—literally fight my way through and against hundreds of ravenous tourists, a good fourth of them young ladies, in all the eccentricity of fashion.

Positively, Malthus is right; the world is sick of a plethora, we are too many of us in it—and, upon this wise conclusion, down I hurried *ab irato*; and here I was, after four days of an odious and ignoble race, jogging aimlessly along the railroad, like an unmasted vessel, and casting fond, almost envious glances at the châlets, which dot its sides, and at their happy occupants, the railway signal-men, who seemed with their signals to sneer at the homeless wanderer.

Pretty neat cozy wooden boxes, those diminutive homes of the Swiss railway attendants, with delightful mosaics of pastures, and forest-covered ridges in front, or perhaps the chain of the Alps; easy work withal on those easy-going lines—no more than necessary to tickle a man's conscience agreeably with the sense of duty fulfilled; frequent contact, and near enough, with his fellow-creatures to keep his milk of human kindness fresh and sweet—yet distant and transitory enough to avert all danger of its turning sour. . . . .

A considerable volume of tobacco smoke, which I happened to swallow at this point—as bad and pungent stuff as ever came out of a pipe—startled me out of my arcadian picture into a violent fit of coughing. I am no new hand at smoking; I have seen some service under the colours of the fragrant weed; but I could not stand this. No country that I know of can compete with Switzerland for bad and cheap tobacco. The puff of offensive smoke came from an old peasant in Sunday clothes, my immediate *vis-à-vis;* his neighbour in the same seat (there are only two places in each) was a younger peasant whose cigar was nearly as bad as the other's pipe. Now, the wind being against us, I and the person next to me, an old lady, did not miss an atom of the two nuisances. The old lady did her best, by frequent applications of her handkerchief to her mouth and nostrils, to keep out the infection—a poor palliative, after all, for one must breathe.

I felt for the lady, and there was some merit in that, for a more repulsive face I never met in my life. Smoking being lawful in second-class carriages, remonstrating with the men was entirely out of the question. I looked about instead, in search of a less exposed situation for my neighbour, but I saw none. Clouds of the acrid incense whirled over every corner of the carriage. Out of the seventeen men present—I counted them—only four were not puffing like chimneys. How the ladies, six in number, must have fared in the foul atmosphere, I leave you to imagine; one or two might be hardened to it, but the majority were evidently ill at ease.

My dear fellow-smokers, is the cigar a new fire of Vesta, to be kept burning for ever, or is smoking as essential a function of life as breathing, and as such to be necessarily indulged in at all times, and in all places, whatever the inconvenience to others? If so, I hold my tongue; if not, allow me to submit that a few hours' intermission in the puffing occupation would only enhance its pleasure for you, and prevent your spoiling that of others. Do you think that playing the part of a Westphalian-ham can be a pleasing and flattering position for a woman? The fair sex keeps us already enough at crinoline's length—is it wise, is it good policy to widen the distance between the two sexes? I know of no more active dissolvents of all social intercourse than the crinoline and the cigar. This tendency of each half of what nature ordained to form a whole, to isolate itself in its cloud of gauze or smoke, is one of the most ominous signs of the time. Let this state of things go on for ten years longer, and farewell civilization! barbarism gets in afresh....

The train had stopped at a station just as I was concluding my apostrophe. I beg pardon for my mental soliloquies and apostrophes; they are an inveterate weakness with me. I will drop them, if I can; at all events, make them short. Well—some travellers went out, my two *vis-à-vis* among others, and some came in. One of these last, a young lady in mourning, hurried in, threw on the now empty seat in front of me a small travelling bag and her parasol, and, leaning out of the window, exchanged a few more farewells and shakings of the hand with an elderly lady and a young girl standing on the platform. Without being positively handsome, she had a very sweet countenance, and a voice to match; but what chiefly attracted me in her was her evident extreme timidity. She looked from head to foot one nervous twitch.

Presently the train moved slowly on; and, after some last flourishes of the hand, and waving of the handkerchief, the new comer left the window, and sat down; in doing which she noticed a parasol lying upon her luggage, stared at it, took it up, went to the window, beckoned towards the platform, and, to my dismay, threw it upon the line.

I say to my dismay, because the parasol in question did not belong to the young, but to the old lady, whom, but a moment before, I had seen place it on the younger's travelling bag.

"My parasol!" screamed the old lady; but it was too late.

"Your parasol?" echoed the young one, aghast.

"Yes, mine; why do you throw other people's things out of window, I should like to know?"

The new comer blushed scarlet, and stammered forth,—

"I beg your pardon . . . I took it for my friend's . . . I had it in my hand upon the platform . . . it is the same colour . . . I thought I had forgotten .. I . . I . ." and here, probably struck at once by the retrospective ludicrousness of her action, the young lady burst out laughing.

"A witty trick, in fact, and worth a good deal of merriment," resumed my exasperated neighbour; "it may cost you dear, though."

It might have cost her her life, but the lady in black could not have stopped laughing. The fit was irresistible. She covered her face with her handkerchief, and fairly gave way.

I hazarded a word of extenuation. "Madam," said I to my neighbour, "there is no offence where there is no intention of giving any, and you know that laughing is a contraction of the diaphragm quite independent of the will."

"Much obliged to you for the information," said the old lady, dryly, "but, with your leave, it is not explanations that I want, but my parasol."

"Take mine," said the offender, who had now recovered her seriousness and speech, "or set upon yours the price you think proper, and I will pay it down."

"I want my parasol, not yours, or your money," insisted the aggrieved party.

A bright idea, if not a new one, shot through my brain at this critical juncture—to telegraph for the parasol to the station at which it had been dropped, and desire it to be sent to that where the owner was to stop. The proposal, after a little demur, was acquiesced in by the old lady, who accordingly gave her name and address, with a very ill grace, though; a guard was called, the mistake explained to him, a telegram concocted, and, on our arrival at the nearest station, duly despatched.

I need scarcely say that the conspicuous part I enacted in the transaction had won for me from my sweet-faced *vis-à-vis* many thanks and soft smiles—a coin, this last, of which I am very greedy, especially from gentle-looking faces.

"And my ticket?" cried the old lady on a sudden.

"What ticket?" asked we.

"My railway ticket," said she; "I had put it in the folds of my parasol."

Hang the parasol and its folds, thought I; but I only said, "You will find it with the parasol."

"Ah, indeed!" sneered the hag, "and remain a prisoner at the station till the parasol arrives, if it ever does. No such thing. This young lady must have the goodness to accompany me to —— station, and there account for my missing ticket, or pay for it."

"I'll pay for it immediately," said the young lady.

"I told you I would have no money," replied the sour-visaged one; "besides, I don't know how much they may charge —perhaps the amount of the whole line."

"But I cannot go so far as —— station," protested the young lady, now ready to cry.

"We'll see," rejoined the other.

All the little chivalry still left in my old bones stood up in arms at sight of the dewdrops gathering in the sweet eyes, which had looked upon me so gratefully; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, I turned to her and said, "Will you empower me to act as your representative in this affair?"

"With all my heart," said she.

"Then," continued I, addressing my ill-favoured neighbour, "I'll come with you as far as —— station, and settle about the ticket in the name of this lady."

"My business is with her, and not with you," was the ungracious answer.

"It will be, in fact, with the lady," I rejoined, "since I shall only act as her proxy. Consider, Madam," I went on,

"that, if you have an incontestable right to recover your ticket or its price, you have none to force her out of her way, probably to her great inconvenience. If you still object to my proposal, I shall be obliged to put the matter in the hands of the first station-master, or whatever authority we may meet in our way, and vindicate for this young lady her liberty of locomotion."

My little speech obtained no other answer than a sarcastic grin, which left me in some apprehension of a disagreeable scene when the moment should come for the lady in black to leave the train. My anticipations in this respect were fortunately belied by the event. My *protégée* was allowed to alight at her own time and place—giving me previously her address, that I might let her know what I paid, and cordially shaking hands with me, and renewing her apologies to the old lady—all this without the least opposition from the latter, who, on the contrary, wished her all manner of happiness with an ironical emphasis.

"Why don't you go too?" asked my neighbour, just as the train was beginning to move on, abruptly turning upon me a set of features made ten thousand times uglier by concentrated malice.

"Why should I?" I replied, staring my questioner in the face.

"Youth is so charming," said she; "you seemed mightily interested in her."

"No more interested in that young lady than in any other of my fellow-creatures whom I take to be good, and to be in want of some protection," said I.

"No more than that?" sneered she. "Well, as I lay no claim to goodness, and I am, thank God, in no want of protection, the sooner we part company the better."

"I have no wish to improve your acquaintance," said I; "the moment I have set you right with your ticket, you may rely on my readiest obedience to your suggestion."

She grinned her ugliest grin, and said, "You are very green for a man of your time of life. Do you suppose me such a goose as to put a ticket in the folds of a parasol? I only wanted to pay off the silly minx for her impertinence, by scaring her out of her wits. Here's my ticket—you may go."

"So I will. I beg you in the meantime to receive my compliments upon your ingenuity." So saying, I bowed, and removed to a further seat.

I can bear a good deal of heat—the day was close and sultry—but the presence of this extraordinary creature, after the incredible dialogue just reported, made the carriage too hot for me. I longed to be out of it. Besides, I was thirsty and hungry; and, having no determined destination, all places were alike to me, so that I could find wherewithal to eat and drink. Accordingly, down I jumped at the next station.

The flaxen hair and the harsh sounds round me made me forthwith sensible that I was still in some part of German Switzerland. I asked, in French, of one of my many fellow-travellers who had alighted at the same place with me, if there was any hotel near at hand. The answer was a rather harsh name, whose termination in *bad* was all that I could catch. I beckoned to a boy to carry my bag, and, by a very expressive pantomime, gave him a broad hint of my wish for a meal. The boy, with a knowing nod, as much as to say, "All right," repeated the word ending in *bad*, and moved on.

An omnibus was filling fast at the back of the station—most likely for this cabalistic *bad*, as I guessed. Unluckily, I reached it just in time to see the driver, a white-haired young man in a smock frock, bang the door to, and climb up to his seat. So on I went under a broiling sun. We cut across some fields, crossed a road, struck through some fields again, crossed another road, and entered a shady avenue, on the right of which stood a finger-post with the inscription, "Schranksteinbad, two minutes." I am just enough of a German scholar to know that *Bad* means Baths, and I was not at all sorry to acquire the certainty that I was on my way to a Spa—perhaps the very quiet nook I was sighing after; who could tell? Provided, I hastened

to add *in petto*, all these folks before and behind me, and those that are in the omnibus, which seems coming this way, are not bent on the same destination; for, in that case, farewell quiet nook!

Another minute brought me in sight of the Establishment, a huge long building, two storeys high. There were people walking about the grounds; there were people sitting at tables in the shade. A skittle ground in full activity appeared on my left. Worst of all, snatches of spirited dancing music now caught my ear. Alas! alas! it was not yet my phœnix. Lucky enough if I could secure a dinner without doing battle for it, as at the what-is-its-name, Kulm!

The omnibus coming up briskly, I had to jerk out of the way in some hurry, and found myself cheek-by-jowl with a man, who stood by a horse harnessed to a gig, a little to the left of the avenue, in front of the house. The man struck me instantly by the strange conformation of his head. His, and that of the horse he stood by, presented as close a likeness as the head of a human being, and that of an animal, possibly can. The similarity at all events was such as to make me stop, all flushed with heat and hurry as I was, to look a while at this natural curiosity. In both creatures the same flatness and narrowness of the upper, the same development of the lower part of the facial angle, the same tawny hue, the same immobility of features! The biped only wanted the quadruped's ears to make them a perfect pair.

It took me some effort to detach myself from this sight, and proceed to the foot of the flight of steps, where a rather rickety waiter, and a pretty-looking chambermaid—such at least I took her to be—were doing the honours of the house to the load of visitors emerging from the omnibus.

"Can I have something to eat?" I asked of the maid, when my turn came.

"Certainly," said she; "shall I take your bag?"

"Thank you. I am not sure of stopping, but, if you have a spare room for me, where I can wash my hands, I shall be obliged to you."

"All the Establishment is at your disposal," returned the chambermaid courteously; "be so good as to walk this way."

I followed her steps, and said, to sound the ground, "You are very busy, I see—"

"Always more or less so on Sundays," was the answer.

"Your house is full, I suppose?"

"Pardon me," she replied, with a good-natured smile; "quite empty."

"Do you mean to say that you have no boarders at all?"

"Just so; not one as yet."

"By Jove!" cried I; "then I stay."

"You'll bring us good luck, if you do," said she.

"But all these people about?" asked I.

"Birds of passage, sir; by nightfall they'll all be gone. Will you have a room on the first or the second floor, back or front, with or without a sofa?"

I pondered a little, and replied, "On the second floor, one in front, and with a sofa."

"The floor and the look-out make no difference in the charge," explained my conductress; "but the sofa does. We charge ten centimes a day extra for that. In the beginning, we had but few of them, and everybody would have one. Now that we have plenty, many people turn up their noses at them because of the extra centimes. That is why we warn strangers beforehand."

The primitiveness of the notion, with the extreme moderateness of the extra charge, made me anticipate a homely style in the other arrangements of the house, and corresponding prices.

"Will this room suit you?" inquired my attendant, opening one. It was a neat little cell with the simplest of furniture—a red sofa, three wooden chairs, a curtainless bed, with a big eider-down quilt upon it, a small writing table in the shape of a half-moon, a square one for washing, and a closet in the wall instead of a chest of drawers.

"This will do perfectly," said I; "now, will you see to my dinner, please? Anything plain and good. I'll be down in ten minutes."

"Shall I lay the cloth in the large hall, or in the breakfast-room?"

"Never mind where, provided you wait upon me."

"Willingly," said she, with a curtsey; "we must make as much as we can of our first boarder. But, then, it must be in the large hall."

Thus chance, independent of my will, had led me by the hand to the haven which all my industry had failed to secure.

CHAPTER II.

UELI AND SULDI.

I SUPPOSE it was the vein of optimism in which my good luck had put me, that made me find the dinner excellent, my waiting maid a paragon of obligingness, and the *coup d'œil* before me full of interest. Imagine a lofty hall with plenty of people in it, bustling about in couples, in groups, some few alone, the majority sitting down to their fritters or pancakes, their wine or coffee—imagine at the end of this hall, a lesser one, thronged with dancers, waltzing or galloping to the sound of merry music; and you can form an idea of the opera-comique-like scene which enlivened my dinner, and which, according to my fair informant, graced every summer Sunday the precincts of Schranksteinbad. Its extensive grounds and capacious accommodation indoors made it, as it seems, the favourite resort of the youth of both sexes for twenty miles round. A wide balcony, set out with tables and benches, ran all the length of the two halls.

There was not much of the picturesque in the costumes, or of prepossessing in the mien, or of refined in the manners of the company, but something very taking in the *naïve* entireness of their enjoyment. The temple of Terpsichore, in spite of Jungfrau Madeleine's repeated attempts to entice me to it (Madeleine was the name of the pretty maid), looked too chokeful to be tempting; so I reserved my visit to it for another moment, and went out instead, in quest of a little corner in the open air, where I could sip my coffee and have my cigar—that indispensible complement to all joys for a true smoker. I looked round from the threshold, and—what was the first thing I saw? My man of an hour ago, standing on the same spot, minding the same, or another horse and gig (to the identity of the two latter I could not have sworn), and staring before him.

I took my place at one of the two tables which flanked the wicket of a garden, on the left of the avenue, in front of where he stood, so as to command a full view of his face and make it my study. This time it was less its confirmed equine character, than its stony impassivity, which struck me. There it remained before me, like a shut book, a perfect negation of all thought or feeling whatever. Much and closely as I observed it, not the least trace of impatience or weariness was visible. And yet, one does not stand at the head of a horse for an hour and a half, as he had done, without feeling a little impatient, if the job be unusual, or a little weary, if it be habitual. And that it was the last, I rather surmised, from the long row of one-horse carriages reaching from the door of the house to the stables—a separate building at a little distance on the right.

Was this impassivity acquired or natural, stoicism or dulness? Whatever it was, I began to feel it somewhat grating to my nerves. The lie is not given to the laws of nature in our very face, without calling forth an instinctive protest. It is the fault of the mask, I concluded at the end of another hour; the man, if man he be, must be fretting inwardly; let us force an answer from this Sphinx. And with this view I spoke to him in French, expressing a misgiving that the owner of the gig might perchance have had a fit of apoplexy. The answer was what, alas! I had too well anticipated—a negative shake of the head, and "I verstoh's nitt," in the most unmitigated patois of the country.

No means of penetrating to his understanding through oral communication! I regretted it; my curiosity in the man was piqued. However, one cannot get at the gift of languages, or rather of patois, at a moment's notice. I saw no other resource but to offer him a cigar. The action of smoking might possibly break somewhat that awful blank of features. He declined my cigar; "I rauch nitt." He did not smoke; how provoking!

But thou drinkest, surely, my good fellow, thought I to myself, and, being determined to burn my vessels, in I ran and came out the next minute with a bumper of wine, which I offered to him. But I had reckoned without my host. "Danke, I trink kee wee." Here was a phenomenal Swiss indeed, one who neither smoked nor drank! At the same moment, a heavy-booted young farmer, the owner it might be of my man's gig, came down the steps of the establishment, and, going up to him at the head of the horse, gave him a string of guttural reasons, I suppose for keeping him waiting so long, which the other received with perfect calm, saying several times, "Jo, jo." After which, the young farmer went back into the house, and my neighbour resumed his passive attitude. For the nonce I lost patience, and, hurling at him an irate "blockhead," *in petto*, I got up and went away.

On my way to the hall, I met Jungfrau Madeleine, and questioned her about this man. She guessed immediately whom I meant; "he looks very odd, does he not?" and she went on to say that it was Ueli, the cowherd, also the overseer of the labourers; on Sundays he gave a hand to the stable boys; in fact, he made himself useful in all ways and at all times. Such was the substance of the information I got about this man, and in course of which I further learnt an important collateral fact, namely, that my informant and her brother Frantz were the owners of Schrankensteinbad, and of a good deal of adjoining land, which they themselves farmed; upon which I offered Jungfrau Madeleine my best apologies for having taken her for, and treated her as, a chambermaid. She answered, good-humouredly, that she hoped I would still treat her as such. She was, in fact, she said, to all practical ends and purposes, a chambermaid, and a cook, when necessary, to boot.

The character given to Ueli by my informant only served to plunge me anew into the slough of puzzle, out of which I had helped myself by writing him down a blockhead. If he was not such, as evidenced by the duties he fulfilled, and the willing readiness with which he made himself useful, if he had his share of intellective and affective capabilities, by what strange perversion of physiognomic and psychologic laws was it, that nothing of the kind should ooze out of his looks? Was he playing a part? The hypothesis was inadmissible. Was he, unknown to all, under the incubus of some great misfortune? But then his countenance would bear witness to it by some sort of forlorn or stunned, or ghastly expression, while what I was finding fault with was exactly the absence of all expression.

At this point of my speculation, I could not help laughing outright at the idea of my making such a fool of myself about this cowherd of Schrankensteinbad. What did it matter to me, in fact, whether he was a sphinx or an ass?

Jungfrau Madeleine had repeatedly urged me to go and have a look at the dancing-room. Besides being, perhaps, fond of dancing on her own account, Jungfrau Madeleine, as co-proprietress of the establishment, had her bit of legitimate pride in her hall, her music, and, for the time being, her crowd. Of this last item, there was no lack in the dancing-room—it was crammed to suffocation; and, had I consulted my convenience, I would, on the instant, have turned my back on it. But I was there for conscience sake, and there I stayed.

I cannot say that I much enjoyed the sight. I confess to a sad deficiency in my organization. Dancing, as a means conducive to some end—to augment the caloric of one's body, for instance, or to exchange a few words with a pretty

lass—I can readily conceive, and I have sometimes practised in my youth; but dancing, as an end in itself—that is, for its own sake—what could be the enjoyment of it I never could bring myself to understand, especially with a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit in the shade. But on this, as on many other points, I bow to universal consent, and—hold my tongue.

The room, though very capacious, was little in proportion to the number of amateurs; hence frequent stoppages, loss of the musical time, and collisions, with now and then a fall. The cavaliers, generally heavy and grave-looking, a sprinkle of them with hats on, or cigars in their mouths! The few more light and lively had a perverse knack of twisting their fair partners' arms into impossible postures, and also occasionally indulging in a sudden noisy thump with the heel of the boot, accompanied by a shrill shout, unmistakeably to their own satisfaction, and seemingly to that of the public. This must be said for the dancers in general, that, good, bad, or indifferent, solemn or lively-looking, whirling round, or stretched on the ground by a false step, each and all of them, in unpretending simplicity of heart, enjoyed the sport to a high degree.

I loitered another moment in the hall, and then I went out by a back-door adjoining the kitchen, and, in less than ten minutes, I was out of reach of all bustle and noise, and in as private a *tête-à-tête* with Mother Nature as one could wish. Behind the establishment stretched a cosy little dale—green as an emerald *in l'ora che si fiacca* (but newly broken), would Dante say; a dale hemmed in on all sides, like a cradle, by soft, round, velvet-looking mamelons of pasture, or gently receding hillocks topped with firs and Italian pines. Here I lay down on the grass in the shade, within sound of the hum of a brook, and spent a delicious hour in a solitary reverie.

Then curiosity pushed me to go and see whether Ueli was still where I had left him, and whether there had dawned or not on his countenance anything like incipient animation or feeling. There stood my man in charge of a horse and carriage, as before, and, as before, all of one piece, and impassive—the very picture of unconcerned fate in shirt sleeves and stiff shirt collar. I took a lounge in the garden after supper. Ueli was at his post, the same deadlock on his features. I looked down from my window, before going to bed, and I saw the black silhouette of Ueli against the garden gate, where I had first set eyes on his face five hours before. And the first thing I saw next morning—the first, I should say, after the Alps, the beautiful Alps, towering in all their glory in front of me—was Ueli.

He was crouching on all fours upon a plank thrown over one of the two little pieces of artificial water before my window, and examining something very closely. I must explain that my room formed one of the corners of a projecting sort of gable in the centre of the building. It had, consequently, the advantage of a double prospect; my side window looked over the avenue and the garden already mentioned, my front one over two small pieces of water gracefully set in a double oval border of flowers and dwarf acacias. I immediately guessed what kind of work Ueli was bent upon just then. Two of the yesterday's customers, Madeleine had informed me—overheated, let us charitably say, by the dance—had chosen to wade their way towards home through the cooling reservoirs, and, in doing so, had damaged the *jets d'eau*, which Ueli was about to repair. I took up immediately my opera-glass, and brought it to bear on his face—it was as dumb and meaningless as ever.

I sallied forth on an exploration of my verdant island. Madeleine had spoken truly; it was all my own. All the throng of Sunday visitors had vanished by ten at night, and I was the only inmate of the establishment. Well, then, out I went, and—*Di pensiero in pensier, di monte in monte*—I had a three hours' delightful ramble over hill and plain, through forest and pasture, along sweetly

prattling rivulets, across meadows azure with *vergissmeinnicht*. Let scribblers in prose and verse do their worst by it, they never will succeed in unpoetising the blue-eyed flowerlet. I buried myself among the blossoms, I rolled over them, I gathered loads of them. My next treat was a gentle fall of rain which overtook me on my way home. Do you know any sweeter music than the pattering of the drops on the leaves; can you dream of a more delicious sensation than the feeling of the soft dew on hands and face; or of a perfume equal to the scent of moistened earth?

Scouts were watching for me, I suppose, for I was no sooner in sight of the establishment than a tremendous peal of the bell announced *urbi et orbi* that the corps of boarders, incarnate just then in my person, was going to sit down to breakfast. You may imagine whether I did honour to it. Truth to say, the cooking might have been better, the forks of silver instead of steel, the chairs soft-cushioned rather than of slippery polished wood. I was within an ace of sliding off mine at one moment, and rolling underneath the table, without being conscious of having done anything to that end. But who could think of such small deficiencies after the joys of a ramble like mine, and with the snowy Alps in prospect all the while?

Other shortcomings I discovered in course of time, happily none trenching upon my personal comfort. The system of bed-room bells, for instance, left something to desire. First of all, they did not ring nine times out of ten. This was no inconvenience to me, who never ring the bell, but go and fetch what I want. There was room for improvement also in the bathing department. The primitive wooden baths, much like troughs, were so flat, that a bather at all afflicted with embonpoint must give up hope of all his person lying under water at one moment. Fortunately I am lean, and I can manage very well with a modest depth of water.

The day proved too hot for me to venture out of doors. Accordingly, I did not see Ueli till near 6 P.M., and then in his own domain, the cow-house. I may premise that here, as frequently in the valleys of Switzerland, the cows are confined to the stable during the whole season, while the grass is growing in the open pastures, and the crops are standing in the unenclosed ground. So here was Ueli, in the active exercise of his functions, milking fourteen rather closely-ranged superb animals.

Milking even fourteen cows is not a very trying task; but doing so after mowing and carting fresh grass enough for this number of terrible consumers (as I afterwards perceived that Ueli did each day twice) is warm work indeed, especially in a sweltering cow-house. No wonder then that the veins in the man's forehead and neck were swelled to the size of whipcord, and the perspiration trickled down his face and breast. Yet all this exertion imparted no animation to the negative features.

The process, though, might have had its interest, had it been gone through by a man, and not by an automaton. Ueli, tying methodically every cow's tail to her leg previous to beginning operations, and having not unfrequently to get up in order to swing back the whisking brush into its hempen ring; Ueli milking away on his milking-stool, a kind of rustic tripod, would have been a sight worth paying for, but for that unnatural screw, exclusive of all earthly sympathy, on his face.

Jungfrau Madeleine in the evening gave me a few scraps of Ueli's biography. Ueli, the patois for Ulrich, was born in the Bernese Oberland. He spoke little, but always to the point, and had a turn for fun. He was a married man. He had made his matrimonial choice, apparently, as many others have done, in a moment of aberration; for he never alluded to his wife but as to a babe, only fit to wear finery, and with a sort of compassionate smile. As a workman he was very industrious, and remarkably clever with his hands, but very slow. Clashing as they did with all my observations of the man, these particulars were only calculated to puzzle me the more.

Returning next day from my early morning walk, I happened to pass by the barn, a separate building on the right of the establishment, and containing the stables and the cow-house. I had already remarked in one of its dependencies a carpenter's workshop with fitting tools. As I walked by it this particular morning, my ear caught the monotonous burden of a tune, not more musical than the buzz of a drone, which came from the workshop. I cast my eyes into it, and saw Ueli, plane in hand, smoothing a plank and humming a song. He looked up at me—judge of my infinite surprise—with the shade of a shadow of a smile hovering about his mouth, and returned my "Guten Tag, Ueli," with a distinct "Guten Tag, Herr ——," pronouncing my name correctly. The frozen features had positively thawed, the blank look was replaced by a faint gleam of self-consciousness and fellow-feeling. I was wonderstruck. What could be the occasion of this revolution? Who the Pygmalion of this statue? And in I hastened to gather data, if any could be gathered, for the solution of this new riddle.

A fine large dog, black as jet, lay stretched at full length across the threshold, sunning himself. I had no choice, in order to enter the house, but to stride over him, which I did, greatly to the quadruped's displeasure, as it seemed, inasmuch as, without deigning to budge, he set up a powerful growl like distant thunder. "What dog is that?" I asked, entering the kitchen. The kitchen, be it known, was Jungfrau Madeleine's head-quarters, and the ordinary theatre of our interviews. There was something amiss on Madeleine's generally smooth brow. She was busy plucking live pigeons' heads with the same neatness and delicacy as she would have picked roses or daisies.

"It is Suldi," said she, "our house-dog." (Suldi is patois for Sultan.)

"He seems a disagreeable customer," I observed; "he growled at me most ominously."

"Did he? I was sure he would. I wanted to warn you about the dog. Not that he bites—he never did, but he frightens people, children especially, when he is out of sorts. And he is always so, when he has fits of pain. A cart went over him when he was a puppy, and sorely damaged one of his forelegs. He is naturally very good-tempered, but, when he suffers . . . he is only a dog, you know. As it is, he has given us a deal of trouble already."

"How is it," I asked, "that I never saw him till now?"

"He was not here," was the answer; "he arrived late last night with Frantz, my brother. You must know that we had made up our minds to get rid of him. A public establishment, with hosts of children in the season, is not the place for a dog that is growing fitful. He was not so till a year or two ago. So we made up our mind to get rid of him—not by having him killed, understand; we had not the heart for that. We brought him up from a puppy, we tended him when he was all but crushed, and one gets attached to animals as well as to human beings. And then Ueli is fond of Suldi—he has not been himself ever since the dog went away—very fond, and he would never consent to his being put to death. So Frantz took Suldi with him to the Canton of Vaud, where he went to make a purchase of wine from the purveyor of the house in that article, an old friend, and who had volunteered to receive the dog and take charge of him. Now this friend, I am sorry to say, on seeing him and his ways, changed his mind; and there's Suldi on our hands again."

I must say thus much in compliment to my penetration, that I had no sooner cast eyes on Suldi, than the surmise had flashed through my mind, of his having something to do with Ueli's resurrection. Madeleine's mention of the cowherd's fondness for the dog, and of his opposition to the bare idea of his being put to death, changed my surmise into certainty. So here was the solution of the new enigma. The Pygmalion of the statue was no other than Suldi. Had any doubts on the matter remained in

my mind, they would have been dispelled by a scene I witnessed in the evening of the same day—a scene that passed, about nine o'clock, in front of the barn, between Ueli and Suldi. Words cannot describe that which was a perfect dialogue in barking on one side, in guttural sounds on the other—a positive whirlwind of mad joy at being once again together—an interchange of all the endearments that a man can convey to a beast, a beast to a man.

Suldi having been my companion in many a walk, I was able to ascertain from personal observation the perfect truth of the character given him by Madeleine. Not only was Suldi not a wicked, he was positively a good and gentle and loving dog, anything but aggressive, nay, rather timid. But, as Madeleine wisely said, he was only a dog; and, when his fits of pain seized him, which they did at every change of weather, no one could approach or brush by him without his growling rather unpleasantly. But I do not hesitate to assert my firm belief, that Suldi was incapable of attacking anybody, least of all, children, save under strong provocation. Suldi was a noble-looking dog, powerful, brisk, and even graceful. The accident he had met with in his puppyhood had left a slight limp in his gait.

Though Ueli's happy return to the condition of common mortality slackened, if not my interest in the man, at least my observation of him, he still attracted enough of my notice to make me sensible of the place held by Suldi in the cowman's life. Suldi was Ueli's paramount interest, the mainspring of his intelligence, his source of inspiration. Whenever Suldi was out of Ueli's sight for any considerable time (Frantz generally took the dog with him to town on market days) the cowman's features grew stony as of old, to revive the moment his black friend's powerful form loomed from afar.

Constant close communication did not appear to be a necessity of this singular friendship. As long as Ueli and Suldi were within sight of each other, even at a certain distance—nay, more: as long as they knew that they were within easy reach, though without seeing each other—this was enough to make them be and look happy.

It has amused me more than once to watch Ueli leave his cowhouse to go a few paces to the left, where he could command a view of the flight of steps of the house-door, and, having ascertained that Suldi was at his post, return to his domain quite contented. Likewise, I frequently happened to see Suldi get up all of a sudden from a slumber in front of the establishment, go cautiously to the cowhouse, and, having satisfied himself that Ueli was there, return to his post, with a scarcely perceptible wag of his tail. There seemed to exist between the two a tacit agreement to dissemble, during broad day, the depth and extent of their affection—at least, there were few outward signs of it. Perhaps Suldi, like the intelligent watch-dog he was, felt that he had responsible duties to perform,—squatting in front of the house, and barking at strangers—upon which even friendship ought not to intrude; and Ueli on his side understood and respected the scruples of his four-footed friend, and had some such for himself. However this may be, the fact is that man and dog only met on terms of unreserved demonstrativeness of an evening at dusk, in front of the barn. It was a regular rendezvous, more or less long, but always remarkably expansive; after which Ueli retired to his room above the cowhouse, and Suldi took up his watch round the premises.

Most of the particulars I register here in a lump were of course the fruit of observations scattered over many days. It is simply in the interest of brevity and unity that I have so far deviated from chronologic order. Now to return. My island was all my own but for three days. On the fourth, Hans, the white-haired youth, deputed to drive the omnibus to the station *pro formâ*, and to drive it back as empty as it had gone, brought, to his great surprise, three passengers on his return—a lady, her little girl, and an elderly gentleman. The spell thus once broken,

each consecutive day had its fresh arrivals, till, at the end of the week, we were two and twenty at table, a bare fifth of them mature gentlemen, the rest matrons, young ladies, and children.

This influx of strangers did not cause me any uneasiness, for the style of the house and that of the new comers, as far as I could judge, gave me the best guarantee against the only great nuisance I could not put up with—I mean an invasion of town fashion, with all the absurdities, restraints and scotches, that move in its train. And, then, by this time I knew Schranksteinbad enough, to be sure that I could here, under any circumstances, secure my three modest desiderata, air, space, and privacy.

As the first boarder of the season, I was *de jure* and *de facto* the chairman, and sat as such at the head of the table. My immediate neighbours were, on my right, the little girl and her mother, on the left, the elderly gentleman, the first arrivals after me. The elderly gentleman, evidently a choleric one, was too much taken up by eating and grumbling at what he ate, to have much time to give to conversation—save when his wrath at some great culinary incongruity sought relief in speech, and he would turn to me with such an observation, for instance, as "could a cook in his senses ever boil trout of this size! why, even that child," looking across the table, "could tell that a trout under half a pound is only eatable when fried." Entertaining no settled opinion on the point myself, I made no difficulty in agreeing with him that trout under half a pound were destined *ab æterno* to be fried. And there was an end of the colloquy.

With my next neighbour but one on the right, the mother of the little girl, I could only communicate by signs and good-natured nods and smiles, she speaking no language but German. There remained the little girl, seated between her mother and me, who spoke both German and French; and so to her I turned. We had made friends at once on the very day of her arrival. I had met her labouring up the stairs with a jug of warm water held between her tiny hands. I took it from her to put it down at her mother's door—the next room to mine. Shortly after a pattering of little feet stopped at my door; then came a rap, and vain efforts to lift the latch. I opened it, and there stood the little curly cherub, come to thank me from her mother for the help I had given.

I asked the little creature her name.

"Louisa," was the answer.

"A pretty name," said I.

"I will write it for you," she said, glancing at a pen I held in my hand. "Can you write?"

I said I could a little.

"Well, so can I too, but only my name;" and, walking deliberately to my table, she took up a pen and dashed off an enormous charming Louisa, and put it gravely into my hands with "For you."

"Thank you; but do not go yet; let us have a little talk."

She could not stay; she had her knitting and her sampler to do, also her letters to learn. It was delightful to see the little important pout on her face, as she enumerated the occupations which stood in the way of her remaining with me. She promised she would come again, if mamma would let her, and then she would write fresh autographs for me. And so she did; for this chance visit paved the way to many others, which led to a closer intimacy.

We became great friends in no time. Louisa introduced me to all her dolls and playthings, initiated me into all her little interests, but stoutly denied me the title of her "little friend," which I besought. I should be her big friend, if I liked, because I was big; but a little friend she had already—a boy named Robert—and she would have but one. I see her still, her curly black head a little on one side, a pen between her tiny fingers, gravely scribbling her name, and stopping now and then to look up at me, with her large dark eyes full of interest and wonder, as I told her the story of a hen who had swallowed lucifer matches, and threw forth flames from her beak.

I cannot look at her autographs to this day—I have plenty of them, done especially on rainy days—without a thrill of tenderness. I doated on her; we doated on her; we were all her slaves. None could resist her spell, not even the choleric gentleman of the fried trout. Her gentle presence filled and enlivened the whole house; Louisa was the sunbeam, the rainbow, the charm, the pride of Schranksteinbad. Louisa was the essence of grace—a squirrel, a humming-bird, are awkward in comparison. Whatever she did, whatever she said, whatever she put on, she made a jewel of. When she went, as she used to do, and took the new arrivals by the hand, to bring them towards the company, saying, "Come, and make friends," even the most morose must needs brighten and smile. When, of an evening, worn out by the day's sport, she would nestle into a corner of the sofa, and presently drop into slumber, a circle on tiptoe would form around the sleeping beauty, in admiration of the easy graceful *pose*, the long velvety eyelashes, the round hanging arms or the gently crossed hands, and every one would exclaim *sotto voce*, "What a pity there is no photographist to take her picture so!"

Well, absorbed in my new passion, I had for some time almost forgotten Ueli and Suldi too, when my attention was forced back to them. Chancing one morning to pass before the workshop already mentioned, I caught sight of both of them in it, engaged in the strangest of occupations. Ueli, his shirt-sleeves tucked up to his shoulder, was presenting to Suldi's mouth, nay, forcing into it, his naked arm, exciting him all the while, with voice and gesture, to bite it. Suldi, on his side, entering fully into the spirit of what he supposed to be play, was pretending to snatch and tear at the flesh with might and main, though he left on it no worse result than the innocuous white impress of his teeth. Ueli looked too much in earnest to be sporting; and yet, short of sudden madness, how suppose the man bent on getting himself bitten by the animal? I knew not what to make of the scene; it was the more unaccountable from a short phrase that Ueli kept repeating with a ring of triumph. "Er bisst nitt" was the phrase. Now, chancing to know, as I did, that *biss* meant *bite* and *biting*, it needed no great effort to translate the words into English, "He bites not." But this did not help me at all to the signification of what I was witnessing.

The second bell, announcing breakfast, had long rung, and I was half an hour past my time. I hurried in accordingly, and, passing before the kitchen, I thrust in my head, as usual, to wish Jungfrau Madeleine good day. She was in tears.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Suldi has bitten Louisa," was the sobbing answer.

"Merciful heavens! Louisa bitten!"

The blood froze in my veins, and I sprang towards the breakfast-room.

It presented the aspect of a sea in a tempest, but I had no eyes but for Louisa. She lay coiled up in her mother's lap on the sofa, as unconsciously graceful in her paleness and tears, as she used to be in her merriest moods. Two big drops stood on each cheek, like dew on a white rose. Spent with emotion, she was ready to fall asleep. I knelt down before her to put my face on a level with hers. "Oh, my poor child, what is it?" Louisa undid her wrapped hand, and held it up to me. I saw the bloody marks of four teeth on her right wrist. It was a slight wound, but, slight as it might be, a dog's bite is always a terrible thing. Who can think of the possible consequences without shuddering? I felt a knot rise in my throat; with the motion of a little kitten, Louisa put her left arm round my head, and drawing it to her, whispered gently, "Suldi is a naughty dog, but don't let him be killed."

In fact, at the moment cries not a few of "Death to Suldi," rose from the company, from the softer sex especially. Of these Louisa and her mother were alone for mercy. Poor Frantz, the only responsible power present, stood in the

centre of an excited circle, a target to a German and French cross-fire of interpellations, objurgations, remonstrances, and threats of a general departure of the boarders in a body, if an example was not made of the culprit. The choleric gentleman, true to his temperament, stormed louder than all the rest together. He said it was a shame that lots of children should be enticed to a public establishment to be mangled in that way, that the police ought to interfere, that the legislature ought to be appealed to.

Nobody, as agreed on all sides, had witnessed the fatal deed, Louisa's mother and Jungfrau Madeleine being the first persons attracted to the spot by the child's cries. Yet, there were two versions current already as to the manner in which the catastrophe had been brought about. According to the first, Louisa had not so much as brushed by the animal crouching across the threshold, when he had attacked and bitten her. According to the second, backed and abetted by the majority of mothers, possessing children less popular than Louisa, this latter had given great provocation to the dog by treading upon his tail. How they could know she had, or had not done so, when, by common agreement, no soul was present, none stopped to inquire. Louisa, who could alone unloose this gordian knot, candidly confessed to being so frightened at hearing Suldi growl at her, when she passed by him, that she could not tell whether she had done or not done anything to hurt him. As to me, my firm conviction was and remains to this day, that Louisa trod on Suldi's tail. Suldi, as I hinted before, was not the dog to bite any one, least of all a child, without strong provocation. But this is nothing to the point.

The arrival of the doctor, fetched instantly from the nearest village, considerably allayed the general excitement. He examined the wound, declared it to be a mere scratch, which would heal in a day or two, put a little plaster upon it, cut a joke or two at Louisa, and moved to go away. A covert hint at the possibility of the dog being mad, thrown out by the choleric gentleman, the physician dismissed first with laughter, and then with a grave assurance that Suldi was as healthy a dog as could be, who ate and drank heartily, as the doctor had seen just now.

Upon this, Louisa was carried up to her room by her reassured mother; those of the company who had not yet breakfasted, I among others, fell to their toast and coffee; those who had, went out to their several avocations. No idler remained in the room, but Frantz and the choleric gentleman in close confabulation in a distant corner. "Now then," I heard the latter say after a while, motioning to Frantz to go with him. "Now then," repeated Frantz in his turn, going. I scented a tragedy in the wind, and followed at their heels.

"Ueli," shouted Frantz, from the threshold of the house door. Ueli instantly obeyed the summons, followed closely by Suldi. I sought in vain on Ueli's features for any, the least trace of emotion of any kind. Nature had cast his countenance in so stiff a mould, and kneaded it in so opaque a clay, that strong indeed must be the feeling to pierce its way through it. There was nothing of the kind at work for the present; only a shade of embarrassment, as I apprehended from the long straw he held in his mouth, and used as a tooth pick, instinctively with a view to give himself countenance. Such was at least my conjecture; but I might be mistaken. As to Suldi, there was no mistaking the conciousness of guilt, which weighed on his head and tail, both humbly seeking the ground.

Frantz, with a few words to Ueli, who responded "Jo," led the way to the kitchen. The choleric gentleman was there already, his legs wide apart, his hands behind his back, his back to the stoves, in the classic *pose* of a gentleman airing himself at the fire. Frantz took up his station at the big table in the middle of the room; Ueli half sat upon it, one foot resting on the floor, both confronting the choleric gentleman. Between them squatted the

accused, his tail towards the latter, his head against the cowman. Jungfrau Madeleine and I, on the other side of the big table, completed the court-martial.

The proceedings being carried on in the local German, I could only get such an outline of them as my interpreter, Madeleine, could convey in a hurried whisper. They did not take long. The choleric gentleman, in a few concise phrases, began by demanding, in the name of the corps of boarders, the culprit's head. Frantz stated as briefly his acquiescence in the demand, and, turning to Ueli, asked him if he had anything to say for his client. Ueli chewing his straw with the utmost indifference, answered "Nothing." "The heartless wretch," whispered I to Madeleine, "how coolly he sacrifices his friend!"

"Don't believe it," said she, nudging me by the elbow. "Ueli has something in his head."

Ueli in the mean time had risen up, taken Suldi by the collar, and moved towards the door. Frantz and the choleric gentleman did as much, and so did Madeleine and I. Ueli, once in the passage, halted and stooped to mend, or pretend to mend something wrong in the dog's collar. This delayed him a few seconds, during which, Frantz and the choleric gentleman, passing by Ueli, came to the foot of the staircase leading up to the apartments inhabited by the boarders. Here the choleric gentleman stopped, and, after a short further exchange of words, went up the staircase.

In the same instant, Ueli rose from his stooping posture, seized Frantz by the flap of his coat, towed him back to the kitchen, swept in Madeleine and me, who were the last to come out, and shut the door. Then in a confidential, nay, cajoling undertone, of which I should never have thought him capable, he said, "I'll tell you what *we'll* do (how I admired that *we*); *we'll* put Suldi out of the way until *der Herr* and the children are gone." Frantz met this unexpected proposal with a shake of the head, as much as to say "it won't do."

The inarticulate objection was instantly overruled by Ueli. "I know of a place up the mountains," said he, "where he will be as good as buried. I'll take him there at once." Still Frantz's head moved objectingly. Ueli pursued with a certain solemnity, "We must not spill the blood of any of God's creatures, except in a case of absolute necessity, and here there's none such. Trust him to me; he'll never show his face at Schranksteinbad again, I answer for it, till bidden to do so."

"And if he does?" put in Frantz.

"He won't—but, if he does—well, then we'll have done with him." Thanks to Ueli's laconism and slow utterance, and to Jungfrau Madeleine's rapidity of translation, I lost not a syllable of the dialogue.

Frantz looked hesitating; as to me, being won over as I was to mercy's side, ever since I had heard it advocated by Louisa and her mother, I took upon myself to suggest to Mr. Frantz the advisability of having a regard to the recommendations of the two really injured parties. Though expressed in French, my appeal, its sense at least, was perfectly understood by Ueli, who rewarded me for it by a grin and a grunt expressive of gratitude. The counsels of clemency prevailed at last. Frantz was a hot-headed, but a soft-hearted fellow; besides, he was fond of the dog. In short, Ueli's request was granted on condition that the dog should be off within an hour. "And if he ever comes back!" added Frantz with an ominous gesture. Ueli wasted no time in vain protests, but hurried to his cow-house in company with the exile, put on his Sunday clothes, and both departed.

All this did not exactly give me the key of the strange scene I had seen enacted in the workshop. Was Ueli drilling Suldi not to bite under provocation? Was he nursing himself into the delusion that a dog who could resist such a strong temptation to bite could not have bit anybody? Probably Ueli knew not himself.

It was not yet ten o'clock in the

morning, when Ueli and Suldi made their exit through the avenue. All Schranksteinbad was on the look out to see justice done, and all Schranksteinbad had the satisfaction of seeing the culprit, as they thought, on his last leg. A satisfaction, though not unmixed with pity! A knot of young ladies could not stand the melancholy sight, and looked another way. An elderly lady was heard to say to her daughter, that it was very hard. Another cried shame upon the family, who could thus sacrifice an old servant in cool blood. But no one did as much as lift a little finger, practically to help the poor fellow out of jeopardy. All stood in awe of the choleric gentleman—the Tiberius of this persecution—and then you know the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and ——."

Suldi's execution was the talk of the establishment for the rest of the day; still, in the presence of Louisa and her mother, the subject was universally avoided, and, when actively broached by either, it was met by charitable professions of ignorance or uncertainty of what might have become of the delinquent—a delicacy which tells much for the good nature of the company. Louisa, by the bye, on the afternoon of this very day, was skipping and playing about the grounds as brisk as ever. Ueli's return at the end of the third day revived the topic for a short hour; his laconic answer to all questions about the dog, "he is quite safe," reconfirmed the general impression that Suldi had seen his last of this world. Another week, and poor Suldi had passed away into a mere legend, which was handed down, augmented and embellished, from the old set of children to new ones.

Schranksteinbad by this time, the first week in July, was at the height of its glory; we mean crammed to the garrets. No less than three and fifty boarders sat down every day to table in the large hall—thirty-one matrons and young ladies (half a dozen of these last, beautiful creatures), fifteen children, with a sprinkle of mature gentlemen, seven in number. We had dancing regularly every second night up to as late an hour as ten o'clock; the great scarcity of cavaliers was no check upon the sport, the ladies willingly taking each other for partners. The best understanding prevailed among the company, and various little flirtations enlivened the flitting hour. It was a small Arcadia. Frantz, as well he might, looked busy, proud, and radiant. Jungfrau Madeleine, almost out of her wits to satisfy all the demands pouring in upon her, spun round and round like a top all day.

Well, it was the sixteenth of July—I shall not easily forget that date—a very hot day it was. It might be half-past one o'clock in the afternoon. We had just done dining—the dinner hour was twelve—and were most of us sitting at our coffee under the thick-clipped silver poplars in front of the house; the children, unmindful of the sun, were at their games, sometimes in, sometimes out of sight, in the lawn yonder, on the right of the avenue. Conversation was languishing, and many an eyelid drooped under the influence of the hour, when we were startled out of our drowsiness by the loudest of terrified screams ever raised by ten infantine throats at one time.

A responsive scream and a rush forward of the mothers. "What is it? What is it?" was the agitated question of the elder party. "Suldi, Suldi," was the cry of the fugitive little ones, Louisa foremost, still rushing on with her companions. I am sorry to say it, but I say it because it is the truth, the name of Suldi, and more than that, the black silhouette of Suldi standing in relief against the white track of the avenue, spread such a panic among the motherly ranks, that they instantly joined in the flight of the children, and never stopped till they were all inside the house, nay, up the stairs to the first storey. I need scarcely say that we of the strong sex present, four in number, including the narrator, did our duty by the fair ones, first rushing forwards at their heels, then trying to stop their mad race back, and at last covering their retreat from the enemy—an enemy who, truth to

say, looked anything but dangerous. Poor Suldi, evidently scared by the confusion he had created, limped on slowly and cautiously, stopped now and then, and, whether standing still or moving on, wagged his tail most conciliatingly.

The alarm raised by the fugitives had brought the whole household to the front door, Frantz included. I saw him, at sight of Suldi, strike his forehead with his clenched fist, then withdraw for an instant, and re-appear gun in hand. Suldi no sooner saw the gun, than he galloped away towards the cow-house. The uncouth figure of Ueli was standing on the threshold; Suldi sprang towards him, put his front paws on his shoulders, and began licking his friend's face. Frantz was upon them in a twinkling.

"Get out of the way," thundered Frantz to Ueli.

"I can't, I won't," cried Ueli.

"I'll blow your brains out if you don't," shouted enraged Frantz.

"Do," answered Ueli, coolly, drawing the dog closer to himself.

Frantz was exasperated; nobody can say what might have been the consequences, if Madeleine in tears, some of the boarders, and myself, had not interfered. We succeeded in wringing the gun out of the maddened man's hands, while Madeleine was parleying with Ueli. Ueli had no rebellious intentions. He knew what he had promised, and stuck by it, only he wanted to *do* it himself, he said, and not there.

"Will you *do* it, really?" asked Frantz.

"I will."

"Upon your honour?"

"Upon my honour," affirmed the cowman, with a motion of the right hand not wanting in nobility. Upon this understanding Ueli was left alone, and retired with Suldi into the cow-house. He came out of it almost immediately, looked about him for a few seconds, as if irresolute, then struck across the fields, shunning the avenue. His face was turned to the plain, towards the river. He is going to drown him, thought I; the solemnity with which Ueli had pledged himself to *do* it, left no doubt, in my mind, as to his determination. Drowning excluded the necessity of spilling blood, a decisive consideration, in my mind, in favour of that mode of execution; then, he had no weapon about him, that I could see, not even a cudgel.

So long as they were in the grounds of the establishment, Suldi walked thoughtfully and cautiously along, turning occasionally round to see whether they were followed. The consciousness was evidently upon him that he had had a very narrow escape. But, as soon as he had crossed the road and the railway, Suldi became demonstrative, jumping for joy, barking, and barring Ueli's progress. Ueli neither encouraged nor discouraged this display of feeling; he only turned Suldi out of his own way, when necessary, and walked on fast.

We had almost all the breadth of the vale to cross in order to get to the river. It was a treeless valley, as flat as the palm of my hand, all meadows and pastures—no possible concealment even for a rabbit. Did Ueli see me following in his wake, or did he not? I don't know. If he saw me, which most likely he did, he made as though he had not. Not once did he turn his head towards me. From the day I had raised my voice in behalf of his *protégé*, I had won Ueli's heart. Even if Jungfrau Madeleine had not told me so, I should have guessed it from his never passing me without putting on what he believed his best smile, and saluting me by name.

Half-an-hour's forced march took us to the river. It was swollen by the melting of the snow—a mighty, deep, fast-darting river, with ominous eddies in the middle. Ueli sat on its raised bank, and looked down for a moment. Apparently the spot was not deep and rapid enough, for he got up and walked along the path under the stunted old willows, that darkened the water. He presently found what he wanted, and sat down again. Suldi sat down too between Ueli's legs, his head against Ueli's face.

The two friends looked closely at each other for some time; then Ueli spoke.

My hiding place, behind a tree, was near enough to hear, unfortunately, without understanding, every word he uttered, but too far to perceive the play of his countenance. The tone of voice was, by turns, chiding, deprecating, and tender. I fancied that he was scolding Suldi for his disobedience, which had brought them both to this pass; that he was explaining and begging pardon for the part of executioner he had assumed, and taking an affectionate farewell of him. A plaintive cry of Suldi, during the chiding period, drew forth from Ueli a passionate outburst of sensibility. It was as if I heard him say—Oh yes, I understand what thou sayest; thy great love of me it was that made thee come back; I know that thou couldst not stand any longer to be separated from thy Ueli. And I, dost thou think that I had an easy time of it? I did nothing but pine and pine in thy absence, but I bore it for thy sake, for thy sake. And, now!

A few seconds of silence and perfect immobility followed the address. Ueli, as I thought, was gathering up his strength. Then a sudden jerk, a cry, and a great splash in the water. Ueli stood alone on the bank, his eyes riveted on the gurgling stream below. Presently Suldi reappeared afloat, at a considerable distance from the place where he had sunk. The mighty current was whirling him down fast. He lifted his head, looked at Ueli, and whined piteously. There was something human in the sound. I could well understand Ueli's distraction at this appeal. Ueli forgot everything, but that Suldi was in danger. His whole soul was now bent on saving him. He hurried along the bank, a little in advance of the dog, calling to, and encouraging him by word and gesture. The poor beast taking heart at this, strove with might and main; though with little success, to get out of the current in the direction of the bank. Ueli, in the meantime, spied a little dry indenture on the level of the river, sprang down into it, and slipped off his smock frock.

Suldi's strength was just then well-nigh exhausted; a shout from Ueli revived it for a moment. The dog pushed desperately on for a yard or so, close enough for Ueli to wade into the water up to the chest, and fling the smockfrock within Suldi's reach. He caught at it with his teeth and held on fast; Ueli drew the garment and Suldi with it towards himself. Another moment, and rescued and rescuer lay panting by each other on the little creek.

Ueli's success did not prove unmingled with bitterness; Suldi, as soon as he could move, withdrew from him with distrust. This was Ueli's finishing stroke. He sank under it. He buried his face in his hands, and . . . . I was too far to see whether he wept. Suldi had not the heart to leave his friend long thus. He crawled near to him, sniffed at him, whined, and licked his hands. Ueli opened his arms to Suldi, and kept him long embraced. What was his agony of mind during this close embrace, God only knows. I saw him rise on a sudden, raise his hand, and, to my horror, strike a blow—a second, a third, a twentieth, a fiftieth—then fall back at his full length.

Ueli's immobility made me uneasy after a time. I crept to the spot; Ueli heard me, got up, and motioned me away with the look of a man who must be obeyed. For once there was no lack of expression in his countenance.

It was the last look I had of him. He came back late at night, as reported by Jungfrau Madeleine, informed Frantz he must go away next day, and in fact left early in the morning.

"How did he look?" I asked.

"Just as he did when you saw him first, and were so much puzzled by his appearance, like a man who takes no thought or interest in anything."

I returned on the morrow to the fatal spot. There was not the least trace of blood, or of the earth around having been dug; but, on going a little farther along the bank, I found, between two willows, indications of a fresh-made grave.

Poor Suldi! poor Ueli!

To be continued.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM: THE UNIVERSITY ELECTIONS' ACT OF LAST SESSION.[1]

BY THOMAS HARE, AUTHOR OF "A TREATISE ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT."

No symptom of the progress of thought amongst public men, on the amendment of the representation, is more encouraging than the Act of the last session, enabling the members of the Universities to vote without leaving their abodes, or their ordinary duties, or incurring the expense and inconvenience of a journey to Oxford, or Cambridge, or Dublin. The large majority which supported Mr. Dodson in carrying the measure through the House of Commons, in the absence of either government or party support, and even in the face of opposition from members who have usually great personal influence, shows the growing force of the opinion, that real improvement in political representation must consist not merely in the increase of the numbers of voters, but also in bringing to the work as much of the enlightened intelligence of every constituency as can be gathered and roused into activity. The triumphant success of this measure, compared with the fate of the abortive proposals which have from time to time proceeded from different sides of the House of Commons, indicates the existence of a deeply-seated belief, that additions to the classes and numbers of electors should not precede amendments that shall admit of the expression of the most carefully formed opinions of those who are enfranchised—especially of all the higher moral and intellectual elements of the electoral bodies. Accompanied with provisions, which shall not only prevent the extinction of such elements, but shall give them their full moral as well as numerical weight—which shall liberate individual thought, and enable every man who has a spark of love for his country to do something in his day that may elevate and purify political life—the basis of the representation cannot be made too broad. Some have feared that the multitude of the population, rapidly increasing as it is, will always render it necessary to adhere to a very restricted franchise; and the apprehension may well be entertained when it is seen that candidates for public favour are compelled in most of the greater electoral bodies to appeal to the ignorance, or prejudice, or something worse, of those who form the more numerous classes, and who, being able to monopolise the representation, disregard and contemn the opinions of the minorities, whilst the latter relapse into apathy and indifference. This is no necessary result of numbers, or of an extended suffrage; but it is the result of the pertinacity with which we adhere to the rude and defective organisation that sufficed for the sparsely distributed and scanty population of a former age, and an entirely different social condition. Let there be no fear of the effect of the increase of our population. "In the multitude of the people is the king's honour." As the number of electors increase, there arises, however, a progressive increase of the necessity for marshalling and giving full play to every social force beneficial to man. At the present time, the understanding and intellect of the far larger portion of the educated classes of the country, in the matter of political action, are hopelessly fettered, and the conscience of the same classes, in regard to political duty, is paralysed, by the overwhelming force of local majorities, wielded, for the most part, by men who are the least likely in each community to be guided by any large or enlightened views, or to be worthy of general confidence. When the

[1] Stat. 24 & 25 Vict. c. 53.

eyes of the public are once opened to perceive that there is a method by which the most enlightened conscience and the highest intellect of every man in the kingdom may be enlisted in the business and duty of social government, the application of such a method will be demanded by reflecting persons of every condition—by the politician as well as by the divine. The University Act has struck off much of the weight which impeded electoral action in the bodies to which it relates, and it has at the same time done not a little to elevate its tone.

The moral effect of this measure, in lessening the cost, or, indeed, in putting an end to the necessity of any considerable expense in future electoral contests, is of vast importance. "The costliness "of elections," observes Mr. Mill in his "Considerations on Representative Government," "is an advantage to those "who can afford the expense by excluding a multitude of competitors; and "anything, however noxious, is cherished "as having a Conservative tendency if "it limits the access to Parliament to "rich men. This is a rooted feeling "among our legislators of both parties, "and is almost the only point on which "I believe them to be really ill-intentioned." "There is scarcely any mode "in which political institutions are more "morally mischievous — work greater "evil through their spirit — than by "representing political functions as a "favour to be conferred, a thing which "the depository is to ask for as desiring "it for himself, and even to pay for, as "if it were designed for his pecuniary "benefit. Men are not fond of paying "large sums for leave to perform a laborious duty. Plato had a much juster "view of the conditions of good government, when he asserted that the persons who should be sought out to be "invested with political power are those "who are personally most averse to it; "and that the only motive which can be "relied on for inducing the fittest men to "take upon themselves the toils of government, is the fear of being governed "by worse men. What must an elector "think, then, when he sees three or four "gentlemen, none of them previously "observed to be lavish of their money "in projects of disinterested beneficence, "vying with one another in the sums "they expend to be enabled to write "M.P. after their names? Is it likely "he will suppose that it is for his interest they incur all this cost? Politicians are fond of treating it as the "dream of enthusiasts, that the electoral body will ever be uncorrupt: "truly enough, until they are willing "to become so themselves; for the "electors assuredly will take their moral "tone from the candidates. So long as "the elected member, in any shape or "manner, pays for his seat, all endeavours will fail to make the business "of election anything but a selfish bargain on all sides. So long as the "candidate himself, and the customs of "the world, seem to regard the function "of a member of Parliament, less as a "duty to be discharged, than a personal "favour to be solicited, no effort will "avail to implant in an ordinary voter "the feeling that the election of a "member of Parliament is also a matter "of duty, and that he is not at liberty "to bestow his vote on any other consideration than that of personal fitness."[1]

The observations of Lord Fortescue, in the debate on the second reading of the Bill, in the House of Lords, deserve the most serious and attentive consideration of all to whom the result of the ephemeral struggles of existing parties is less interesting and important than the permanent stability and grandeur of our institutions. Lord Fortescue expressed his hope that the Bill might be regarded "as the precursor of a "sounder legislation, with regard to the "rights of electors." He pointed to the folly and inconsistency of imposing a trust, as the right of voting is,[2] and then putting unnecessary difficulties in the way of its exercise; and he adverted to the dangers of our present system,

[1] "Considerations on Representative Government," chap. x. On the Mode of Voting.

[2] See on this point "Considerations on Representative Government," chap. x. p. 191 et seq.

which few will fail to apprehend who can be brought to consider the state of modern society, and compare the facility of combination in the lower class of voters with the immense difficulty, if not impossibility, of any effectual organisation of the wealthy, or the educated, whose political force is now, therefore, generally in the inverse ratio of their mental and moral capacity and value—dangers, which, unless encountered by giving to property and intellect a greater freedom of action—not freedom to bribe and cajole, but freedom for pure and honourable effort—and therewith, higher and better inducements to act, will surely leave them, as elsewhere in like circumstances, degraded and powerless.

The Act, as ultimately passed, consists of six short clauses and a schedule containing the form of the voting-paper. The elector must fill up the paper (which probably will be obtained in a printed shape) with his name, college, and academical rank, the name of the person or persons for whom he votes, and a declaration that he has signed no other voting-paper at such election. He must also, on the same paper, nominate some other person or persons with whom he is acquainted, and who are entitled to vote at the same University election, to deliver his paper at the poll. The voting-paper must be dated *after* the notice given by the returning officer of the day of election, and it must be signed by the voter in the presence of a justice of the peace, personally known to him, by whom the signature must be attested in the form prescribed.

In the discussions on the Bill, both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby described the machinery as less convenient than might have been devised. A provision that the elector may vote in person, after he has signed a voting-paper, and placed it in the hands of his nominee, if he tenders his vote before his voting-paper is tendered, gave rise to some merriment, on the suggestion that the elector might run a race with his own voting-paper. The interposition of an elector as the necessary medium for the delivery of the voting-paper, is a more clumsy, without being a more secure, process, than the transmission of the voting-paper inclosed in a registered letter to the Vice-Chancellor or returning officer. It might very well happen that an elector residing in a remote district, and many years absent from the University, may, at least, without much preliminary correspondence, be unable to find any other elector with whom he is acquainted, who is certain to attend the election. The regularity and accuracy of the post-office suffice for all the important transactions of commerce; by its means remittances are made, and bills taken up, to the amount of millions daily, at the precise moment that they are due. It is strange that apprehension should be expressed of error or fraud in the simple transmission of the vote at an election, whilst no one hesitates to draw on his banking account, and transmit by post crossed cheques of any amount payable to order. There is no reason why the same credence should not be given to a voting-paper received by the post as to a bank-note or a cheque. Blank voting-papers might be engraved, distinguished by the seals of the several colleges, and issued only to the number that there are voters on the books, and only on the application of each voter; and they might be returned duly attested. A trifling amount of clerical labour under the direction of the Vice-Chancellor or Pro-Vice-Chancellor, would be required to open, arrange, and register the votes on the election day, and the election would be completed with the smallest degree of labour, and without any intervention between the elector and the returning officer.

The Bill was, of course, met by its opponents with all the usual condemnatory catch-words which often appeal so effectually to English prejudices. It was an "innovation," it endangered the "bulwarks of the Constitution." It was even thrown out that it might lead to something like an "American caucus;" and, lastly, it was said to be an introduction of the ballot! No attempt was made to explain in what manner it could be made to approximate to any system

existing in America; but the objection which likened the proposed mode of polling to the ballot, or secret voting, was the strangest of all! The suffrage has never been exercised with greater publicity, or in a more solemn and deliberate manner. The vote is given first under the eye of a magistrate and neighbour of the voter, whose attention is especially called to it for the purpose of attestation; it is then published with the name of the voter, in the hall, or court of the Vice-Chancellor or returning officer, and it is finally recorded in a documentary form, always open to reference for public purposes. Certainly a vote thus given is far less likely to "escape observation" than a vote polled at any ordinary hustings in the presence of one or two poll-clerks, and perhaps a few cabmen or idlers, loitering about the polling-booth. The new process, in fact, combines all the great requisites for the exercise of such a duty by a conscientious man—an opportunity for quiet and deliberate resolve and for uncontrolled and uninterrupted action, terminated by such a permanent record of the thing done as is calculated to attach to it a sense of lasting responsibility.

It has been observed that the measure met with but little of the aid, or of the hostility of party; but it would probably be incorrect to say that no part of that support, or opposition, arose from anticipations of the effect it might hereafter have in party contests. The action of non-resident members in the local business of the universities has not always been in accordance with the views, or opinions, of the more intellectual of the resident body, and there is little doubt that it would be better that such business, which has no analogy with the choice of the representatives in Parliament, should be more exclusively reserved to the resident members. It is possible, however, that some of those who, in Parliament, voted for or against the Bill, might have been influenced by the supposition, that the country clergy would be found less liberal in their political creed, and that the reception of their votes with greater facility might strengthen the Tory, or weaken the Whig, party in a future contest. If such an apprehension existed on the side of the Liberals, it is to be lamented that, instead of opposing the Bill, they had not removed the objection by an amendment, which would have effectually negatived any tendency that it could have to afford a triumph to one party, at the expense of the other, and would, at the same time, have been a further and a great step in political method. The only addition necessary to Mr. Dodson's Bill, to have rendered the representation of the members of the universities as nearly perfect as the present restrictions in our electoral system will permit, was a clause providing that no vote should be definitively taken for more than *one candidate, but that every elector might name contingently, in his voting-paper, as many candidates as he should think proper*, numbering them in successive order—the vote being taken for the second, only in case the first should, without it, obtain half the number of votes polled in the university at that election.[1] In this method no vote is lost. If 4,000 electors should poll, and a favourite candidate should have 3,000 votes, all the plumpers, or voting-papers in which he is alone named, would be first appropriated to him, and then so many of the last votes received at the poll (all being numbered as they are entered), as shall be sufficient to make up 2,000, and complete his election. The surplus would then be polled for the second name on each paper; and the candidate having the majority of the remaining 2,000 votes would be the other successful candidate. Under such a system the difficulties, or apprehensions, expressed by Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir William Heathcote, as to the use of the voting-papers, in the shape of plumpers or as split votes, or in cases where new candidates come

[1] See a paper "On the application of the method of ascertainment of the votes of majorities in an exhaustive manner." "Transactions of the Statistical Society of London," September, 1860, pp. 337–345.

forward at the last moment, would wholly disappear. After the appropriation of the voting papers in which the successful candidates were the first or second names to such successful candidates, many of the residue of the voting papers, having neither of the successful names at the head, might yet have one or other of such names lower on the paper—the elector, as a compromise of opinion, contemplating the possibility that his favourite candidate might not be chosen, and, in that contingency, thus expressing his willingness to be represented by the candidate he has placed below. In such a case, the vote would be appropriated to the successful candidate who shall stand highest on the voting paper; and thus every elector in the university might not improbably be represented.[1] It is difficult to suppose that any elector would object to such a method of choice, unless he should reason thus: "True, I perceive "that by this system I, and those who "think with me, would be tolerably "certain of being able to elect a repre- "sentative whose opinions coincide "with our own; but that is not what "we want. We wish to exclude all "who do not agree with us from any "part in the representation of the "university. In fact, we wish to ex- "tinguish the expression of all opinions "but our own."

The system of contingent voting, or of voting by the exhaustive majorities of large electoral communities, in the place of smaller and arbitrary geographical divisions, by which the minorities are everywhere delivered, tied and bound and helpless, into the hands of the numerical majorities of each petty locality, is, of course, applicable as well to other constituencies as to the Universities. The resort, without a word of inquiry or remonstrance in either House, to an arbitrary division of the West Riding of Yorkshire into two parts, with no other object than that of representation, or, in other words, the formation of new *electoral districts*, having neither historical origin nor local attachment, and to which, when they are plainly described as electoral districts, the English mind has a not unnatural repugnance, can be accounted for only by supposing that the method of contingent voting, with its simplicity and power of satisfying all the great objects of representation, has never been really understood, or that our leading statesmen cannot be brought to look upon parliamentary elections in any other light than as machinery to be adapted less to the purpose of obtaining the highest expression of the national thought, than to that of placing and sustaining a particular ministry or party in office. It cannot be too often repeated that the true course at this day is the union of districts, rather than their geographical division: the grouping of neighbouring places together, so that the members to be chosen, and the candidates from amongst whom the choice is to be made, shall be as numerous as possible, and thus, by offering to every instructed mind the best embodiment of the opinions with which he sympathises, to awaken the dormant energies of those classes which our present system renders apathetic. It is satisfactory to find that this method has awakened attention in Germany as well as in this country, that it has been powerfully advocated in Adelaide and Melbourne, and made the basis of an important measure, submitted to the Legislature of Sydney, and that, before the great struggle in America had suspended the work of internal improvement, its application to the amelioration of the representative system of the United States was the subject of consideration by some of the most profound lawyers and thinkers in Pennsylvania. In order to familiarize the public mind with this system, Mr. Mill suggests an effort "to obtain its introduction "experimentally in some limited field, "such as the municipal election of some "great town." He adds that, "an oppor- "tunity was lost, when the decision was

[1] See this provision considered and worked out in the form of a proposed law, "Treatise on the Election of Representatives," pp. 218, 219, new edit. Longman, 1861.

"taken to divide the West Riding of "Yorkshire, for the purpose of giving "it four members, instead of trying the "new principle of leaving the consti- "tuency undivided, and allowing a "candidate to be returned, or obtaining "either a first or secondary vote, a "fourth-part of the whole number of "votes given." And he thus concludes: "The day when such a partial "trial shall be sanctioned by Parlia- "ment, will, I believe, inaugurate "a new era of Parliamentary Reform; "destined to give to Representative "Government a shape fitted to its "mature and triumphant period, when "it shall have passed through the mili- "tant stage in which alone the world "has yet seen it."[1]

One word more on the University Act. A time may come when minorities amongst the electors of either University may neither hold the political creed of the favourite candidates of the majority, nor find even in any competing candidate a fair exponent of their opinions. Even if nothing be done to introduce contingent voting, the Act affords to such electors the means not only of expressing their dissent from the views of one candidate, without adopting those of the other; but it enables them to put forward, without cost to him or to themselves, the name of the man whom they may regard as the most worthy, whether he do or do not offer himself to the constituency. It had been thought by many that, after a poll had been demanded, no vote could be given for any new candidate, or for any other person not previously nominated; but this is declared not to be the law—a solution of the question which contrasts the free genius of our ancient electoral system with our modern restrictions and refinements. In borough elections, as now conducted, few are willing to encounter the personal labour, the derision of an ignorant crowd, or the pecuniary cost which is involved in the task of putting in nomination one, however eminent he may be, whose success is hopeless, merely as a protest against the otherwise asserted unanimity of the constituency in the election of candidates who are content to be the delegates and creatures of some knot of persons, probably more ignorant and unscrupulous than themselves. In university elections there are probably many causes which would equally deter a voter from venturing singly, and on his individual judgment, to propose as his representative, one, however fitted for the office, whose nomination had not received the countenance to some considerable extent of other electors. But, on his voting paper, as soon as it becomes admissible, it is open to every elector of the University, without difficulty or fear of rebuke, to put forward the name of the statesman in whom he has the greatest confidence. This habit, if adopted by earnest and thoughtful men, in the circumstances which have been supposed, will be significant of their dissatisfaction with the narrow scope now afforded to individual electors, and such an habitual intimation of the opinion of educated persons will scarcely fail to lead, at no distant day, to the establishment of a system more truly liberal and wise.

In conceding to every elector the freedom of individual action, enabling him to select his representative, without any control or dictation of club or clique, but according to his own individual judgment, from those whom he may deem the best and noblest amongst his countrymen who devote themselves to public duties, we respond, in no small degree, to the urgent necessity which a philosophical statesman, with far-seeing wisdom, has pointed out as existing "for some provision to meet the "increased demands of the collective life "in general; to guarantee us, as far as may "be, against the increased abuses which "will attend the increase of the moving "power of human life, by combining "therewith an enhanced moral sense, de- "riving new strength from new and suit- "able principles,—against the *idola fori* "which society engenders, and the delu- "sions which they weave around us,—

[1] "Considerations on Representative Government," p. 160, second edition.

"against the heavy visitations to which, "in communities, we become liable, "through the conduct of others over "whom we have no control, and to se- "cure to us the realization of the benefi- "cial effects of civil reason: lastly, to pre- "clude the fatal operation of that ten- "dency to diminish responsibility and to "impair the strength (so feeble at the "best) of the principle of individual "morality, which we have seen to be- "long to combination as such, and which, "if it be not counteracted, may poison the "very sources of action and of life."

Nor does such a principle of choice interfere with the scheme of modern parliamentary government, evolved by the antagonism of party, which some of our political leaders insist upon as indispensable to the working of the constitution. When every voter has been invited, and has applied himself to the task of selecting the member he shall deem the worthiest of public trust, it may be safely left to the representatives thus chosen, to form such associations, and attach themselves to such parties as, in the progress of events, shall appear to them best for the public welfare,

"Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Not master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law,
That from Discussion's lips may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all."

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the method of voting by exhaustive majorities, and the advantages, moral and political, which it promises, have not been opposed by any serious argument. It has been encountered with nothing but the sneer that it is "Utopian," or "worthy of Laputa." On this objection, a powerful writer of our day lately gave utterance to some appropriate words. "I believe," he said, "the "quiet admission that we are all of us so "ready to make, that, because things have "long been wrong, it is impossible they "should ever be right, is one of the most "fatal sources of misery and crime from "which this world suffers. Whenever "you hear a man dissuading you from "attempting to do well, on the ground "that perfection is 'Utopian,' beware of "that man. Cut the word out of your "dictionary altogether. There is no need "for it. Things are either possible or im- "possible; you can easily determine "which, in any given state of human sci- "ence. If the thing is impossible, you "need not trouble yourselves about it; "if possible, try for it. It is very Uto- "pian to hope for the entire doing away "of drunkenness and misery out of the "Canongate; but the Utopianism is not "our business—the *work* is. It is Uto- "pian to hope to give every child in the "kingdom the knowledge of God from "its youth; but the Utopianism is not "our business, the *work* is."

TEN DAYS IN THE CRIMEA.

It has been thought that there are many who will read with interest the following account of a visit to the Crimea, in the summer of 1861, by one who passed the winter of 1854–55 in attendance on the hospitals at Constantinople. A. P. S.

SEVEN years ago we left England to minister to the wants of our army in the East. After a stormy tedious passage in a French steamer, which, but for the emergency of the times, would have been consigned to the docks long before, and whose unseaworthy state added greatly to the sufferings of all on board, we anchored, one cold December day, in the Golden Horn.

Each place had its own share of the consequences of war, increasing in magnitude as the seat of war was approached. At Constantinople there was an ever-increasing excitement, occasioned by the coming and going to and from the Crimea. The harbour was crowded with vessels of all kinds. The streets were thronged with Europeans. The

hotels were filled with anxious wives who had accompanied their husbands so far; and there was the daily intercourse with the hospitals at Scutari.

Our destination for six weeks was Therapia. It is unnecessary to enter into the circumstances which detained us there. It is enough to say what it was to see the crowded war-steamers pass constantly under our windows, backwards and forwards to the Black Sea. Once only did we look upon its waters. Once we went to the top of the Giant's Mountain, and felt then that nothing intervened between us and the one point of interest.

In January we began work at the hospital at Koulalee. There we realized what protracted war was. The battles were over. It was not the wounded we were called upon to tend, but those who were stricken down with fever, dysentery, and frost bites, from long exposure in the trenches. From these patient, heroic sufferers, we learnt what war entailed; and it is a gratifying thought that, during an attendance of months at that hospital, going, as we did, into the wards at all hours, no word of complaint, no oaths, no coarse language, ever were heard by us from the lips of our British soldiers.

Some days and scenes are specially stamped upon one's memory. Who will forget the arrival of the first batch of invalids who were to be located in the upper hospital only vacated by the Turks a week before? The huge wood fire in the stoveless kitchen, the large caldrons of water set on, the basons of arrow-root mixed, thrown in and stirred with a long wooden pole, for want of better implements! Then was the melancholy procession up the hill; worn-out men dragging their weak and weary frames along, some supported on each side, some carried on stretchers! Who will forget the sensation caused by salutes fired at Constantinople, reverberating as they did across the Bosporus, till the old walls of Koulalee shook again! At such times the one thought in the wards was, "Had Sebastopol fallen?" Dying men have sat up in their beds and clasped their hands, unable to utter more than the one word, "Sebastopol." "Has it fallen?" "Would that I had been in at the last!"

Perhaps one of the most memorable days was that of the arrival of the news of the death of the Emperor of Russia. The excitement in the wards was great. From bed to bed the words travelled round, "Nicholas is dead," "Nicholas is dead," "The Emperor of Russia is dead." The remarks were varied:—"Thank God! All blessings be with you for bringing us such blessed news"—"What! Nicholas! Nicholas is dead! Well, one should not be glad at any one's death, but we can't help it now"—"How did he die? If he died by poison we shall have peace, but not otherwise"—"Well, I'd rather have that news than a month's pay. I hope it's true"—"He's a deal to answer for. He's been the death of thousands." One man burst into tears, and, slowly raising his hands, he clasped them in fervent prayer, exclaiming, "Thank God! The Lord have mercy upon his soul."

Besides the mournful sight of the processions of the sick, there was daily the still sadder sight of the dead, borne away from the dead-house, in the centre of the court, to the cemetery on the hill-side. At three or four o'clock each afternoon the chaplain was in attendance there to read the service over the one large grave.

One case is specially recalled to me. It was the funeral of a soldier whose wife was with him. The excellent chaplain, the Rev. H. Huleath, who was ever ready with sympathy, came to ask for some one to accompany the poor widow to the grave. We went together to see. She was found sobbing bitterly by the dead-house. "Oh! if I was in my own country; but I am here all alone." Where any relation was present, a coffin was granted. A sheet from the stores was thrown over it, and it was borne by four soldiers. And, deep in mud, we toiled up the hill. Most impressively the funeral service was read. It was a most affecting sight; the words of

the service, the associations, the rudeness of the external of the mourners, the deep grief of the poor woman, the group close by filling up the daily pit with its twelve uncoffined dead, the glorious view of Constantinople across the Bosporus! The widow gave one last look into the grave. The chaplain led her away. "Do not," he said, "look down as those who have no hope; he died in the faith of Christ. Look up and on, and let your soul be set on following Him." The above are but a few of the incidents of those eventful days, from which we must pass on to the present time.

Again I have seen Constantinople, and under what different auspices!

The early dawn of a cloudless August morning found us at the mouth of the Bosporus, after an unruffled voyage from Kustendjie in the Company's finest steamer. The sun rose ere we reached the anchorage in the Golden Horn. Stamboul, Pera, Galata, and Jophana, shone forth in the freshness of the sunrise with a beauty only those who have seen it can understand.

We took up our quarters at Therapia, and spent ten days with equal enjoyment and interest. What had never been seen in those melancholy winter days of 1854-55 was now visited at leisure; but I shall only dwell on what relates to that winter.

The Scutari landing-place was unchanged; the same where landing was so difficult in stormy weather; the same where such scenes of intense suffering occurred at the disembarkation of the sick and wounded. It was only as I came to the great archway of the main-guard, that I found a change. I was stopped by Turkish sentries; the great Barrack Hospital was once more a barrack, and all entrance was forbidden. I could not retrace my steps down the long corridor, and revisit that corner turret so well known to the world.

Neither could I be admitted into the General Hospital; but the cemetery is accessible to all. From the rough field I remembered, in 1856, it has become a well cared-for, well railed-in spot, Marochetti's monument towering above the tombstones. Every grave was as well tended as if in England. A more impressive resting-place can scarcely be imagined. On the crest of the cliff overhanging the Sea of Marmora, with Seraglio Point and its domes and minarets just in front, and the whole of Constantinople in the background, are ranged the graves of those officers who earliest sank from the effects of their wounds. Amongst these are seen the tombstones of Lord Chewton, Lieutenant Teesdale, Hon. Grey Neville, Lieutenant Dillon Maule, A. C. Webb, Lieutenant-Colonel Smyth, Colonel Ainslie, and many others.

From Scutari I revisited Koulalee. Four years ago these barracks had been laid waste; the walls only remained, with the single exception of the corner tower, where the nurses were at first quartered. This was untouched; even the cupboards remained, recalling the gifts of kind distant friends, with which they were so constantly filled. One wing still retained its upper gallery. Through these ruined and deserted courts we were allowed to wander undisturbed, each corner telling its bygone tale, and the view from the shore walk even more beautiful in its bright summer garb than when it used to act as a restorative in our former dark days.

As I have said, beyond the mouth of the Bosporus we had never been. Was it possible now? It is not so easy as might be supposed. But the result of a long investigation of lists of steamers to and from Odessa and Constantinople, rendered more intricate from the dates being given in the old style, was, that there was weekly communication between Constantinople and Odessa, corresponding with weekly Odessa boats to Eupatoria, Sebastopol, Yalta, Theodosia, and Kertch; and every fortnight a steamer came down from Taganrog to Kertch, and proceeded direct to Constantinople.

Accordingly, on a fine morning, early in September, Colonel and Mrs. H—— and myself steamed up the Bosporus,

on our way to Odessa. The *Pilot* was provokingly slow. She reached Odessa at half-past 2 P.M., in 45 hours from Constantinople. The Russian authorities were deaf to our entreaties to be allowed to land, and proceed in the Sebastopol steamer, whose funnel we saw smoking in the adjoining harbour. It was in vain; and we had the mortification of seeing her steam past us, as the clock struck 4 P.M. What was to be done? Our days were numbered, and yet a week's delay at the most uninteresting port imaginable seemed inevitable.

We were indebted to the kindness of the Princess W——, for the assistance we obtained as to our future arrangements. Fully aware of the value of travellers' days, and of the absolute dearth of interest in her own town, she placed her secretary at our disposal to make every inquiry. Was it possible to post by Perekop? we asked. Possible, certainly; but it involved three days and two nights on the road, in the roughest carriages, with nothing whatever to break the monotony of the journey. "Si vous aviez la vue assez longue," said the Princess, "de Pérékop vous verriez Simphéropol."

Our difficulties were solved by an extra steamer being sent with despatches to the Imperial Court at Yalta on the following day. We had neither passengers nor merchandize, and we rolled like a shuttlecock over the heavy sea.

It was like a dream the next morning, when we went up on deck, and saw a glorious sunrise behind the Crimean mountains. We were passing the Chersonese Lighthouse; then, in succession, came the heights and monastery of St. George, clear even without a telescope; then the Genoese fort at the entrance to Balaclava. That a harbour existed beyond, no one at sea could guess.

We could distinguish the whole line of the Woronzow Road, running high up at the foot of the stupendous cliffs; we could see the many palaces embosomed in woods, increasing in grandeur as we neared Yalta. Could we land? There was a doubt about it; it is an open roadstead, and land-boats will not come out in rough weather. The alternative was going back seven hours to Sebastopol. Three times the steamer's whistle was unanswered; at last a boat put off, and we were safely landed at the little pier of Yalta. Before the war it was seldom visited, but since then it has become the fashionable watering-place of the Russians, chiefly in consequence of the Emperor's having chosen this coast as his summer residence.

There were two or three so-called hotels. The Hôtel de France, in which we lodged, was of the humblest description, containing the barest necessaries of life. For two rooms, we were charged the exorbitant sum of 1*l.*; and, when we remonstrated, we were told it was necessary to ask such prices during the very short season of six weeks—that, as to the rooms being bare, a prince was only waiting for our departure, to take possession of them.

It was evidently a rising place. An elaborate new church was built on a hill above the village, inclosed in well-kept grounds. Quantities of well-appointed carriages, containing well-dressed company, were driving up and down the shore all afternoon and evening. The walks in every direction must be beautiful.

We engaged a small britchka to take us the following morning to Aloupka, the country palace of the Woronzoff family. With four horses abreast, we started along the beautiful road, for which the country is indebted to the late Prince Woronzoff. Passing the Imperial residence at Livadia, with the royal guard stationed at its gate, we drove along the terrace, shaded by vines, maple, fig, and plane, for about fourteen miles, when we descended to the Aloupka grounds. The palace was built by an English architect, twenty-five years ago—a pile of buildings half Moorish, half castellated.

The Princess W—— at Odessa had given us letters to the Prince's English agent, who lodged us in his house in the palace grounds. Behind the house, rose the towering cliffs of pale grey, their base clothed with vines, cypresses,

and other foliage. Facing the sea, the centre of the palace is occupied by a white marble alcove, down whose walls hang the richest creepers. Terraces, with white marble fountains, vases, steps, and statues, wind down to the sea, the upper terrace covered with flower-beds glowing with the richest colours. The whole grounds were kept in such order as did credit to their English superintendent.

Not ten minutes' walk from the palace is a Tartar village, built, as they all are, on the slope of a hill, so that the roof should be level with the ground behind. The cleanest English cottage could not have surpassed the neatness and cleanliness of those we visited. Here we came across the first relic of war. The carpet in one of these cottages was a Government tarpaulin. Except for vines, the estate is not cultivated; and, when the family are in residence, all supplies are fetched by the Tartar tenantry from a distance. The English agent deeply regretted the departure of the Tartar population. So long as they were the sole inhabitants, theft and other crimes were unknown.

A difficulty arose as to horses to take us on to Sebastopol. We had not brought a padroshna, or permit, from Yalta; and though, on ordinary occasions, the agent could have overcome this omission, yet, as the Emperor was in the neighbourhood, and might send for horses, their absence, without a permit, could not be risked. Several hours elapsed before any horses and harness could be procured. At last, two Tartar and two Russian horses were brought. Each of the four came from a different village, and, consequently, they had never been driven together before. A Greek labourer was our coachman. "You must not mind," said Mrs. G——, the agent's mother, "at always having one wild horse amongst the four, who will kick and plunge on starting—they will soon get quiet. I advise you to walk on to avoid the first start." And so we did, though there was no occasion, for the poor animals had been out all night, and were dead tired.

The grandeur of the coast-road increased as we proceeded westwards. Here and there, in past ages, one of the stupendous cliffs had fallen, creating a vast chaos down the mountain-side. For fifteen miles we wound along this unrivalled terrace, and then ascended by a well-constructed zigzag road to the Pass of Fured, where the rocks on each side are joined by an arch of masonry, and form a grand portal between the coast and the Valley of Baidar. To this portal officers used to ride on holiday days; in the woods beneath, stretching towards Baidar, they used to come and pic-nic. A more magnificent sea-view bursting suddenly upon you, than this one as you ascend from Baidar, can hardly exist.

The portal once crossed, we descended, and all then was familiar ground to Colonel H——. At Baidar we rested our horses. The village was almost entirely deserted by the Tartars. Before some of the few inhabited cottages were palisades, on which the words, "Double-boarded huts," told plainly their original destination.

The sun set as we left Baidar. At a frightful pace we galloped through the narrow winding gorge, whirling down hill and round corners, till we were giddy; the object being to be clear of the gorge before the young moon went down. From the gorge we emerged to an undulating plain, and then, dark as it was, each step was full of interest.

First came the ruins of the Sardinian camp. Then dimly we could see the Tchernaya Valley, and the scene, right and left, of the fatal Balaclava charge. Then the revolving lights of Inkerman twinkled in the distance, and the flat ridge of the plateau appeared like a wall before us. Our wearied horses halted to rest on reaching the top of the ridge. It was a cloudless starlight night, with the last faint glow of the crescent moon. Not a sound was heard but the chirping of grasshoppers; not a living being in sight on that expanse of ground where our whole army had lived, and which Colonel H—— had only known as teeming with life and death. It

was from that very spot that Lord Raglan had witnessed the fatal charge on the 25th of October. On we went. "Cathcart's Hill is to your left; you can just see the wall." By the roadside we came to the white walls of a cemetery, the tall head-stones, standing out clear in the moonlight, solemnly speaking of the dead. Now on the right we pass the Picket-house, and then we descend to the winding ravine, sadly known, in the days of war, as the Valley of the Shadow of Death; for down this ravine our troops had to come on their way to the trenches, and the Russians were on the watch to sweep them down from their overlooking batteries. Each corner, each turn had its history. There, high above the road, was the cave in which our men used to take shelter, and then came the point beyond, which our troops never passed.

The first intimation that we had entered the town, was the sight of dark forms of ruins. "We are now in the main street," said Colonel H—— as we reached the top of the last ascent. Not one house remained whole; on each side stood the ghastly ruins of what had been handsome buildings. Some were razed to the ground, others in different stages of destruction; and through this once fine street we drove to the inn, the only inhabited house.

The first waking thought the next morning was, "Were we really in Sebastopol? were what we had seen by moonlight really the ruins of the city?" I was out early; the hotel overlooked the southern arm of the harbour. That is the Malakoff, just opposite, and, farther to the right, just over that long range of ruins, is the Redan. "What, those slight rises?" "Yes."

Our first drive was to Cathcart's Hill. Turning off the main road, about a mile from Sebastopol, we went up one of the many ravines, on the bare slopes of which were scattered groups of graves, mostly inclosed by stone walls; we emerged from the ravine upon the great plateau, and drove on to the inclosure on the brow of Cathcart's Hill. A strong wall runs all round the cemetery. The entrance is a gateway (the doors of which are kept locked) with stone steps over the wall, on each side.

It was a solemn and affecting sight as we came down those steps and stood in the midst of those graves. Almost every grave recalled a story of deep sorrow. The winter of 1854 was before us, with all its agonies of anxiety, when all classes mourned together, and when the one thought of those who could do so was to alleviate that anxiety as far as possible. Many were the hours we spent in that spot, gathering and drying flowers from the graves, for friends at home, and familiarising ourselves with the position, that we might be able to answer any questions on our return.

We had none of us realized the number of English cemeteries which exist within twenty miles of Sebastopol. They amount to ninety or a hundred. When Colonel Gowan first established himself at Sebastopol, in order to clear the harbour of sunken vessels, it was his Sunday recreation to visit the surrounding cemeteries, and to note down whatever repairs they needed. These were done entirely at his own expense; and none will ever know the sums he must have expended upon them, or the thoughtful care with which he has tended them. Solitary graves, in remote ravines, are now surrounded by strong walls. That such a work requires time and labour, none can doubt; and the contradictory statements regarding the condition of our cemeteries are easily explained by the fact of their numbers, and in many instances by their seclusion or inaccessibility.

Except in one or two instances, no attempt has been made to desecrate any of the graves. It is supposed that, in these few cases, it was done under the impression that the officers were buried with medals. The graves were instantly repaired, and the Russian authorities were energetic in their exertions to detect and punish the culprits.

In the spring the cemeteries and plains are covered with every variety of wild flower, but the first day of scorch-

ing sun withers them, and it was difficult in September to find any to carry away. Colonel Gowan has tried no less than four hundred different kinds of trees within the inclosure; but the situation is so exposed, that not one will grow.

From the top of the cemetery steps, the view is very grand. We had come seven miles from Sebastopol. On the north-west side the plateau was bounded by the deep blue sea; to the south by the rocky range of mountains under which we had passed the day before. Our encampments had occupied the whole space over which we gazed. What most struck me was the magnitude of the efforts made to obtain what seemed so small a prize; for Sebastopol lay by the seashore like a speck. Here could be realized the enormous distances reached by the respective batteries. We returned to the Woronzoff Road Cemetery, where we also visited the graves of many well-known names. Just above the cemetery is the Picket House, the last point which was secure from the shots of the Russian batteries.

We went to Colonel Gowan's in the evening. He lives in what was Prince Gortschakoff's house. Nothing can exceed his hospitality to all travellers. At his table were generally assembled a large family party, and any strangers staying in the town. It was a strange contrast to the solemnity of our morning excursion, to find the family party sitting at the door, and a troop of little girls playing in the moonlit square before the house, amidst the ruins. Mrs. Gowan vied with her husband in her attention to strangers; there was no kindness she was not ready to show. She, also, had taken her share in care for the graves. Deeply interested in the life of Captain Hedley Vicars, she had done her utmost to decorate his grave in the Woronzoff Road with flowers. She had even carried sacks of rich earth up in her own carriage, in the hope of making plants grow. Every variety of flower and shrub she had tried, and had even gone to the expense of paying a Russian labourer daily to water the plants through the summer heat. But it was all in vain; one scorching blast would wither the growth of months.

One of the guests at Colonel Gowan's house was Colonel Postenoff, of the Russian Engineers, who had resided in Sebastopol, with his mother and sister, during the whole siege. He described life as going on exactly as if there was no external event impending. Balls and parties took place as usual. The falling of a shell into a house became so common an occurrence that the only interruption it caused was that some one went to ascertain whether any one was killed or hurt. It was only the night before the final destruction of the town that he sent his mother and sister away to Batcheserai. They had not time to save anything but their cloaks.

He, as well as every other Russian we met on board steamers or in hotels, asked whether, now all was over, we could explain why the allied armies had not marched direct from Alma to Sebastopol, when no preparations for defence had been made, when but few troops were at hand, and when, therefore, the town would have been taken with scarcely the loss of a man? Or why did not we march to Perekop, and so cut off the supplies, and so shorten the siege? for had we done so all the Tartar population would have joined us.

From all we heard the same account of the wonderful exertion of the inhabitants during the interval between the battle of Alma and the final encampment of our troops before Sebastopol. Out of the twenty-four hours, only four were allowed for rest, men, women, and children, all working alike; and by these efforts the earthworks were constructed by which the town was defended for a whole year. Colonel Postenoff estimated the total number of those buried round about Sebastopol during the war at 250,000.

The week before our arrival, the emperor and his suite had visited Sebastopol for the first time since the peace. He landed from his yacht at the broad steps leading up to the square; the remnant of the population were assem-

bled to receive him. Accompanied by Colonel Gowan and Colonel Postenoff, he inspected all the Russian batteries, and commanded that a marble column should be erected on each, with the names of the officers who had there fallen. As from the Malakoff he had looked down upon the ruined town, a deep shade of sadness, it is said, fell over his countenance.

When first Colonel Gowan arrived in Russia to undertake his great work of clearing the harbour at Sebastopol of the sunken ships, the bitterness of the Russians towards the English and French was great. In an interview with the Grand Duke Constantine the unfinished works in Russia were discussed, and Colonel Gowan suggested the employment of English engineers. "I would not," answered the Grand Duke, "employ an Englishman to draw a rusty nail out of a rotten plank." All that bitterness has now passed away, and the utmost friendliness prevails.

Our second day was devoted to the Redan and Inkerman. From the head of the southern arm of the harbour we turned up towards the ruined barracks. It was a scene of absolute destruction, only the bare crumbling walls left, in many of which large cannon-balls were still embedded. The garrison church, in the centre, was also entirely destroyed. When our officers visited these barracks, within a few days of their destruction, they were met by myriads of starving rats, who were coming out to seek for food.

Of all the spots we visited, the Redan was, perhaps, the most striking, and told its tale most clearly. The earthworks all remain. Time has worn them down a little, but every ridge and every trench can be followed.

From the Redan the whole plan of the warfare could be traced. We stood on the spot where General Windham had made the desperate assault, and where he had in vain called for support; we looked down into the trench where such fearful slaughter took place. Slowly and silently we crossed that fatal space between the advanced trench and the earthworks of the Redan. When, on all sides, were seen the Russian batteries bearing upon that space, one felt what was the courage needed to leave the shelter of our trenches, and how miraculous the escape of any one alive to tell the tale.

From the Redan we walked down the quarries. The trench-work lay clear before us. Here we saw their use, their dangers, their hardships. Seeing these spots with one who had gone through the whole campaign gave a life and reality to them which otherwise would have been lost. The average number of English travellers, since the war, has been ten in the year, and of these, not more than five or six have been officers; most of the others were mercantile men.

Owing to the fewness of travellers, there are no native guides to the various points of interest, or rather there are none who can speak anything but Russian. It was with difficulty we could direct the drosky-drivers where to drive to, as they hardly knew the names so familiar to us; therefore Colonel H——'s vivid explanation of all that had passed at each spot was doubly valuable. From the Quarries we inspected the trenches right and left. Here was an angle to avoid the fire of such a battery. That deep hole had been a powder-magazine. Down that deep trench the men descended to the ravine, and up to their camp; and, when we saw what those long winter nights in the trenches must have been, the immense distance the men had to return wet and weary to the camp, and heard again, from one who had gone through it, all the delays and difficulties of obtaining anything hot after these hours of exposure, it was a matter of surprise that our hospitals had not been filled with double the number.

We searched in vain for bullets; very few remained. Of copper caps we found a good many. Everything of interest or value had long since been picked up. Mr. Elridge, the consul of Kertch, who is now appointed by the English Government to superintend and

repair the English cemeteries in the Crimea, offered a reward for whatever was picked up on the battle-fields, and by this means he has a large collection of medals, decorations, &c. Not a fortnight before our arrival a beautiful French decoration was picked up on the Malakoff.

From the Quarries we drove on over wild waste plains, the only features being the cemeteries scattered here and there. Of the many we visited that day, the largest was that belonging to the Light Division, which lies on the slope of a lonely ravine. Were one to take it as a sample of the Crimean cemeteries, truly one might speak of neglect. The wall was crumbling away, and many of the crosses and smaller headstones were knocked down, probably by cattle who had forced their way through the broken wall. It was difficult to make one's way through the long withered grass to the various graves. The only living plant in the inclosure was a vigorous young dwarf acacia, behind the cross at the head of Captain Hammond's grave. Colonel Gowan had already taken steps for the repair of the wall and the headstones.

Leaving our carriage in the road below, we went round the field of Inkerman, and down to the Two-Gun Battery, where, at 5 P.M. on November 5, 1854, Lord Raglan and General Canrobert met to view the field, where the dead and dying lay so thick you could scarcely tread unless upon them. Here Colonel H—— described the scene—the attack, the long eleven hours' struggle, the thick gloom of that November day, the carnage. It was difficult, as we stood on that solitary spot with the rich brushwood of dwarf oaks, to believe that seven years ago such a bloody conflict had taken place.

Beneath us was the Tchernaya valley, with the small river winding its peaceful way down to the sea. Far away towards Baidar was the bridge over which our army had passed on the flank march after Alma; and before us, on the opposite side, were the Ruins of Inkerman, and its curiously excavated rocks. On returning to our carriage we came down the gorge, and saw the cliffs over which the Russian troops were precipitated.

Our next excursion was to Balaclava. Leaving the Woronzoff Road to the left, we drove over the plains, halting first at "Head Quarters," a low cottage, with no memorial of the illustrious tenants who had lived and died under its roof. There was the road down which Lord Raglan's corpse was borne to the coast. On that day the whole way was lined with troops leaning on their bayonets, minute guns firing the whole time. On the north side of the cottage stands General Estcourt's solitary grave, solidly railed round.

From Head Quarters we went on to the Guards' Camp. Only the foundations remained, but they were perfect; the mess-room, the kitchen, the positions of the individual tents, all could be clearly traced. Here, and indeed whereever there had been an encampment, there were huge piles of old tins and broken bottles. Here and there were old straps of leather, and bits of iron.

Again we came to the scene of the Balaclava charge, and then through the village of Kamora, down upon Balaclava. Was *that* the harbour in which all the ships were? That pond?

We lunched under a rock overlooking the harbour; one or two fishing-boats were crossing its still water. We walked down into that quiet village, and on to the now deserted quay and pier. All the scenes of the war winter came before one—the noise, the confusion, the accumulations in that small place, where now there was not a sign of intercourse with the outer world The hospital building still remains, and on the steep slope above are the two graves of the Sisters of Mercy who died in that hospital while nursing the soldiers. In grateful memory for their services the regiment have put up two stone tombs, and inclosed them within rails. Many are the solitary tombstones seen in and about Balaclava.

It was a steep scramble up to the Sisters' Graves, and it was a still steeper

one up to the Genoese Fort. But, unless a traveller ascends three-quarters of the way to the castle, he will not see the beautiful white marble cross erected by Florence Nightingale, we were told, to commemorate the occupation of the British army in the Crimea. We could only see it at a distance; as, though we had ascended a considerable height, to have reached it would have involved another hour's climbing.

We returned in the evening, following the line of the Camp Railroad (those rails are now in use between Tcerna, Voda, and Kustendjie), and then galloping across the plain at a frightful pace.

There was much to be seen in and about the town—more than we had leisure for; we could only spare time for rambles amongst the ruined streets at odd moments. What our guns spared the Russians themselves destroyed, either by fire or gunpowder, and yet the ruins now have no appearance of fire; it is more as if an earthquake had shaken down the town. Most of the restored houses, or those that escaped, are in the south-east quarter of the town. There were two shops we went to which seemed to supply everything for every-day life. All luxuries come from Odessa.

The chief buildings were in the most exposed part, and are all destroyed. Prince Menschikoff's fine palace, with its terraces and staircases; the Public Library, which must have been a very handsome building, crowning the crest of the hill on which the town is built; the church, of which only the colonnade remains; the Governor's house; the theatre—these are only a few of the many handsome stone houses entirely in ruins. One church in the main street has been rebuilt. Down by the water's edge, at the head of the south harbour, lie piles of rusty cannon-balls, and bullets of all sizes, broken shells, and old iron in every shape. There was another large pile of the bones of horses and cattle. Of the famous dockyards not a vestige remains; nor of Fort Nicholas or Fort Paul. We did not cross to Fort Constantine, but it seemed untouched.

It was a matter of daily surprise to us, that we were so civilly treated as we walked about Sebastopol. The few inhabitants there were appeared not to notice us. We were never interfered with whilst sketching, as is so often the case in foreign countries; and the only living beings who seemed to resent our presence were the innumerable dogs who prowled about the deserted town.

It still remained for us to visit the Alma, and an expedition was planned by which we were to go to Batcheserai one day, and return by the Alma the next. Horses and carriages were ordered, and every preparation made; but, owing to some mistake, a delay of four hours occurred in starting; and, when we reached the half-way post-house, in the valley of the Belbec, we met with a further delay of three hours, not because there were no horses, but because the drivers were out.

Except that we saw where our army had crossed the Belbec Valley, there was nothing of interest or beauty in the road till we reached the curious town of Batcheserai. We drove into the court of the Khan's palace, in the vacant rooms of which travellers are allowed to sleep; but such was not to be our good fortune. The Emperor, in his recent visit, had been so delighted with the place, that he intimated the possibility of his coming a second time; and, in consequence of this, the Governor of Simpheropol had given orders that no one should be allowed to occupy those rooms. It was quite dark by this time, and it was not without difficulty that we obtained shelter at last in a Tartar house, where we slept on the divan cushions which lined the room.

Our troubles were not over; for, the next morning, no horses could be procured to take us on to the Alma, and we were obliged very reluctantly to decide upon retracing our steps to Sebastopol. Had time allowed of it, we would gladly have remained till horses were procured, for Batcheserai is most interesting in itself and in its neighbourhood; but we were obliged to return for the next steamer. That one morning was spent in the courts and gar-

dens of the palace, and in the curious wooden streets of the town. No delay occurred in returning, and we had a beautiful moonlight drive over the Inkerman heights back to Sebastopol.

We considered the next day whether we could not still see the Alma, and proceed to Eupatoria; but, happily, we gave it up, for, on this voyage, the weather turned out too rough to allow the steamer to touch there as usual.

One object still remained to be accomplished, and that was the Malakoff, and on this, our last day, we drove up to it. Its labyrinth of earthworks is very striking when contrasted with the single earth-ridge of the Redan; and the commanding position of the elevation told its own story why such labour had been bestowed upon its defences. Two of the tiers of loopholes remain in the ruined tower. In the cellar, or magazine below, a lame horse was sheltering itself from the glare of the midday sun. For the last time we looked down upon the ruined town, and round upon all the scenes connected with it.

Early the next morning we were up, and were on board the Odessa steamer by eight; but a gale sprang up, freshening as the day advanced, and the captain was too cautious to venture out to sea, and was confirmed in his resolution by the arrival of a merchant-steamer from Odessa at noon, which, besides having a boat washed overboard, was seriously injured in the storm. At night the gale increased to a hurricane. We landed and walked to the point of the harbour, where we could see the open sea. We could scarcely stand. Two vessels had been wrecked just outside the harbour. The sea was rolling in angrily; the sky was leaden; we ascended the broad steps of Prince Menschikoff's grounds, and, sheltering ourselves behind the monument in the garden, we watched the fury of the storm, and discussed the probabilities of the morning. "This reminds me," said Colonel H——, "of the fearful 14th of November, 1854. It did not blow harder then than now. However, wild as the Black Sea storms are, they do not last."

The hurricane went down as the sun rose next day, and by twelve the sea had so far calmed that we were able to embark. We had a somewhat rough passage to Odessa. The dim outline of the Alma we passed on the seventh anniversary of the battle. We reached Odessa by dawn on the 19th of September, and, through the kind exertions of the Consul, who represented to the Governor that urgent private affairs required us to depart without the necessary three days' notice, we obtained a permit to leave Russia in time to embark that same day for Constantinople.

M. S.

THE RAISED BEACH OF BRITAIN, AND HOW SCOTLAND HAS RISEN IN THE WORLD.

BY ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

"WHAT do you mean by a *raised beach?*" "How and when was it formed? Does "it belong, like your other geological "changes, to some pre-adamite age with "which we mortals have nothing to do, "or is it really in any way connected "with the history of man?"

These questions were put to me the other day by a non-geological friend, who wished for some information as to certain recent researches in the later physical changes of Britain.

In the first place, then, no one who has been in the habit of spending an occasional week at different parts of our British coast, can have failed to see a *raised beach.* He must have noticed a comparatively level terrace stretching

along the sea-margin, with a height of twenty or thirty feet above high-water mark, and a breadth varying from only a few yards to several miles. This is what geologists call a "raised beach." If you trace it back from the sea, you will find that sometimes its level surface is lost along the foot of the undulating ground that slopes upward into the interior; that sometimes it terminates against a sinuous line of inconspicuous inland cliff, just as the present sea-beach often ends off at the base of a low winding bluff; and, that along the more rocky parts of the coast line, the raised beach often runs back till it abuts against a face of irregular crag, worn into clefts and caves and isolated stacks, exactly as in the same neighbourhood the existing beach may be crowned with a similar mural front of scarred and wasted rocks. Again, the seaward edge of this level terrace is sometimes cut away by the waves, so as to rise steeply from high-water mark in a line of low cliff, while in other places, when the tide perhaps does not reach it, it sinks gently down into the present shore. Such are the general features of a raised beach. It will be seen at once that they possess not a few economical advantages. The level surface of the terrace, covered as it is with a light but dry soil, is duly appreciated by the farmer, and skirts the sea as a bright belt of green fields and gardens. Even in the wilder parts of the islands, where the ground has not been brought under the plough, the same terrace is conspicuous from the freshness of its verdure contrasting well with the deep blue of the sea and the sombre grey of the mountains that rise behind. Few pieces of maritime scenery are thus more impressive than where this lovely strip of green runs along the base of the hills that rise, dark and lonely, from the fiords of Mull and Skye, and the western shores of Ross, Inverness, and Argyle.

But the raised beach has other advantages than those which are claimed by agriculture. Its level surface affords an admirable site for the erection of towns and villages, which can spread out, on either hand, along the sea-margin to an almost indefinite extent. Such a feature, of course, early attracted the notice of the islanders, and hence some of our oldest maritime towns stand on the raised beach. Where a broad river enters the sea, and the terrace, leaving the shore, extends up each side of the estuary, man finds a collection of physical advantages that seem almost designed for the growth of a large commercial city. The banks of the stream, skirted by this level platform, are built over with quays and docks, harbours, warehouses, and streets. The town, increasing with the rise of its commerce, pushes outward on the same platform, which stretches along the sea-margin for miles, both to the right and the left of the river mouth. The streets and squares creep steadily onward, ever preceded by a host of villas and cottages and gardens, like a cloud of skirmishers that ere long are enveloped and lost in the advancing army. And then, in the course of generations, arises a city of merchant princes, to which, day by day, come vessels from all quarters of the heaven, laden with the riches of every clime. Examples of these features will readily suggest themselves to every reader. The lower parts of London, for example, that run along the margin of the Thames, including, of course, the docks and quays, are built upon a portion of the raised beach. The same has been the site of the great commercial works along the Mersey, which have made Liverpool a mart for the world. And in Glasgow, also, the Broomielaw, and warehouses skirting the Clyde, extend along the same level terrace.

Since then this strange platform, which indents our islands, presents so many points of importance to us as a commercial and agricultural people, it may be well to ask, with my friend, how such a platform came to exist? No one, I think, who sees it, even for the first time, can fail to perceive that it is truly what its geological name indicates it to be —an old sea-beach worn out of the coast, when the relative height of sea and land was different from that which obtains in Britain now. Its level sur-

face sloping with an almost imperceptible inclination towards the present beach, the sinuous cliff which so often bounds its inland margin, the caves and clefts, and creeks, into which that cliff is so frequently worn—these are features which the observer sets down at once as the products of the action of the sea, and he concludes with reason that, as the tides never rise now nearly so far as the surface of the platform, far less advance inland to the base of the old caves and cliffs, there must have been a change of level, the sea being either lower, or the land higher, than it was when the older beach was thrown up, and the inland caves were worn and hollowed by the restless surge.

If the mere outward aspect of the terrace be enough to assure us that it has been the work of the sea, we obtain a clue as to how and when this work was carried on, by considering the nature of the materials of which the terrace is composed. Let the reader imagine himself at some part of the coast where the structure of the terrace has been laid bare along a line of low cliff exposed, at high tides, to the wash of the breakers. At the bottom of this cliff, and forming perhaps the floor of the present beach, we may chance to see a surface of hard rock, limestone, sandstone, granite, or porphyry, the origin of which has evidently nothing whatever to do with either the present or the former beach, but which must have been just as hard and ancient-looking a rock, and must have offered as much resistance to the waves, when they piled up the old beach, as it does to the waves that are piling up the new one. Further along the coast we may see the same rocks rising up into huge cliffs, that are worn by the breakers into creeks and caves, and isolated crags. And, away inland, it may be several miles, at the further side of the level terrace, we may see another line of cliffs as wasted and worn as those of the shore, but now silent and at rest—their sides not dark with sea-weed, but feathered with fern and brier, and their caverns the haunt of the fox and martin, instead of the otter and the screaming sea-mew. And thus we see that the ocean is now only carrying on at other points the same work of demolition which marked its limits in ancient times. The hard rock, which forms the existing beach, must therefore run inland under the terrace and join the old cliffs where these sink below the surface. Let us now see what the waves have laid down upon the almost rectangular incision which they have thus cut along the margin of our islands. Standing again at the base of the low cliff along which the materials that compose the terrace are being laid bare by the tides, we find that this terrace consists of nothing but successive layers of sand, silt, and gravel, often full of shells; in short, that its compartments resemble exactly the deposits which are at this moment thrown down by the waves on the present beach. The flat surface which so arrests the eye, skirting the shore as it does, with a belt of gardens and fields, villas and towns, is really the surface of an old beach which is made up of sand, and gravel, and shells, like any beach of the present day. So that not only in its general appearance, but still more in the nature and arrangement of its materials, this flat maritime platform affords decisive evidence that sea and land have had at one time, in Britain, a different relation to each other from that in which they stand to-day.

The surface of the terrace varies from twenty to thirty feet above high-water mark. Let us take it at an average height of twenty-five feet. This, then, represents the difference between the present and the former levels. It is plain that, to account for such a difference, we must have recourse to some other explanation than a mere variation in the form of the coast-line, caused by the wearing effects of the sea, whereby the waves now no longer have access to cliffs and crags, among which they had previously toiled for ages. The general uniformity and persistence of the terrace round so large a part of the British Isles, shows that it must be due to some general and power-

ful cause. Either, therefore, the sea must have receded, or the land must have risen to the extent of at least twenty-five feet since the sands and gravels of the terrace were deposited.

That such changes of level are due to the upheaval of the land, rather than to the recession of the sea, will be evident, if we reflect that the sea-level over the whole globe must, on the whole, remain uniform; so that the waters of the ocean cannot retire from the shores of our land, without also receding from the shores of every other part of the earth. Undoubtedly there must have been, in times past, and there may be going on even now, depressions of various portions of the bed of the sea, and such downward movements tend, of course, to lower the sea-level over the whole globe. But even the greatest depression which we can suppose probable would produce, perhaps, a scarcely appreciable change, since its effect would have to be distributed equally over every ocean, and sea, and firth, and estuary, and bay, from pole to pole. Besides, traces of the recession would be more or less visible in every country, and these would retain a uniform level above the previous tide-mark. The old beach would never appear ten feet above the tides at one place, and twenty feet at another. Hence, as a matter of theory, geologists hold that, where the sea seems either to encroach upon or retire from its shores, the change lies, not with the sea, but with the land. The ocean, which we take to be the emblem of all that is fickle and unstable, is thus, in reality, constant and unchanging; while the solid earth and the everlasting hills, which form our types of stability and rest, have risen above the ocean level, and sunk below it, many times in the past history of our planet, and are, in not a few places, rising or sinking even now. The coast of Sweden is a well-known example of the progress of these movements. The southern part of that peninsula is, at this moment, undergoing a slow submergence beneath the waters of the Baltic. Further north this downward tendency gradually lessens, and is replaced by one of an opposite kind. The rest of Sweden, towards the north, is actually rising, and the rate has been ascertained to be as much as from three to four feet in a century. Beds of marine shells occur even two hundred feet above the present tide-mark, and extend along the coast for many miles. Further north, the upward movement appears to become gradually feebler, and we know that the coasts of Greenland are actually sinking, and at so rapid a rate that the settlers have had, more than once, to remove inland the poles on which they used to place their boats.

It is unnecessary to enter here into the question of the cause of these movements. They are, of course, merely the external signs of vast agencies that are at work within the crust of the earth. That these agencies have been in operation beneath the area occupied by the British isles is abundantly evident in the lines of elevated shore-deposits which skirt our coasts, and which represent the extent to which the upheaving movements have been carried within a comparatively recent geological period.

Now, when did this upheaval take place? Must it be assigned, like so many other changes of which the geologist tells, to some unknown and indefinite period that long preceded the advent of man? Or is there any evidence to show that it has been effected since the first aborigines paddled their canoes among the creeks and estuaries of Britain? Let me answer, in one word, that, with regard to the Northern half of the island, the upheaval has undoubtedly been completed since man set foot on these shores, nay, that there are good grounds for believing it to be of later date than the Roman invasion. At present I cannot determine to what extent the central and southern parts of England participated in the change. Possibly they may have remained at rest, and the raised beaches which fringe their coast-line may belong to an older era. But that Scotland, and probably also the Northern counties of England, have been upraised within the human period can easily be shown.

The evidence on which this conclusion rests is of the simplest kind. The deposits of the raised beach, consisting of sand, clay, and beds of shells, are clearly such as could only be formed under high-water mark; and, as they are now greatly above the reach of the highest tides, we infer, as a necessary deduction, that the land has risen above the sea. If now we find associated with the shells various implements of human workmanship, arranged in such a way as to preclude the supposition that they could by any chance have been buried there artificially, or have fallen into the shell-beds through cracks of the ground, we are forced to the conclusion not only that the land has been elevated, but that this elevation has been effected since the appearance of man. And this is exactly the state of the case in Scotland.

The three great estuaries of the Clyde, the Forth, and the Tay, are each skirted by strips of flat ground, the surface of which may be on an average about five-and-twenty feet above the limit of high tide. These level flats are sometimes only a few yards broad; but, in some places they expand into broad plains, which are known as *carses*, and are famed as the most fertile tracts in the country. As the reader may have conjectured, they are really parts of the old raised beach; the sea once alternately ebbed and flowed across their level surface, and deposited there those layers of mud and silt upon which the present fertility of the soil depends. Moreover, in the clay which now composes this carse-land, sea-shells abound; every ditch or deep drain in certain localities lays them open in thousands, showing how complete was the ascendancy of the sea over those plains, where in one district the farmer now ploughs his fields, and the merchant builds his villa, and where in another direction stretch the streets and squares of a busy city. But, in addition to these marine remains, there occur in the upraised deposits of all the three estuaries traces of the presence of man—canoes, flint-hatchets, harpoons, anchors, and pottery—not buried by human hands, but naturally deposited and covered over with layers of silt and sand, and even with beds of shells. Hence we cannot for a moment hesitate to accept the conclusion that man must have witnessed the last upward movement by which the island attained its present level.

The elevated silt of the Clyde at Glasgow has been especially rich in these relics of our aboriginal ancestors. No fewer than eighteen canoes are recorded as having been at various times disinterred in that neighbourhood. Some of these were actually found below the streets of the town, in the process of digging out foundations for buildings or constructing sewers and drains. For the most part they were of rude workmanship, consisting each of one solid oak stem, hollowed out roughly either with fire or by means of some stone implement. Others, however, evinced the use of metal tools, and showed no small amount of ingenuity and mechanical skill. Probably they did not all belong to one period; the more primitive ones being the work of the earlier inhabitants, while the more elaborate were executed by later and somewhat more civilized generations. They were imbedded in the clay in such a way as to indicate that they had sunk in water, and had been slowly enveloped in the mud that gathered over the bed of the river. One of them was stuck in the clay in a nearly vertical position, with the prow uppermost, as if it had been out in a storm, and, capsizing, had gone to the bottom. They lay at various depths from the surface—some being at the level of low water, while others were situated considerably above the limits of the highest recorded tide or river-flood. And in every instance they were overlaid by the common alluvium of the river—a well-stratified clay, not formed by any sudden rush of water carrying mud along with it, but by the slow deposit of the river. It is plain that, at the present relative levels of the estuary and its banks, this alluvium could not have been laid down where we find it. To account for the position of the ca-

noes, too, it is necessary to admit that the sea once covered to some depth the belts of flat ground that run along the margin of the Clyde at Glasgow, and hence that, since the days of the aborigines, the land has here actually risen above the sea.

Apart from questions of science, it is not uninteresting to mark at how early an epoch the advantages of the Clyde, as a maritime station, were recognised. The number of canoes shows that the river must have been much frequented, although no record remains to indicate what may have been the traffic in which they were engaged. What a suggestive contrast, too, is presented to us by the present and the ancient aspect of the scene! To-day all is bustle and business. Ships from the remotest corners of the earth come hither with their merchandize. Vast warehouses and stores are ranged row upon row along the margin of the river, and in these are piled the productions of every clime. Streets, noisy with the rattle of wheels and the tread of horses and the hum of men, stretch away, to the right hand and the left, as far as the eye can reach. The air is heavy with the smoke belched out from thousands of chimneys. And so, day after day, the same endless din goes on; every year adding to it, as the streets and squares creep outward and the tide of human life keeps constantly flowing. But how different the scene when the early races navigated these waters! Down in the earth, beneath these very warehouses and streets, lies the bed of the old river with the remains of the canoes that floated on its surface—silent witnesses of the changes that have been effected, not less on the land than on its inhabitants. We can picture that dim, long-forgotten time, when the sea rose, at least five-and-twenty feet higher in the valley than it does now, and covered with a broad sheet of water the site of the lower parts of the present city of Glasgow. We see the skirts of the dark Caledonian forest sweeping away to the north among the mists and shadows of the distant hills. The lower grounds are brown with peat-bogs and long dreary flats of stunted bent, on which there grows here and there a hazel or an alder-bush, or, perchance, a solitary fir, beneath whose branches a herd of wild cattle, white as the driven snow, browse on the scanty herbage. Yonder, far to the right, a few red deer are slowly pacing up the valley, as the heron, with hoarse outcry and lumbering flight, takes wing, and a canoe, manned by a swarthy savage, with bow across his shoulders, pushes out from the shore. The smoke that curls from the brake in front shows where his comrades are busy before their tents hollowing out the stem of a huge oak, that fell on the neighbouring slope when the last storm swept across from the Atlantic. And there stretches the broad river—its surface never disturbed save by the winds of heaven, or by the plunge of the water-fowl, and the paddles of the canoes—its clear current never darkened except when the rain clouds have gathered far away on the southern hills, and the spate comes roaring down the glens and the waterfalls, and hurries away red and rapid to lose itself in the sea. Such was the landscape when our forefathers first looked upon it. How came it to undergo so total a change? It is not merely that man himself has advanced, that he has uprooted the old forests, extirpated the wild cattle, driven away the red deer to the fastnesses of the mountains, drained the peat-bogs, covered the country with corn-fields and villages, and built along the margin of the river a great city. True, he has done all this, and has undoubtedly been the chief agent in the general change. But nature, too, has helped him. Those vast forces that are lodged beneath the crust of the earth have slowly upheaved the land, and have converted a large part of the bottom of the old estuary into good, dry ground, covered with the richest soil, and fitted in no common degree for the growth of streets. And hence, where his ancestors floated their rude boats he builds his warehouses, and on tracts that were ever wet with the ooze of river and sea, and bore no other inhabitants than the cockle and mussel,

with their congeners, he now plants his country villas and lays out his pleasure-grounds.

If such extensive changes can be traced so clearly on the west side of the country, it may easily be supposed that traces of a similar revolution are not wanting on the east side. The estuary of the Forth, in its upper part, is bounded, especially along the southern margin, by a broad, level plain, known as the "Carse of Falkirk." This flat ground extends away up the valley for some fifteen miles above Stirling, and even at its upper limit, not far from where the Forth bursts from the Highland mountains, its surface does not rise to a height of so much as forty feet above the level of the sea. In the lower part of the carse the surface is about twenty-five feet above high-water mark, and its inequalities are so slight that it looks like a dead level. Here again the reader will have no difficulty in recognising the old raised beach; he can picture the sea flowing over the surface of the carse at high-water, and retreating again as the tide ebbed. Here, too, below the grassy covering, the clay contains thousands of marine shells, grouped in regular layers exactly as the animals lived and died upon the spot. In so far, therefore, the evidence corresponds with that of the Clyde, and leads us to infer an elevation of the land to the extent of at least five-and-twenty feet. Nor are proofs lacking that here, too, this uprise was actually beheld by man. In the upper layers of the carse clay of the Forth, fully twenty feet above the highest level of the tide, the skeletons of no fewer than three whales have been at different times exhumed. They measured from seventy to eighty feet in length, and, in at least one instance, lay with the head pointing up the estuary, as if the animal had got into shallow water and had stranded while ascending from the sea. The most remarkable circumstance in connexion with the discovery of these skeletons was that two of them were accompanied by a piece of perforated stag's horn, evidently of human workmanship, one of the pieces having still attached to it a fragment of the shaft of wood to which it had been fastened. Now, no whale could have advanced some miles inland to a height of twenty feet above high water, and we may be quite certain that the skeletons (which were entire) could not have been carried inland by the natives. There is only one solution of the question. The land has actually risen; and the occurrence of the two horn implements in undisturbed clay beside the skeletons proves that, when the whales stranded, man was already a denizen of the country, and, consequently, that the upheaval to which the island owes its present configuration has taken place within the human period.

The "human period," however, is daily becoming a more indefinite and extended epoch; for modern research tends to throw the early races of man farther back than the date which we have been in the habit of assigning to them. Is there nothing, then, in the nature or contents of the raised beach to tell about what part of this vast human period the last elevation of the Scottish coasts took place? If the space of this article permitted, it would not be difficult to show that the general bearing of the archæological evidence from the raised beach points to a not very remote era as the probable time when the elevation was effected. The more finished of the Clyde canoes, the iron implements from the carses of the Forth and Tay, and the absence of what can be proved to be very ancient antiquities on the terrace of the old beach, are facts which indicate that the rise of the land was completed, not only after man had come to the country, but after he had passed out of his earlier stages of barbarism, and had become expert in the use of metal tools. Nay more, an examination of the Roman remains, more especially of the Wall of Antonine, where it terminates on the east at the Forth, and on the west at the Clyde, and the Wall of Severus at its end on the Solway Firth, will lead the observer to suspect that the change

of level may even be, at least in part, later than the advent of the Romans to Britain. This fact, however, has not been hitherto recognised. The Antonine Wall has, indeed, been alleged to prove that since the time of the Romans no alteration of the relative level of sea and land has taken place. It is sufficient to reply, that the Wall, at both its eastern and western ends, *lies above the limit of the raised beach.* If we could restore the land to the position which it occupied when that beach was actually covered by the tides at high water—that is, if we could depress Scotland some twenty or five-and-twenty feet below the sea-level—no part of the Roman Wall would be submerged. So far from such a submersion overtaking any Roman antiquities along the Scottish coast, I believe it will really be found to explain various topographical difficulties, such as the position of certain Roman towns and harbours.

Early in the summer of the past year, I was fortunate enough to light upon a sand-pit close to the margin of the Water of Leith, where that stream, after winding through the rich plains of Edinburghshire, enters the Firth of Forth, at Leith. In this opening were laid bare the various layers of sand, gravel, silt, and shells, to which reference has been so often made in this paper as the characteristic deposits of the raised beach. The height of these strata above the sea-level was about twenty-five feet, the same elevation as the surface of the Falkirk carse. The top of the sand-pit was probably about thirty feet. At a first glance, there was nothing to distinguish the section here displayed from the ordinary character of the old beach, where it runs up the estuary of a stream. The layers of sand and silt exactly resemble those which are at this moment being deposited along the neigbouring shores. In looking more narrowly, however, in company with my friend Dr. Young, of the Geological Survey, I succeeded, along with him, in detecting some fragments of pottery regularly imbedded in one of the silt beds, and overlaid by several feet of stratified sand and shells. Following up this discovery, we obtained some additional pieces of the same kind of pottery, along with some fragmentary bones, which my friend regarded at the time as probably those of a deer. We submitted the pottery to the curator of the Antiquarian Museum, at Edinburgh, who allowed us to compare it with the collection of ceramic antiquities in the Museum. Its resemblance to the coarse yellow pottery of the larger Roman vessels was complete, in colour, texture, thickness, and, indeed, in its whole appearance. The curator, Mr. Macculloch. had previously indicated its apparently Roman character, and it was highly satisfactory to see the date of the fragments so clearly shown by the amphoræ and other utensils of the Museum. When we had ascertained that the pottery was really the work of Roman hands, the deduction that must be drawn from its occurrence where we found it, became clear enough. But, lest there should have been by any chance a mistake on our part as to the precise nature of the deposit in which the fragments lay imbedded, or as to the manner of their occurrence, we repaired once more to the sand-pit, taking another geological friend to assist. With the aid of a large pick-axe and spade we removed a considerable amount of the stiff, dark-coloured silt, and found a few more fragments of the same character as before. We fully confirmed our original observations. The fragments of pottery were imbedded in the silt horizontally, like the flatter stones and oyster valves, just as they would have been assorted by the tide upon the beach. Above them were thin layers of pure sand, intercalated in straight horizontal lines amid the silt, and over all came some bands of stratified shell-sand, with barnacles still adhering to some of the larger stones. These strata had thus never been disturbed since their deposition; and the fragments of pottery were so arranged as to preclude the possibility of their having been introduced from the surface through rents in the clay. The conclusion, therefore, followed necessarily,

that these strata formed the shore when the fragments of pottery were thrown down where we found them, and that, since that period, the old beach has been elevated along with the rest of the country to a height of somewhere about five-and-twenty feet. The Roman origin of the pottery proved further that this elevation must have been effected since the year 80 of our era, that being the date of the first Roman invasion of Scotland.

It remains as the work of future years to determine to what extent the rest of Britain participated in this movement. That the upheaval extended over the whole of the centre of Scotland cannot be doubted. That it may have included at least the north of England is rendered not improbable, from the fact that the western end of the Wall of Severus, which reached the sea on the shores of the Solway, is now a long way distant from the shore. This interval may, however, be to some extent, the result of a silting up of the estuary. We have still to learn, too, about what century the upward movement ceased, for during the last three or four hundred years, at least, there does not appear to have been any change in the level of sea and land. It probably went on very slowly, during those long dark centuries about which we know so little, the land rising inch by inch and foot by foot, and the sea appearing to creep back from cliff and sluice, making islets of submerged rocks, forsaking clefts and caves wherein it loved to boil and foam, and leaving wide level tracts of marshy ground along the margin of the firths and bays. So gradual and tranquil a change was little likely to attract attention, during those ages of wild warfare, when Caledonian and Roman, Pict and Scot, Saxon and Norman, alternately strove for the possession of the lonely moors and mountains, and gloomy impenetrable forests of ancient Scotland. We are not to expect to find it recorded among the wars and battles that form the main subject of our older chronicles. Yet it is far from impossible that accidental notices may there be found, helping us to understand how the upheaval went on, and about what period the land came to be stationary. I commend the subject to those who addict themselves to archæological pursuits. Every fact that tends in any way to show the progress of the change has not only a geological importance, but possesses no little interest in relation to our history as a great seafaring people.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER XLVII.

LADY HAINAULT'S BLOTTING-BOOK.

In the natural course of events, I ought now to follow Charles in his military career, step by step. But the fact is that I know no more about the details of horse-soldiering than a marine, and, therefore, I cannot. It is within the bounds of possibility that the reader may congratulate himself on my ignorance, and it may also be possible that he has good reason for so doing.

Within a fortnight after Hornby's introduction to Lord Saltire and Lady Ascot, he was off with the head-quarters of his regiment to Varna. The depôt was at Windsor, and there, unknown to Hornby, was Charles, drilling and drilling. Two more troops were to follow the head-quarters in a short time, and so well had Charles stuck to his duty that he was considered fit to take his place in one of them. Before his moustaches were properly grown, he found himself a soldier in good earnest.

In all his troubles this was the hap-

piest time he had, for he had got rid of the feeling that he was a disgraced man. If he must wear a livery, he would wear the Queen's; there was no disgrace in that. He was a soldier, and he would be a hero. Sometimes, perhaps, he thought for a moment that he, with his two thousand pounds worth of education, might have been better employed than in littering a horse, and swash-bucklering about among the Windsor taverns; but he did not think long about it. If there were any disgrace in the matter, there was a time coming soon, by all accounts, when the disgrace would be wiped out in fire and blood. On the Sunday, when he saw the Eton lads streaming up to the terrace, the old Shrewsbury days, and the past generally, used to come back to him rather unpleasantly; but the bugle put it all out of his head again in a moment. Were there not the three most famous armies in the world gathering, gathering, for a feast of ravens? Was not the world looking on in silence and awe, to see England, France, and Russia locked in a death-grip? Was not he to make one at the merry meeting? Who could think at such a time as this?

The time was getting short now. In five days they were to start for Southampton, to follow the head-quarters to Constantinople, to Varna, and so into the dark thunder-cloud beyond. He felt as certain that he would never come back again, as that the sun would rise on the morrow.

He made the last energetic effort that he made at all. It was like the last struggle of a drowning man. He says that the way it happened was this. And I believe him, for it was one of his own mad impulses, and, like all his other impulses, it came too late. They came branking into some pot-house, half-a-dozen of them, and talked loud about this and that, and one young lad among them said, that "he would give a thousand pounds, if he had it, to see his sister before he went away, for fear she should think that he had gone off without thinking of her."

Charles left them and walked up the street. As he walked his purpose grew. He went straight to the quarters of a certain cornet, son to the major of the regiment, and asked to speak to him.

The cornet, a quiet, smooth-faced boy, listened patiently to what he had to say, but shook his head and told him he feared it was impossible. But, he said, after a pause, he would help him all he could. The next morning he took him to the major while he was alone at breakfast, and Charles laid his case before him so well, that the kind old man gave him leave to go to London at four o'clock, and come back by the last train the same evening.

The Duchess of Cheshire's ball was the last and greatest which was given that season. It was, they say, in some sort like the Duchess of Richmond's ball before Waterloo. The story I have heard is, that Lord George Barty persuaded his mother to give it, because he was sure that it would be the last ball he should ever dance at. At all events the ball was given, and he was right, for he sailed in the same ship as Charles four days after, and was killed at Balaclava. However, we have nothing to do with that. All we have to do with is the fact, that it was a very great ball indeed, and that Lady Hainault was going to it.

Some traditions and customs grow by degrees into laws, ay, and into laws less frequently broken than those made and provided by Parliament. Allow people to walk across the corner of one of your fields for twenty years, and there is a right of way, and they may walk across that field till the crack of doom. Allow a man to build a hut on your property, and live in it for twenty years, and you can't get rid of him. He gains a right there. (I never was annoyed in either of these ways myself, for reasons which I decline to mention; but it is the law, I believe.) There is no law to make the young men fire off guns at one's gate on the 5th of November, but they never miss doing it. (I found some of the men using their rifles for this purpose last year, and had to fulminate about it). To follow out the

argument, there was no rule in Lord Hainault's house that the children should always come in and see their aunt dress for a ball. But they always did; and Lady Hainault herself, though she could be perfectly determined, never dared to question their right.

They behaved very well. Flora brought in a broken picture-broom, which, stuck into an old straw hat of Archy's, served her for feathers. She also made unto herself a newspaper fan. Gus had an old twelfth-cake ornament on his breast for a star, and a tape round his knee for a garter. In this guise they represented the Duke and Duchess of Cheshire, and received their company in a corner, as good as gold. As for Archy, he nursed his cat, sucked his thumb, and looked at his aunt.

Mary was "by way of" helping Lady Hainault's maid, but she was very clumsy about it, and her hands shook a good deal. Lady Hainault, at last looking up, saw that she was deadly pale, and crying. So, instead of taking any notice, she dismissed the children as soon as she could, as a first step towards being left alone with Mary.

Gus and Flora, finding that they must go, changed the game, and made believe they were at court, and that their aunt was the Queen. So they dexterously backed to the door and bowed themselves out. Archy was lord chamberlain, or gold stick, or what not, and had to follow them in the same way. He was less successful, for he had to walk backwards, sucking his thumb, and nursing his cat upside down (she was a patient cat, and was as much accustomed to be nursed that way as any other). He got on very well till he came to the door, when he fell on the back of his head, crushing his cat and biting his thumb to the bone. Gus and Flora picked him up, saying that lord chamberlains never cried when they fell on the backs of their heads. But Archy, poor dear, was obliged to cry a little, the more so as the dear cat had bolted upstairs, with her tail as big as a fox's, and Archy was afraid she was angry with him, which seemed quite possible. So Mary had to go out and take him to the nursery. He would stop his crying, he said, if she would tell him the story of Tredy Avedy. So she told it him quite to the end, where the baffled old sorcerer, Gongolo, gets into the plate-warmer with his three farthings and the brass soup ladle, shuts the door after him, and disappears for ever. After which she went down to Lady Hainault's room again.

Lady Hainault was alone now. She was sitting before her dressing table, with her hands folded, apparently looking at herself in the glass. She took no notice of what she had seen; though, now they were alone together, she determined that Mary should tell her what was the matter—for, in truth, she was very anxious to know. She never looked at Mary when she came in; she only said,

"Mary, my love, how do I look?"

"I never saw you look so beautiful before," said Mary.

"I am glad of that. Hainault is so ridiculously proud of me, that I really delight in looking my best. Now, Mary, let me have the necklace; that is all, I believe, unless you would like me to put on a little rouge."

Mary tried to laugh but could not. Her hands were shaking so that the jewels were clicking together as she held them. Lady Hainault saw that she must help her to speak, but she had no occasion; the necklace helped her.

It was a very singular necklace, a Hainault heirloom, which Lady Hainault always wore on grand occasions to please her husband. There was no other necklace like it anywhere, though some folks who did not own it said it was old-fashioned, and should be reset. It was a collar of nine points, the ends of brilliants, running upwards as the points broadened into larger rose diamonds. The eye, catching the end of the points, was dazzled with yellow light, which faded into red as the rays of the larger roses overpowered the brilliants: and at the upper rim the soft crimson haze of light melted, overpowered, into nine blazing great rubies. It seemed, how-

ever, a shame to hide such a beautiful neck by such a glorious bauble.

Mary was trying to clasp it on, but her fingers failed, and down went the jewels clashing on the floor. The next moment she was down too, on her knees, clutching Lady Hainault's hand, and saying, or trying to say, in spite of a passionate burst of sobbing, "Lady Hainault, let me see him; let me see him, or I shall die."

Lady Hainault turned suddenly upon her, and laid her disengaged hand upon her hair. "My little darling," she said, "my pretty little bird."

"You must let me see him. You could not be so cruel. I always loved him, not like a sister, oh! not like a sister, woe to me. As you love Lord Hainault; I know it now."

"My poor little Mary. I always thought something of this kind."

"He is coming to-night. He sails to-morrow or next day, and I shall never see him again."

"Sails! where for?"

"I don't know; he does not say. But you must let me see him. He don't dream I care for him, Lady Hainault. But I must see him, or I shall die."

"You shall see him; but who is it? Any one I know?"

"Who is it? Who could it be but Charles Ravenshoe."

"Good God! Coming here to-night. Mary, ring the bell for Alwright. Send round to South Audley Street for Lord Saltire, or William Ravenshoe, or some of them. They are dying to catch him. There is something more in their eagerness than you or I know of. Send at once, Mary, or we shall be too late. When does he come? Get up, my dear. My poor little Mary. I am so sorry. Is he coming here? And how soon will he come, dear? Do be calm. Think what we may do for him. He should be here now. Stay, I will write a note—just one line. Where is my blotting-book? Alwright, get my blotting-book. And stay; say that, if any one calls for Miss Corby, he is to be shown into the drawing-room at once. Let us go there, Mary."

Alwright had meanwhile, not having heard the last sentence, departed to the drawing-room, and possessed herself of Lady Hainault's portfolio, meaning to carry it up to the dressing-room; then she had remembered the message about any one calling being shown up to the drawing-room, and had gandered down to the hall to give it to the porter; after which she gandered upstairs to the dressing-room again, thinking that Lady Hainault was there. So, while she and Mary were looking for the blotting-book impatiently in the drawing-room, the door was opened, and the servant announced, "A gentleman to see Miss Corby."

He had discreetly said a gentleman, for he did not like to say a dragoon. Mary turned round and saw a man all scarlet and gold before her, and was frightened and did not know him. But when he said, "Mary," in the old, old voice, there came such a rush of bygone times, bygone words, scenes, sounds, meetings and partings, sorrows and joys, into her wild, warm little heart, that, with a low, loving, tender cry, she ran to him and hid her face on his bosom.

And Lady Hainault swept out of the room after that unlucky blotting-book. And I intend to go after her, out of mere politeness, to help her to find it. I will not submit to be lectured for making an aposiopesis. If any think they could do this business better than I, let them communicate with the publishers, and finish the story for themselves. I decline to go into that drawing-room at present. I shall wander upstairs into my lady's chamber, after that goosey-gander Alwright, and see what she has done with the blotting-book.

Lady Hainault found the idiot of a woman in her dressing-room, looking at herself in the glass, with the blotting book under her arm. The maid looked as foolish as people generally do who are caught looking at themselves in the glass. (How disconcerting it is to be found standing on a chair before the chimney glass, just to have a look at your entire figure before going to a

party !) But Lady Hainault said nothing to her; but, taking the book from under her arm, she sat down and fiercely scrawled off a note to Lord Saltire, to be opened by any of them, to say that Charles Ravenshoe was then in her house, and to come in God's name.

"I have caged their bird for them," she said out loud when she had just finished and was folding up the letter; "they will owe me a good turn for this."

The maid, who had no notion anything was the matter, had been surreptitiously looking in the glass again, and wondering whether her nose was really so very red after all. When Lady Hainault spoke thus aloud to herself, she gave a guilty start, and said, "Immediately, my lady," which you will perceive was not exactly appropriate to the occasion.

"Don't be a goose, my good old Alwright, and don't tread on my necklace, Alwright; it is close at your feet."

So it was. Lying where Mary had dropped it. Alwright thought she must have knocked it off the dressing table; but, when Lady Hainault told her that Miss Corby had dropped it there, Alwright began to wonder why her ladyship had not thought it worth while to pick it up again.

"Put it on while I seal this letter, will you? I cannot trust you, Alwright; I must go myself." She went out of the room and quickly down stairs to the hall. All this had taken but a few minutes; she had hurried as much as was possible, but the time seems longer to us, because, following my usual plan of playing the fool on important occasions, I have been telling you about the lady-maid's nose. She went down quickly to the hall, and sent off one of the men to South Audley Street with her note, giving him orders to run all the way, and personally to see Lady Ascot, or some one else of those named. After this she came upstairs again.

When she came to the drawing-room door, Charles was standing at it. "Lady Hainault," he said, "would you come here, please? Poor Mary has fainted."

"Poor thing," said Lady Hainault. "I will come to her. One word, Mr. Ravenshoe. Oh, do think one instant of this fatal, miserable resolution of yours. Think how fond we have all been of you. Think of the love that your cousin and Lady Ascot bear for you, and communicate with them. At all events stay ten minutes more, and see one of them. I must go to poor Mary."

"Dear Lady Hainault, you will not change my resolution to stand alone. There is a source of disgrace you probably know nothing of. Besides, nothing short of an Order in Council could stop me now. We sail for the East in twenty-four hours."

They had just time for this, very hurriedly spoken, for poor little Mary had done what she never had done before in her life, fainted away. Lady Hainault and Charles went into the drawing-room.

Just before this, Alwright, coming down stairs, had seen her most sacred mistress standing at the drawing-room door, talking familiarly and earnestly to a common soldier. Her ladyship had taken his hand in hers, and was laying her other hand upon his breast. Alwright sat down on the stairs.

She was a poor feeble thing, and it was too much for her. She was Casterton-bred, and had a feeling for the honour of the family. Her first impulse was to run to Lord Hainault's dressing-room door and lock him in. Her next was to rock herself to and fro and moan. She followed the latter of these two impulses. Meanwhile, Lady Hainault had succeeded in bringing poor Mary to herself. Charles had seen her bending over the poor little lifeless body, and blessed her. Presently Lady Hainault said, "She is better now, Mr. Ravenshoe, will you come and speak to her?" There was no answer. Lady Hainault thought Charles was in the little drawing-room, and had not heard her. She went there. It was dimly lighted, but she saw in a moment that it was empty. She grew frightened, and hurriedly went out on to the stairs.

There was no one there. She hurried down, and was met by the weeping Alwright.

"He is safe out of the house, my lady," said that brilliant genius. "I saw him come out of the drawing-room, and I ran down and sent the hall porter on a message, and let him out myself. Oh! my lady! my lady!"

Lady Hainault was a perfect-tempered woman, but she could not stand this. "Alwright," she said, "you are a perfect, hopeless, imbecile idiot. Go and tell his lordship to come to me instantly. Instantly! do you hear? I wouldn't," she continued to herself when Alwright was gone, "face Lord Saltire alone after this for a thousand pounds."

What was the result of Charles's interview with Mary? Simply this. The poor little thing had innocently shown him, in a way he could not mistake, that she loved him with all her heart and soul. And, when he left that room, he had sworn an oath to himself that he would use all his ingenuity to prevent her ever setting eyes on him again. "I am low and degraded enough now," he said to himself; "if I gave that poor innocent child the opportunity of nourishing her love for me, I should be too low to live."

He did not contemplate the possibility, you see, of raising himself to her level. No. He was too much broken down for that. Hope was dead with him. He had always been a man of less than average strength of will; and two or three disasters—terrible disasters they were, remember—had made him such as we see him, a helpless, drifting log upon the sea of chance. What Lord Welter had said was terribly true, "Charles Ravenshoe is broken-hearted." But to the very last he was a just, honourable, true, kind-hearted man. A man in ten thousand. Call him fool, if you will. I cannot gainsay you there. But when you have said that, you have finished.

Did he love Mary? Yes, from this time forward, he loved her as she loved him; and, the darker the night grew, that star burned steadily and more steadily yet. Never brighter, perhaps, than when it gleamed on the turbid waters, which whelm the bodies of those to whose eyesight all stars have set for ever!

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN WHICH CUTHBERT BEGINS TO SEE THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT.

The stream at Ravenshoe was as low as they had ever seen it, said the keeper's boys who were allowed to take artists and strangers up to see the waterfall in the wood. The artists said that it was more beautiful than ever; for now, instead of roaring headlong over the rocks in one great sheet beneath the quivering oak leaves, it streamed and spouted over and among the black slabs of slate in a million interlacing jets. Yes, the artists were quite satisfied with the state of things; but the few happy souls who had dared to ask Cuthbert for a day or so of salmon-fishing were not so well satisfied by any means. While the artists were saying that this sort of thing, you know, was the sort of thing to show one how true it was that beauty, life, and art, were terms co-ordinate, synonymous, inseparable — that these made up the sum of existence — that the end of existence was love, and what was love, but the worship of the beautiful (or something of this sort, for your artist is but a mortal man, like the rest of us, and is apt, if you give him plenty of tobacco on a hot day, to get uncommon hazy in his talk)—while, I say, the artists were working away like mad, and uttering the most beautiful sentiments in the world, the anglers were, as old Master Lee, up to Slarrow, would have said, "dratting" the scenery, the water, the weather, the beer, and existence generally, because it wouldn't rain. If it had rained, you see, the artists would have left talking about the beautiful, and begun "dratting" themselves; leaving the anglers to talk about the beautiful as best they might. Which fact gives rise to moral reflections of the profoundest sort. But every one, except the discontented anglers, would

have said that it was heavenly summer weather. The hay was all got in without one drop of rain on it. And now, as one glorious, cloudless day succeeded another, all the land seemed silently swelling with the wealth of the harvest. Fed by gentle dews at night, warmed by the genial sun by day, the corn began to turn from grey to gold, and the distant valleys which spread away inland, folded in the mighty grey arms of the moor, shone out gallantly with acre beyond acre of yellow wheat and barley. A still, happy time!

And the sea! Who shall tell the beauty of the restless Atlantic in such weather? For nearly three weeks there was a gentle wind, now here, now there, which just curled the water, and made a purple shadow for such light clouds as crept across the blue sky above. Night and morning the fishing boats crept out and in. Never was such a fishing season. The mouth of the stream was crowded with salmon, waiting to get up the first fresh. You might see them as you sailed across the shallow sand-bank, the Delta of the stream, which had never risen above the water for forty years, yet which now, so still had been the bay for three weeks, was within a foot of the surface at low tide.

A quiet, happy time! The three old Master Lees lay all day on the sand, where the fishing boats were drawn up, and had their meals brought to them by young male relatives, who immediately pulled off every rag of clothes they had, and went into the water for an hour or two. The minding of these 'ere clothes, and the looking out to sea, was quite enough employment for these three old cronies. They never fell out once for three weeks. They used to talk about the war, or the cholera, which was said to be here, or there, or coming, or gone. But they cared little about that. Ravenshoe was not a cholera place. It had never come there before, and they did not think it was coming now. They were quite right; it never came. Cuthbert used his influence, and got the folks to move some cabbage stalks, and rotten fish, just to make sure, as he said. They would have done more for him than that just now; so it was soon accomplished. The juvenile population, which is the pretty way of saying the children, might have offered considerable opposition to certain articles of merchandise being removed without due leave obtained and given; but, when it was done, they were all in the water as naked as they were born. When it was over they had good sense enough to see that it could not be helped. These sweeping measures of reform, however, are apt to bear hard on particular cases. For instance, young James Lee, great-grandson of Master James Lee, up to Slarrow, lost six dozen (some say nine, but that I don't believe) of oyster shells, which he was storing up for a grotto. Cuthbert very properly refunded the price of them, which amounted to twopence.

"Nonsense, again," you say. Why, no! What I have written above is not nonsense. The whims and oddities of a village, which one has seen with one's own eyes, and heard with one's own ears, are not nonsense. I knew, when I began, what I had to say in this chapter, and I have just followed on a train of images. And the more readily, because I know that what I have to say in this chapter must be said without effort to be said well.

If I thought I was writing for a reader who was going to criticise closely my way of telling my story, I tell you the honest truth, I should tell my story very poorly indeed. Of course I must submit to the same criticism as my betters. But there are times when I feel that I must have my reader go hand in hand with me. To do so, he must follow the same train of ideas as I do. At such times I write as naturally as I can. I see that greater men than I have done the same. I see that Captain Marryat, for instance, at a particular part of his noblest novel, "The King's Own," has put in a chapter about his grandmother and the spring tides, which, for perfect English and rough humour, it is hard to match anywhere.

I have not dared to play the fool, as

he has, for two reasons. The first, that I could not play it so well, and the second, that I have no frightful tragedy to put before you, to counterbalance it, as he had. Well, it is time that this rambling came to an end. I hope that I have not rambled too far, and bored you. That would be very unfortunate just now.

Ravenshoe bay again, then—in the pleasant summer drought I have been speaking of before! Father Mackworth and the two Tiernays were lying on the sand, looking to sea. Cuthbert had gone off to send away some boys who were bathing too near the mouth of the stream and hunting his precious salmon. The younger Tiernay had recently taken to collect "common objects of the shore"—a pleasant, healthy mania which prevailed about that time. He had been dabbling among the rocks at the western end of the bay, and had just joined his brother and Father Mackworth with a tin-box full of all sorts of creatures, and he turned them out on the sand and called their attention to them.

"A very good morning's work, my brother," he said. "These anemones are all good and rare ones."

"Bedad," said the jolly priest, "they'd need be of some value, for they a'int pretty to look at; what's this cockle now wid the long red spike coming out of him?"

"Cardium tuberculatum."

"See here, Mackworth," said Tiernay, rolling over towards him on the sand with the shell in his hand. "Here's the rid-nosed oysther of Carlingford. Ye remember the legend about it, surely?"

"I don't, indeed," said Mackworth, angrily, pretty sure that Father Tiernay was going to talk nonsense, but not exactly knowing how to stop him.

"Not know the legend?" said Father Tiernay. "Why, when Saint Bridget was hurrying across the sand, to attend Saint Patrick in his last illness, poor dear, this divvle of a oysther was sunning himself on the shore, and, as she went by, he winked at her holiness with the wicked eye of 'um, and he says, says he, 'Nate ankles enough anyhow,' he says. 'Ye're drunk ye spalpeen,' says St. Bridget, 'to talk like that at an honest gentlewoman.' 'Sorra a bit of me,' says the oysther. 'Ye're always drunk,' says St. Bridget. 'Drunk yourself,' says the oysther; 'I'm fastin from licker since the tide went down.' 'What makes yer nose so red, ye scoundrel?' says St. Bridget: 'No ridder nor yer own,' says the oysther, getting angry. For the Saint was stricken in years, and red-nosed by rayson of being out in all weathers, seeing to this and to that. 'Yer nose is red through drink,' says she, 'and yer nose shall stay as rid as mine is now, till the day of judgment.' And that's the legend about St. Bridget and the Carlingford oysther, and ye ought to be ashamed that ye never heard it before."

"I wish, sir," said Mackworth, "that you could possibly stop yourself from talking this preposterous, indecent nonsense. Surely the first and noblest of Irish Saints may claim exemption from your clumsy wit."

"Begorra, I'm catching it, Mr. Ravenshoe," said Tiernay.

"What for?" said Cuthbert, who had just come up.

"Why, for telling a legend. Sure, I made it up on the spot. But it is none the worse for that; d'ye think so now?"

"Not much the better, I should think," said Cuthbert, laughing.

"Allow me to say," said Mackworth, "that I never heard such shameless, blasphemous nonsense in my life."

The younger Tiernay was frightened, and began gathering up his shells and weeds. His beautiful weak face was turned towards the great, strong, coarse face of his brother, with a look of terror, and his fingers trembled as he put the sea-spoils into his box. Cuthbert, watching them both, guessed that sometimes Father Tiernay could show a violent, headlong temper, and that his brother had seen an outbreak of this kind and trembled for one now. It was only a guess, possibly a good one; but there were no signs of such an out-

break now. Father Tiernay only lay back on the sand and laughed, without a cloud on his face.

"Bedad," he said, "I've been lying on the sand, and the sun has got into my stomach and made me talk nonsense. When I was a gossoon, I used to sleep with the pig; and it was a poor feeble-minded pig, as never got fat on petaty skins. If folly's catchin', I must have caught it from that pig. Did ye ever hear the legend of St. Laurence O'Toole's wooden-legged sow, Mackworth?"

It was evident, after this, that, the more Mackworth fulminated against good Father Tiernay's unutterable nonsense, the more he would talk; so he rose and moved sulkily away. Cuthbert asked him, laughing, what the story was.

"Faix," said Tiernay, "I ain't sure, principally because I havn't had time to invent it; but we've got rid of Mackworth, and can now discourse reasonably."

Cuthbert sent a boy up to the hall for some towels, and then lay down on the sand beside Tiernay. He was very fond of that man in spite of his reckless Irish habit of talking nonsense. He was not alone there. I think that every one who knew Tiernay liked him.

They lay on the sand together, those three; and, when Father Mackworth's anger had evaporated, he came back and lay beside him. Tiernay put his hand out to him, and Mackworth shook it, and they were reconciled. I believe Mackworth esteemed Tiernay, though they were so utterly unlike in character and feeling. I know that Tiernay had a certain admiration for Mackworth.

"Do you think, now," said Tiernay, "that you Englishmen enjoy such a scene and such a time as this as much as we Irishmen do? I cannot tell. You talk better about it. You have a dozen poets to our one. Our best poet, I take it, is Tommy Moore. You class him as third-rate; but I doubt, mind you, whether you feel nature so acutely as we do."

"I think we do," said Cuthbert, eagerly. "I cannot think that you can feel the beauty of the scene we are looking at more deeply than I do. You feel nature as in 'Silent O'Moyle;' we feel it as in Keats's 'St. Agnes' Eve.'"

He was sitting up on the sand, with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. None of them spoke for a time; and he, looking seaward, said, idly, in a low voice—

"'St. Agnes' Eve. Ah! bitter chill it was.
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped, trembling, through the frozen grass;
And drowsy was the flock in woolly fold.'"

What was the poor lad thinking of? God knows. There are times when one can't follow the train of a man's thoughts—only treasure up their spoken words as priceless relics.

His beautiful face was turned towards the dying sun, and in that face there was a look of such kindly, quiet peace, that they who watched it were silent, and waited to hear what he would say.

The western headland was black before the afternoon sun, and, far to sea, Lundy lay asleep in a golden haze. All before them the summer sea heaved between the capes and along the sand, and broke in short crisp surf at their feet, gently moving the seaweed, the sand, and the shells.

"St. Agnes' Eve," he said again. "Ah, yes! that is one of the poems written by Protestants which help to make men Catholics. Nine-tenths of their highest religious imagery is taken from Catholicism. The English poets have nothing to supply the place of it. Milton felt it, and wrote about it; yes, after ranging through all heathendom for images, he comes home to us at last:—

"'Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.'

"Yes; he could feel for that cloister life. The highest form of human happiness! We have the poets with us, at all events. Why, what is the most

perfect bijou of a poem in the English language? Tennyson's 'St. Agnes.' He had to come to us."

The poor fellow looked across the sea, which was breaking in crisp ripples at his feet among the seaweed, the sand, and the shells; and, as they listened, they heard him say, almost passionately—

"'Break up the heavens, oh! Lord, and far
Through all yon starlight keen
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star
In raiment white and clean.'

"They have taken our churches from us, and driven us into Birmingham-built chapels. They sneer at us, but they forget that we built their arches and stained their glass for them. Art has revenged herself on them for their sacrilege by quitting earth in disgust. They have robbed us of our churches and our revenues, and turned us out on the world. Ay, but we are revenged. They don't know the use of them now they have got them; and the only men who could teach them, the Tractarians, are abused and persecuted by them for their superior knowledge."

So he rambled on, looking seaward; at his feet the surf playing with the sand, the seaweed, and the shells.

He made a very long pause, and then, when they thought that he was thinking of something quite different, he suddenly said—

"I don't believe it matters whether a man is buried in the chancel, or out of it. But they are mad to discourage such a feeling as that, and not make use of it. Am I the worse man because I fancy that, when I lie there so quiet, I shall hear above my head the footfalls of those who go to kneel around the altar? What is it one of them says—

"'Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God.'"

He very seldom spoke so much as this. They were surprised to hear him ramble on so; but it was an afternoon in which it was natural to sit upon the shore and talk, saying straight on just what came uppermost—a quiet, pleasant afternoon; an afternoon to lie upon the sand and conjure up old memories.

"I have been rambling, hav'n't I?" he said presently. "Have I been talking aloud, or only thinking?"

"You have been talking," said Tiernay, wondering at such a question.

"Have I? I thought I had been only thinking. I will go and bathe, I think, and clear my head from dreams. I must have been talking poetry, then," he added, smiling.

"Ay, and talking it uncommon well too," said Tiernay.

A young fisherman was waiting with a boat, and the lad had come with his towels. He stepped lazily across the sand to the boat, and they shoved off.

Besides the murmur of the surf upon the sand, playing with the shells and seaweed; besides the shouting of the bathing boys; besides the voices of the home-returning fishermen, carried sharp and distinct along the water; besides the gentle chafing of the stream among the pebbles, was there no other sound upon the beach that afternoon? Yes, a sound different to all these. A loud-sounding alarm drum, beating more rapidly and furiously each moment, but only heard by one man, and not heeded by him.

The tide drawing eastward, and a gentle wind following it, hardly enough to fill the sails of the lazy fishing-boat and keep them to their course! Here and there among the leeward part of the fleet, you might hear the sound of an oar working in the rowlocks, sleepily coming over the sea and mingling harmoniously with the rest.

The young man with Cuthbert rowed out a little distance, and then they saw Cuthbert standing in the prow undressing himself. The fishing boats near him luffed and hurriedly put out oars, to keep away. The Squire was going to bathe, and no Ravenshoe man was ill-mannered enough to come near.

Those on the shore saw him standing stripped for one moment—a tall majestic figure. Then they saw him plunge into the water and begin swimming.

And then;—it is an easy task to tell it. They saw his head go under water, and, though they started on their feet

and walked till seconds grew to minutes and hope was dead, it never rose again. Without one cry, without one struggle, without even one last farewell wave of the hand, as the familiar old landscape faded on his eyes for ever, poor Cuthbert went down; to be seen no more until the sea gave up its dead. The poor wild, passionate heart had fluttered itself to rest for ever.

The surf still gently playing with the sand, the sea changing from purple to grey, and from grey to black, under the fading twilight! The tide sweeping westward towards the tall black headland, towards the slender-curved thread of the new moon, which grew more brilliant as the sun dipped to his rest in the red Atlantic!

Groups of fishermen and sea boys and servants, that followed the ebbing tide as it went westward, peering into the crisping surf to see something they knew was there! One group that paused among the tumbled boulders on the edge of the retreating surges, under the dark promontory, and bent over something which lay at their feet!

The naked corpse of a young man, calm and beautiful in death, lying quiet and still between two rocks, softly pillowed on a bed of green and purple seaweed! And a priest that stood upon the shore, and cried wildly to the four winds of heaven, "Oh, my God, I loved him! My God! my God! I loved him!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE SECOND COLUMN OF "THE TIMES" OF THIS DATE, WITH OTHER MATTERS.

"TOMATO. Slam the door!"

"EDWARD. Come at once; poor Maria is in sad distress. Toodlekins stole!!!"

"J. B. can return to his deeply afflicted family if he likes, or remain away if he likes. The A F, one and all, will view either course with supreme indifference. Should he choose the former alternative, he is requested to be as quick as possible. If the latter, to send the key of the cellaret."

"LOST. A little black and tan lady's lap dog. Its real name is Pussy, but it will answer to the name of Toodlekins best. If any gentleman, living near Kensal Green or Kentish Town, should happen, perfectly accidentally of course, to have it in his possession, and would be so good as to bring it to 997, Sloane Street, I would give him a sovereign and welcome, and not a single question asked, upon my honour."

It becomes evident to me that the dog Toodlekins, mentioned in the second advertisement, is the same dog alluded to in the fourth; unless you resort to the theory that two dogs were stolen on the same day, and that both were called Toodlekins. And you are hardly prepared to do that, I fancy. Consequently, you arrive at this, that the "Maria" of the second advertisement is the "little black and tan lady" of the fourth. And that, in 1854, she lived at 997, Sloane Street. Who was she? Had she made a fortune by exhibiting herself in a caravan like Mrs. Gamp's spotted negress, and taken a house in Sloane Street, for herself, Toodlekins, and the person who advertised for Edward to come and comfort her? Again, who was Edward? Was he her brother? Was he something nearer and dearer? Was he enamoured of her person or her property? I fear the latter. Who could truly love a little black and tan lady?

Again. The wording of her advertisement gives rise to this train of thought. Two persons must always be concerned in stealing a dog—the person who steals the dog, and the person who has the dog stolen; because, if the dog did not belong to any one, it is evident that no one could steal it. To put it more scientifically, there must be an active and a passive agent. Now, I'll bet a dirty old dishcloth against the New York Herald, which is pretty even betting, that our little black and tan friend, Maria, had been passive agent in a dog-stealing case more than once before this, or why does she mention these two localities? But we must get on to the other advertisements.

"LOST. A large white bull-dog, very red about the eyes; desperately savage. Answers to the name of 'Billy.' The advertiser begs that any person finding him will be very careful not to irritate him. The best way of securing him is to make him pin another dog,

and then tie his four legs together and muzzle him. Any one bringing him to the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, will be rewarded."

He seems to have been found the same day, and by some one who was a bit of a wag; for the very next advertisement runs thus:

"FOUND. A large white bull-dog, very red about the eyes; desperately savage. The owner can have him at once, by applying to Queen's Mews, Belgrave Street, and paying the price of the advertisement and the cost of a new pad groom, age 18, as the dog has bitten one so severely about the knee that it is necessary to sell him at once to drive a cab."

"LOST. Somewhere between Mile-end Road and Putney Bridge, an old leathern purse, containing a counterfeit sixpence, a lock of hair in a paper, and a twenty-pound note. Any one bringing the note to 267, Tylney Street, Mayfair, may keep the purse and the rest of its contents for their trouble."

This was a very shabby advertisement. The next, though coming from an attorney's office, is much more munificent. It quite makes one's mouth water, and envy the lucky fellow who would answer it.

"ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD. Register wanted. To parish clerks. Any person who can discover the register of marriage between Petre Ravenshoe, Esq. of Ravenshoe, in the county of Devon, and Maria Dawson, which is supposed to have been solemnised in or about the year 1778, will receive the above reward, on communicating with Messrs. Compton and Brogden, solicitors, 2004, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Tomato slammed the door as he was told. Edward dashed up to 997, Sloane Street, in a hansom cab, just as the little black and tan lady paid one sovereign to a gentleman in a velveteen shooting-coat, from Kentish town, and hugged Toodlekins to her bosom. J. B. came home to his afflicted family with the key of the cellaret. The white bull-dog was restored to the prizefighter, and the groom lad received shin-plaster and was sent home tipsy. Nay, even an honest man, finding that the note was stopped, took it to Tylney Street and got a half-a-crown. But no one ever answered the advertisement of Lord Saltire's solicitor about the marriage register. The long summer dragged on. The square grew dry and dusty; business grew slack, and the clerks grew idle; but no one came. As they sat there drinking gingerbeer, and looking out at the parched lilacs and laburnums, talking about the theatres, and the war, and the cholera, it grew to be a joke with them. When any shabby man in black was seen coming across the square, they would say to one another, "Here comes the man to answer Lord Saltire's advertisement." Many men in black, shabby and smart, came across the square and into the office; but none had a word to say about the marriage of Petre Ravenshoe with Maria Dawson, which took place in the year 1778.

Once, during that long, sad summer, the little shoeblack thought he would saunter up to the house in South Audley Street, before which he had waited so long one night to meet Charles, who had never come. Not perhaps with any hope. Only that he would like to see the place which his friend had appointed. He might come back there some day; who could tell?

Almost every house in South Audley Street had the shutters closed. When he came opposite Lord Ascot's house, he saw the shutters were closed there too. But more; at the second storey there was a great painted board hung edgeways, all scarlet and gold. There was some writing on it too, on a scroll. He could spell a little now, thanks to the ragged school, and he spelt out "Christus Salvator meus." What could that mean? he wondered.

There was an old woman in the area, holding two of the rails in her hands and resting her chin on the kerbstone, looking along the hot desolate street. Our friend went over and spoke to her.

"I say, Missis," he said, "what's that thing up there?"

"That's the scutching, my man," said she.

"The scutching!"

"Ah. My Lord's dead. Died last Friday week, and they've took him down to the country house, to bury him."

"My Lord?" said the boy; "was he the one as used to wear top-boots, and went for a soger?"

The old woman had never see my lord wear top-boots. Had hearn tell, though, as his father used to, and drive a coach and four in 'em. None on 'em hadn't gone for sogers, neither.

"But what's the scutching for?" asked the boy.

They put it up for a year, like for a monument, she said. She couldn't say what the writing on it meant. It was my lord's motter, that was all she knowd. And, being a tender-hearted old woman, and not having the fear of thieves before her eyes, she had taken him down into the kitchen and fed him. When he returned to the upper regions, he was "collared" by a policeman on a charge of "area sneaking," but, after explanations, was let go, to paddle home, barefooted, to the cholera-stricken court where he lived, little dreaming, poor lad, what an important part he was accidentally to play in this history hereafter.

They laid poor Lord Ascot to sleep in the chancel at Ranford, and Lady Ascot stood over the grave like a grey, old, storm-beaten tower. "It is strange, James," she said to Lord Saltire that day, "you and I being left like this, with the young ones going down around us like grass. Surely our summons must come soon, James. It's weary, weary waiting."

CHAPTER L.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Lord Welter was now Lord Ascot. I was thinking at one time that I would continue to call him by his old title, as being the one most familiar to you. But, on second thoughts, I prefer to call him by his real name, as I see plainly that to follow the other course would produce still worse confusion. I only ask that you will bear his change of title in mind. The new Lady Ascot I shall continue to call Adelaide, choosing rather to incur the charge of undue familiarity with people so far above me in social position, than the inevitable confusion which would be caused by my speaking so often as I shall have to speak of two Ladies Ascot, with such a vast difference between them of age and character.

Colonel Whisker, a tenant of Lord Ascot's, had kindly placed his house at the disposal of his Lordship for his father's funeral. Never was there a more opportune act of civility, for Ranford was dismantled, and the doors of Casterton were as firmly closed to Adelaide as the gates of the great mosque at Ispahan to a Christian.

Two or three days after Lord Ascot's death, it was arranged that he should be buried at Ranford. That night the new Lord Ascot came to his wife's dressing-room, as usual, to plot and conspire.

"Ascot," said she, "they are all asked to Casterton for the funeral. Do you think she will ask me?"

"Oh dear, no," said Lord Ascot.

"Why not?" said Adelaide. "She ought to. She is civil enough to me."

"I tell you I know she won't. He and I were speaking about it to-day."

He was looking over her shoulder into the glass, and saw her bite her lip.

"Ah!" she said. "And what did he say?"

"Oh, he came up in his infernal, cold, insolent way, and said that he should be delighted to see me at Casterton during the funeral, but Lady Hainault feared that she could hardly find rooms for Lady Ascot and her maid."

"Did you knock him down? Did you kick him? Did you take him by the throat and knock his hateful head against the wall?" said Adelaide, as quietly as if she was saying "How d'ye do?"

"No, my dear, I didn't," said Lord Ascot. "Partly, you see, because I did not know how Lord Saltire would take it. And remember, Adelaide, I always told you that it would take years, years, before people of that sort would receive you."

"What did you say to him?"

"Well, as much as you could expect me to say. I sneered as insolently, but much more coarsely than he could possibly sneer; and I said that I declined

staying at any house where my wife was not received. And so we bowed and parted."

Adelaide turned round, and said, "That was kind and manly of you, Welter. I thank you for that, Welter."

And so they went down to Colonel Whisker's cottage, for the funeral. The Colonel probably knew quite how the land lay, for he was a man of the world, and so he had done a very good-natured action just at the right time. She and Lord Ascot lived for a fortnight there, in the most charming style; and Adelaide used to make him laugh, by describing what it was possible the other party were doing, up at solemn old Casterton. She used to put her nose in the air and imitate young Lady Hainault to perfection. At another time she would imitate old Lady Hainault and her disagreeable sayings equally well. She was very amusing that fortnight, though never affectionate. She knew that was useless; but she tried to keep Lord Ascot in good humour with her. She had a reason. She wanted to get his ear. She wanted him to confide entirely to her the exact state of affairs between Lord Saltire and himself. Here was Lord Ascot dead, Charles Ravenshoe probably at Alyden in the middle of the cholera, and Lord Saltire's vast fortune, so to speak, going a-begging. If he were to be clumsy now—now that the link formed by Lord Ascot between him and Lord Saltire was taken away—they were ruined indeed. And he was so terribly outspoken!

And so she strained her wits till her face grew sharp and thin, to keep him in good humour. She had a hard task at times; for there was something lying up in the deserted house at Ranford which made Lord Ascot gloomy and savage now and then, when he thought of it. I believe that the man, coarse and brutal as he was, loved his father, in his own way, very deeply.

A night or so after the funeral, there was a dressing-room conference between the two; and, as the conversation which ensued was very important, I must transcribe it carefully.

When he came up to her, she was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, looking so perfectly beautiful that Lord Ascot, astonished and anxious as he was at that moment, remarked it, and felt pleased at and proud of her beauty. A greater fool than she might probably have met him with a look of love. She did not. She only raised her great eyes to his, with a look of intelligent curiosity.

He drew a chair up close to her and said—

"I am going to make your hair stand bolt up on end, Adelaide."

"I don't think so," said she; but she looked startled, nevertheless.

"I am. What do you think of this?"

"This? I think that it is the *Times* newspaper. Is there anything in it?"

"Read," said he, and pointed to the list of deaths. She read.

"Drowned, while bathing in Ravens-
"hoe Bay, Cuthbert Ravenshoe, Esq., of
"Ravenshoe Hall. In the faith that
"his forefathers bled and died for.—
"R.I.P."

"Poor fellow!" she said quietly. "So *he's* gone, and brother William, the groom, reigns in his stead. That is a piece of nonsense of the priests about their dying for the faith. I never heard that any of them did that. Also isn't there something wrong about the grammar?"

"I can't say," said Lord Ascot. "I was at Eton, and hadn't the advantage that you had of learning English grammar. Did you ever play the game of trying to read the *Times* right across, from one column to another, and see what funny nonsense it makes?"

"No. I should think it was good fun."

"Do it now."

She did. Exactly opposite the announcement of Cuthbert's death, was the advertisement we have seen before—Lord Saltire's advertisment for the missing register.

She was attentive and eager enough now. After a time, she said, "Oho!"

Lord Ascot said, "Hey! what do you think of that, Lady Ascot?"

"I am all abroad."

"I'll see if I can fetch you home again. Petre Ravenshoe, in 1778, married a milkmaid. She remembered the duties of her position so far as to conveniently die before any one knew what a fool he had made of himself; but so far forgot them, as to give birth to a boy, who lived to be one of the best shots, and one of the jolliest old cocks I ever saw—Old James, the Ravenshoe keeper. Now my dearly beloved grandmother Ascot, is, at this present speaking, no less than eighty-six years old, and so, at the time of the occurrence, was a remarkably shrewd girl of ten. It appears that Petre Ravenshoe, sneaking away here and there with his pretty Protestant wife, out of the way of the priests, and finding life unendurable, not having had a single chance to confess his sins for two long years, came to the goodnatured Sir Cingle Headstall, grandmamma's papa, and opened his griefs, trying to persuade him to break the matter to that fox-hunting old Turk of a father of his, Howard. Sir Cingle was too cowardly to face the old man for a time; and, before the pair of them could summon courage to speak, the poor young thing died at Manger Hall, where they had been staying with the Headstalls some months. This solved the difficulty, and nothing was said about the matter. Petre went home. They had heard reports about his living with a woman and having had a baby born. They asked very few questions about the child or his mother, and of course it was all forgotten utterly, long before his marriage with my grandaunt, Lady Alicia Staunton, came on the tapis, which took place in 1782, when grandma was fourteen years of age. Now grandma had, as a girl of ten, heard this marriage of Petre Ravenshoe with Maria Dawson discussed in her presence, from every point of view, by her father and Petre. Night and morning, at bed-time, at meal-times, sober, and very frequently drunk. She had heard every possible particular. When she heard of his second marriage (my mouth is as dry as dust with this talking; ring the bell, and send your maid down for some claret and water)—when she heard of his second marriage, she never dreamt of saying anything, of course—a chit of fourteen with a great liability to having her ears boxed. So she held her tongue. When afterwards my grandfather made love to her, she held it the tighter, for my grandaunt's sake, of whom she was fond. Petre, after a time, had the boy James home to Ravenshoe, and kept him about his own person. He made him his gamekeeper, treated him with marked favour and so on; but the whole thing was a sort of misprision of felony, and poor silly old grandma was a party to it.

"You are telling this very well, Ascot," said Adelaide. "I will, as a reward, go so far out of my usual habits as to mix you some claret and water. I am not going to be tender, you know; but I'll do so much. Now that's a dear, good fellow; go on."

"Now comes something unimportant, but inexplicable. Old Lady Hainault knew it, and held *her* tongue. How or why is a mystery we cannot fathom, and don't want to. Grandma says that she would have married Petre herself, and that her hatred for grandma came from the belief that grandma could have stopped the marriage with my grandaunt by speaking. After it was over, she thinks that Lady Hainault had sufficient love left for Petre to hold her tongue. But this is nothing to the purpose. This James, the real heir of Ravenshoe, married an English girl, a daughter of a steward on one of our Irish estates, who had been born in Ireland and was called Norah. She was, you see, Irish enough at heart; for she committed the bull of changing her own child, poor dear Charles, the real heir, for his youngest half-brother, William, by way of bettering his position, and then confessed the whole matter to the priest. Now this new discovery would blow the honest priest's boat out of the water; but:—

"Yes!"

"Why, grandma can't, for the life of her, remember where they were married.

She is certain that it was in the north of Hampshire, she says. Why or wherefore, she can't say. She says they resided the necessary time and were married by licence. She says she is sure of it because she heard him, more than once, say to her father that he had been so careful of poor Maria's honour, that he sent her from Ravenshoe to the house of the clergyman who married them, who was a friend of his; farther than this she knows nothing."

"Hence the advertisement, then. But why was it not inserted before?"

"Why, it appears that, when the whole *esclaudre* took place, and when you, my Lady Ascot, jilted the poor fellow for a man who is not worth his little finger, she communicated with Lord Saltire at once, and the result was that she began advertising in so mysterious a manner that the advertisement was wholly unintelligible. It appears that she and Lord Saltire agreed not to disturb Cuthbert till they were perfectly sure of everything. But, now he is dead, Lord Saltire has insisted on instantly advertising in a sensible way. So you see his advertisement appears actually in the same paper which contains Cuthbert's death, the news of which William got the night before last by telegraph."

"William, eh? How does he like the cup being dashed from his lips like this?"

Lord Ascot laughed. "That ex-groom is a born fool, Lady Ascot. He loves his foster-brother better than twelve thousand a year, Lady Ascot. He is going to start to Varna, and hunt him through the army and bring him back."

"It is incredible," said Adelaide.

"I don't know. I might have been such a fool myself once, who knows?"

Who knows indeed, thought Adelaide, who knows now? "So," she said aloud, "Charles is heir of Ravenshoe after all."

"Yes. You were foolish to jilt him."

"I was. Is Alyden healthy?"

"You know it is not. Our fellows are dying like dogs."

"Do they know what regiment he is in?"

"They think, from Lady Hainault's and Mary Corby's description, that it is the 140th."

"Why did not William start on this expedition before?"

"I don't know. A new impulse! They have written to all sorts of commanding officers, but he won't turn up till he chooses, if I know him right."

"If William brings him back?"

"Why, then he'll come into twelve thousand a year."

"And the whole of Lord Saltire's property?"

"I suppose so."

"And we remain beggars?"

"I suppose so," said Lord Ascot. "It is time to go to bed, Lady Ascot."

This is exactly the proper place to give the results of William's expedition to Varna. He arrived there just after the army had gone forward. Some men were left behind invalided, among whom were two or three of the 140th. One of these William selected as being a likely man from whom to make enquiries.

He was a young man, and, likely enough, a kind-hearted one; but, when he found himself enquired of by a handsome, well-dressed young gentleman, obviously in search of a missing relative, a lying spirit entered into him and he lied horribly. It appeared that he had been the intimate and cherished comrade of Charles Horton (of whom he had never heard in his life). That they had ridden together, drunk together, and slept side by side. That he had nursed him through the cholera, and then (seeing no other way out of the maze of falsehood in which he had entangled himself), that he had assisted to bury him with his own hands. Lastly, lying on through mere recklessness into desperation, and so into a kind of sublimity, he led William out of the town, and pointed out to him Charles's untimely grave. When he saw William pick some dry grass from the grave, when he saw him upon the grave, with his cheek on the earth, then he was sorry for what he had done. And, when he was alone, and saw William's shadow pass across the blazing white wall, for one instant, be-

fore he went under the dark gateway of the town, then the chinking gold pieces fell from his hand on to the burning sandy ground, and he felt that he would have given them and ten times more, to have spoken the truth.

So Charles was dead and buried, was he? Not quite yet, if you please. Who is this riding, one of a gallant train, along the shores of the bay of Eupatoria towards some dim blue mountains? Who is this that keeps looking each minute to the right, at the noble fleet which is keeping pace with the great scarlet and blue rainbow which men call the allied armies? At the great cloud of smoke floating angrily seaward, and the calm waters of the bay beaten into madness by three hundred throbbing propellers?

To be continued.

ON THE PRESENT PROSPECTS OF CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

BY HENRY FAWCETT.

Writers on political economy have long since proved the advantage of the co-operative principle to the working classes; but co-operation has been seriously impeded by powerful obstacles. In England a body of gentlemen, who were sincerely anxious to improve the condition of the working classes, but who were deemed unpractical in their philanthropy, first identified themselves with the co-operative movement, and became its most prominent advocates. Their schemes failed, and for a time co-operation was under a cloud. On the other hand, in France, it happened that the advocates of co-operation were men whose social and political opinions were regarded as extreme. They were men who combined the unpopularity of socialism and republicanism. Thus the co-operative efforts which were made by the Christian socialists in England, and by the republican party in France, encouraged the belief that, if co-operation was not utopian, it was at least socialistic and democratical.

Nothing could have tended more effectually to remove this unfortunate prejudice than the circumstances connected with the progress and establishment of the Rochdale Pioneers. I last year described the wonderful progress of the Co-operative Store which this society established, and which has as yet been by far the most successful establishment of the kind in the kingdom. Those who know its history will probably agree in thinking that the working classes never achieved a work of greater utility, or one which more redounds to their honour. By the conduct of this store, and by their proceedings generally, the Rochdale Pioneers have at least proved that co-operation is not hostile to competition, that it is not in the slightest degree identified with any form of socialism, and that in its political tendency, far from being revolutionary, it is conservative in the truest sense of the word, since the possession of property by the labouring classes has always proved to be the best guarantee for the stability of Government.

The history of the Pioneers' Society may be recapitulated in a few words. About the year 1844, some working men in Rochdale, feeling aggrieved because they were compelled to pay high prices for adulterated food, determined to club together a sum sufficient to purchase some tea and other commodities from a wholesale shop. They probably did not suppose that the undertaking would become a profitable investment, and they would, no doubt, in the first instance have been perfectly satisfied, if

they had succeeded in obtaining good and unadulterated commodities at the same prices they were accustomed to pay for the commodities when largely adulterated. But they soon discovered that, if they purchased tea at a wholesale shop, and retailed it at the ordinary prices charged, a very considerable profit was realized after allowance had been made for all the expenses incurred. The advantages, therefore, to be derived from the system became strikingly apparent, for not only were commodities of the best quality purchased at the same prices as were paid for commodities of a very inferior quality, but the system also proved to be a most profitable trade speculation. No wonder that the working classes were captivated by the prospect of such advantages. They volunteered to increase the amount of money subscribed. For this purpose money was withdrawn from the savings' banks, as this was justly concluded to be a far more eligible investment. The consequence was that the original capital of 28*l.*, which had been subscribed in 1844, had increased to 12,900*l.* in 1856, and to about 32,000*l.* in 1861; and upon this capital a profit of 20 per cent. is realized; and the annual amount of business done by this Pioneers' Society now amounts to 170,000*l.* The profits are divided in the following manner:—Five per cent. is first paid as a fixed dividend upon the capital, and the remaining profits are divided in proportion to the amount of each customer's purchases. The amount of these purchases is recorded by tin tickets. Thus, if a person purchases a pound of tea for five shillings, he receives a tin ticket on which is printed "five shillings." He brings all these tin tickets at the end of each quarter; they are in fact his dividend warrants, which give him a title to a certain share of the profits. This dividend usually amounts to about 1*s.* 8*d.* in the pound on the amount of the purchases made; and thus a customer, having in the first instance paid the ordinary retail prices, afterwards receives a drawback of about 1*s.* 1*d.* in the pound. The Pioneers' Society now embraces so many trades that a working man may purchase from its stores almost every article of food and clothing he may require. The Society has been mainly instrumental in establishing steam flour mills, which annually produce 200,000*l.* worth of flour. These mills now form a separate co-operative institution, and they supply flour to a great number of co-operative stores.

Many most gratifying circumstances may be related with regard to the Rochdale Pioneers. Two and a half per cent. of the profits are appropriated to support the library and the reading-room. Their library contains many thousands of well-selected volumes, and their reading-room is a commodious and most comfortable apartment. Both the library and the reading-room can be gratuitously used not only by the members of the society, but also by their wives and families. One of the last acts, connected with the Rochdale Pioneers, which I have heard recorded, is the presentation by them of a drinking-fountain to their fellow-townsmen. We may well become enthusiastic in our admiration, when contemplating the progress of the Rochdale Pioneers. Their efforts were unaided and unsupported by the classes above them. How trivial is the benefit which others can confer upon the labouring classes, in comparison with the advantage they derive when, like the Rochdale Pioneers, they endeavour to help themselves!

The success of the Rochdale Society, considered simply as a commercial undertaking, is so extraordinary that it becomes very important carefully to inquire into the causes of this success. Let it not be supposed that the Rochdale Society is an exceptional case. In almost every manufacturing town, and also in a great number of towns in the agricultural districts, co-operative stores have been established, and, although on a small scale in comparison with the Rochdale Store, yet, in proportion to the capital subscribed, the profits realized are proportionately high. Glancing over one of the monthly numbers of the *Co-operator*, I perceive that it contains

intelligence from co-operative stores in the following towns — Aberdare, Banff, Blackburn, Burnley, Cleckheaton, Coventry, Dover, Hemel Hempstead, High Green, Huddersfield, Hurstbrook, London, Manchester, Middleton, Newmarket, Norwich, &c. &c. The towns which have just been enumerated prove that co-operative stores are not confined to any particular district. The amount of capital possessed by these different stores varies from a few pounds to many thousands; and it is most encouraging to observe that large profits are realized, and that almost the whole of the advantages of the system of co-operation are obtained even when a store is on a very small scale. Thus, the first quarterly returns which have been published of a small co-operative store at Oxford show that a profit at the rate of 1*s.* 8*d.* in the pound has been realized. But, although the most remarkable success has generally attended these co-operative stores, yet, no doubt, in a few instances they have failed.

I will now endeavour, carefully, to point out the superior advantages possessed by these co-operative stores in comparison with retail shops; then I think the general success of the movement will cease to be a matter of surprise.

All co-operative societies strictly adhere to the rule, that no credit whatever shall be given. An individual may possess shares to the value of 100*l.* in the "Rochdale Pioneers' Society," and yet he is not permitted to buy a pound of tea unless he pays ready money. A co-operative store, therefore, never loses a farthing by a bad debt. When no credit is given, a much greater amount of business can of course be done, than if the greater portion of the capital was locked up in book debts. The Rochdale Pioneers must, to use a commercial expression, turn over their capital ten times in the course of a year. The capital of a retail dealer is probably only turned over half the number of times, and, therefore, can be only half as productive. The working classes derive the most important benefits from dealing at a shop where no credit is given. Few greater evils afflict our working classes than the facility with which they are permitted to get into debt. Such a facility increases their improvidence, and, when once a man gets in debt at any particular shop, he is compelled to continue dealing with it, and he is bound to accept inferior articles at very high prices.

It is not necessary that a co-operative store should solicit custom; it need not attempt to attract purchasers either by newspaper advertisements, or by any advertising means, such as highly decorated shop-fronts. The shareholders of a co-operative store are, in the first place, a sufficient nucleus of customers; and there is no fear of afterwards extending the trade, if a proper management secures that unadulterated articles of the best quality will always be offered at the ordinary retail prices. A co-operative store, therefore, does not require extensive premises; it need not be established in a crowded thoroughfare where rents are extremely high. Its proper position is rather in the centre of the homes of the labouring population. If, however, in any town a new retail shop was opened, it could only hope, in the first instance, to obtain customers by resorting to some species of solicitation, which would involve considerable expense. The new shop must be advertised in the newspapers, and it would have little chance of securing customers unless it can offer some attraction to passers-by in crowded thoroughfares. These considerations are most amply verified by the ascertained fact, that the expenses of a well-conducted co-operative store are very much less than the expenses of a retail business of a similar kind. In the case of the Rochdale Store, these expenses do not amount to two and a half per cent. of the profits, whereas it is usually supposed that a retail business is most economically managed, if the expenses do not exceed five per cent. of the profits. The advantages, therefore, possessed by co-operative stores may be enumerated as follows:—

1. No credit is given; and, therefore, there can be no bad debts. The capital of the concern is much more frequently turned over, and consequently its productiveness, or, in other words, the profits realized, are much increased.

2. When a co-operative store is first established, the shareholders form a nucleus of customers; and, therefore, purchasers need not be attracted by such expensive means as advertisements.

3. The expenses of management are extremely small.

These three causes combined are, I believe, sufficient to explain the unusually high profits realized by every successful co-operative store. In some respects, however, it must be admitted that a retail shop, conducted by an individual owner, possesses advantages over any business conducted on the joint-stock principle, such as a co-operative store. Again and again has the remark been verified, that an individual owner of a business, being more powerfully stimulated by the feeling of self-interest, will show more energy and discrimination in business, than the manager of a joint-stock company. And the truth of this is illustrated by examining some of the business details of the Rochdale Society. Their last quarterly report shows that 30,000*l.* worth of grocery has been sold, and only 1,000*l.* worth of drapery goods. There must be some cause for such a difference. The Lancashire operatives, who are well, even expensively, dressed, certainly do not spend twenty times as much in grocery as in drapery goods; and, therefore, it would appear that those who supply themselves with grocery almost entirely from the Pioneers' Store, deal there only to a limited extent for drapery and clothes. I do not think it is difficult to suggest a reason for this.

The people of Rochdale have confidence that a co-operative store supplies them with such articles as tea and sugar unadulterated, and of the best quality; and since a person, when purchasing tea, cannot easily detect whether it is adulterated, he naturally feels the importance of dealing at a shop in which he can place confidence. But, when a person purchases articles of clothing, he is anxious to select them according to his own taste, and, therefore, wishes to have as large a choice as possible. Hence such a tradesman as a draper ought to be most scrupulously careful in studying the tastes of his customers. Minute attention to what may appear so trivial a matter as taste is not so likely to be exercised by a paid manager as by the individual owner of a business, who, perhaps, feels that his livelihood depends upon attending to such apparently small matters. A co-operative store, therefore, is likely to carry on a much larger business in food than in clothing. But, although a co-operative store, in common with every other joint-stock undertaking, may suffer from the energy and skill of a paid manager, not being stimulated by self-interest, yet this advantage can be amply compensated by the other advantages we have enumerated as connected with the co-operative system; for it has been conclusively demonstrated that, when ordinary care is taken to select a proper manager, a co-operative store is almost certain to succeed, that large profits will be realized, and that the most inestimable advantages are conferred upon the working classes. Any working men who intend to establish a co-operative store may insure success if they will only take the precaution of selecting a proper manager, and of strictly adhering to the principle that no credit shall be given. Experience, perhaps, shows that it is prudent to commence by selling food only; afterwards almost every other business might be embraced, as at Rochdale. There need scarcely be any risk involved in the co-operative stores. It is not necessary to make any speculative purchases; and, as no credit is given, the business can be readily expanded or contracted. The more intelligent working classes, therefore, throughout the country may be confidently advised to establish co-operative shops. The

savings' bank is now their only investment, and the interest they obtain is so small that they have little inducement to save. The impossibility of obtaining more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent. for their capital most effectually discourages providence. A co-operative store, by offering a singularly profitable investment for the savings of the working classes, will most powerfully encourage increased prudence; and without increased prudence it is vain to hope that the condition of the poor can ever be ameliorated.

But the important question now arises —Is the principle of co-operation as certain of success when it assumes a higher development, and is applied to commercial undertakings? I will, in the first place, describe the origin of the Rochdale co-operative cotton manufactory; I will, next, trace its progress up to the present time; and I will then remark upon the danger which may imperil the future success of this and similar institutions.

As an offshoot of the Pioneers' Store, a co-operative cotton mill was established at Rochdale in 1855. The Pioneers' Society has 5,000*l.* invested as capital in the undertaking. At first a portion of a mill was rented, and, in 1856, 96 looms were at work; the profits on the capital were $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The labourers receive the wages current in the trade, and a uniform dividend of 5 per cent. is paid on capital. The remaining profits are divided into two equal shares; one of these is paid as an extra dividend upon capital; the other share is, at the end of each year, divided amongst the labourers. Each labourer's share is in direct proportion to the amount of wages he has received throughout the year. The most efficient workmen, therefore, not only receive, as in other employments, the highest weekly wages, but also obtain a corresponding advantage in the annual division of profits. The most skilled labour and the highest efforts of that skill are secured; and the concern, though in its infancy, has hitherto been able to compete successfully in a business where commercial enterprise has been most particularly developed.

This first great success induced a desire to extend the manufactory, and, as a mill sufficiently large could not be rented, it was determined to build one. The foundation stone was laid in 1856. The mill was opened in the autumn of 1860; its total cost was 45,000*l.*; and it is admitted on all hands that there is not in the country a better mill, or one more complete in every respect. All this was effected entirely by the joint earnings of the working classes; and so great was the desire to join the undertaking, that the capital account was obliged to be closed long before the mill was completed. The supply of capital, in fact, seemed to be so abundant, that it was at once resolved to erect a second mill. Others were anxious to follow the example of Rochdale; and, in Lancashire, numerous other co-operative manufactories have been commenced or projected.

The figures above quoted, no doubt, exhibit a striking success. The co-operative manufactory proved to be a lucrative speculation, and others of the working classes naturally felt anxious to participate in such large gains. I wish, however, dispassionately to consider whether, in the first place, this success was promoted by any exceptional circumstances; and, secondly, I wish to inquire what is the probability that the continuance of this success can be insured.

Now, it is well known that the cotton trade, until the commencement of the civil war in America, had been for some time extremely prosperous; in fact, during the years 1859-60, the profits realized by cotton manufactories were unprecedentedly high. The Rochdale co-operative manufactory, of course, shared the general prosperity in trade; but no one supposed that such extraordinary prosperity could be permanent, and, therefore, the profits of the co-operative cotton manufactory, as well as those of every other manufactory, could not continue to be what they were in 1859-60; because, even

if no other circumstances intervene, we may be certain that exceptionally high profits are sure, in the course of time, to be reduced by the competition of capital—for capitalists will compete against each other to appropriate to themselves as much as possible a profit so unusually high. The years 1859-60 cannot, therefore, be regarded as types of the normal condition of the cotton trade. The working classes, who supplied the capital for the construction of the cotton mills at Rochdale were, no doubt, doomed to disappointment, if they believed that the cotton trade would continue in the same thriving condition, unaffected by any reverses. But now a second question of the greatest possible importance arises—Is a co-operative cotton manufactory likely to succeed as well as a manufactory owned by individual capitalists who, in the ordinary way, employ simply hired labourers? It is often said that a co-operative manufactory is a joint-stock undertaking. It has, no doubt, been proved that a joint-stock trading company can seldom successfully compete with the individual trader; and hence it is concluded that a co-operative manufactory will, for similar reasons, fail to compete with the manufactories which are usually possessed by a few individual capitalists. But there is a fundamental difference between a co-operative company and an ordinary joint-stock company. In some co-operative trading companies the shareholders are alone employed as labourers; almost invariably a great portion of the labour is supplied by the shareholders; and the labourers who are not shareholders participate, as I have remarked in the case of the Rochdale manufactory, in a share of the profits. All the labourers therefore may be regarded as partners in the concern; labour and capital are both recognised as claims to share the profits; and, when a labourer is a shareholder, these claims become united in the same individual.

In this consists the fundamental difference between a co-operative company and an ordinary joint-stock company. The advocates of co-operation justly maintain that, when the labourer receives a share of the profits, he at once becomes interested in the welfare of the concern, and that the highest efficiency of labour is thus secured. Few, perhaps, have adequately considered the pecuniary loss which is incurred from the listlessness and carelessness of the hired labourer, who has ordinarily no motive to do his work well. There is no greater defect in our social system than the absence of a mutual pecuniary interest between the employer and the employed. Ill-feeling is thus constantly engendered, which too frequently gathers sufficient strength to convulse by a strike. The managers of a co-operative manufactory can with truth say that, by making the labourers participate in the profits of the concern, the best labour, and the highest and most skilled efforts of that labour, are secured. We believe that an advantage is in this manner obtained which will amply compensate some of the disadvantages to which a co-operative trading company may be liable. We will proceed to notice some of the difficulties with which such a company will have to contend.

It is well known that the success of a large trading concern almost entirely depends upon the energy and ability of the managers. In the case of a joint-stock company these managers are usually paid by fixed salaries; and therefore it is maintained that such a manager will not have the same motive as the individual owner of the business to exert skill and energy. But this difficulty may, no doubt, to a great extent be overcome if a manager is partly paid by a share of the profits, for it will then be directly his interest to do everything in his power to promote the welfare of the concern. There is, however, perhaps a greater danger to be apprehended with regard to a co-operative trading company; for, when the shareholders have secured good managers, they may, perhaps, not place sufficient confidence in them. The success of a co-operative manufactory may at any time be jeopardised by an act, meditated at one time by a

minority of the shareholders of Rochdale, but which was happily prevented from being carried into execution by the good sense of the majority. The shareholders may at any time object to give labour a share of the profits. A party of the Rochdale shareholders wished to increase their own gains by depriving labour of any share of the profits. But, if this were done, the concern would at once lose the distinctive characteristic of co-operation; it would, in fact, at once be converted from a co-operative into an ordinary joint-stock company. Such a danger may with certainty be obviated if the shareholders are the only labourers who are employed in a co-operative trading establishment. This plan is almost invariably followed in France with the greatest possible success, for in France co-operative trading establishments are more numerous than in England. We probably possess a greater number of co-operative stores; but in France the co-operative principle has been applied to many trades which in England have never been carried on by associations of labourers. A small society of co-operative masons was established in the year 1848, in Paris. This society was reproached for holding certain political opinions, and the Government attempted to discourage it by refusing to it any loan of capital. This intended hostility insured its future success; for the societies which were assisted by the Government in almost every instance proved to be failures. The co-operative masons endured many vicissitudes, and in the year 1852 they determined to reorganise their society. It then consisted of only seventeen members, and possessed no capital. They resolved to create a capital by depositing in a common chest one-tenth of their daily earnings. At the end of the first year a capital of 14*l.* 10*s.* was in this manner created. At the end of the year 1854, the capital had increased to 680*l.*; and, in 1860, the society was composed of 107 members, and the capital possessed by them was 14,500*l.* The following are some of the important buildings which have been constructed in Paris by this society:—the Hôtel Fould, in the Rue de Berry; the Hôtel Rohes, in the Champs Elysées; the Hôtel Frescati, Rue de Richelieu; the Square d'Orléans, Rue Taitbout, &c. &c. And at the present time these co-operative masons are building an hotel for M. Girardin, on the Boulevard of the King of Rome, an hotel for M. Arsénne Haussage, on the Boulevard Beaujon; an hotel for Mdlle. Allier, on the Boulevard de l'Empereur; and an hotel at Montrouge, for M. Pacotte. As I have before remarked, no labourers, except the shareholders, are employed by this society. The labourers are paid the ordinary wages current in the trade, and the net profits realized are apportioned in the following manner:—Two-fifths of these profits form a fund from which the annual dividend on capital is paid; and the remaining three-fifths are appropriated to provide an extra bonus on labour. The bonus which each labourer thus receives is proportioned to the amount of labour he has performed throughout the year. No arrangements that could be devised would more powerfully promote the efficiency of labour. This is the secret of the remarkable success achieved by this society. The co-operative masons of Paris have achieved their remarkable success by fairly entering into the great field of commercial competition; they have striven to do their work better and cheaper than others; and it is because they have proved that they can work better and cheaper that they have been employed to build residences for such persons as M. Girardin, and the others we have enumerated.

Co-operative trading establishments must be prepared to meet the reverses and difficulties to which all commercial undertakings are subjected. It is, perhaps, not altogether a fortunate circumstance that a co-operative cotton manufactory should in England be the first instance in which co-operation on a large scale has been applied to trade. The cotton manufacture has always been characterised by great variations in the profits realized. Three or four bad years are succeeded by two or three

good ones, when, as in 1859 and '60, the most enormous profits are made. Such circumstances, of course, must severely try the stability of co-operative societies. When the co-operative cotton mill was commenced at Rochdale, the prosperous condition of the trade encouraged the working classes to subscribe their capital freely; and it is a heavy disappointment that, almost directly their mill is opened, the American crisis arises, and the cotton trade is thrown into a state of the most deplorable stagnation. Time can only show whether the shareholders of the Rochdale manufactory will bear the trial. I learn from Mr. Ashworth, the intelligent manager of the mill, that, at the present time, the mill is working only four days a-week. He also says that, up to the present time, the shareholders have shown great forbearance; that they seem prepared to contend with the difficulty. At any rate, their confidence in the ultimate success of the principle seems unabated, for the erection of the second mill is being vigorously prosecuted. The co-operatives may learn a valuable lesson from the experience which this time of trial affords; for it should impress them with the importance of forming a large reserve-fund when trade is good, in order to meet the difficulties of bad times. If the co-operative cotton manufactories can survive the cotton crisis, the future success of the movement may be regarded as guaranteed, for these societies can never have to undergo a more severe trial. If, however, on the other hand, the co-operative manufactories should succumb to these difficulties, it would be most unfair to condemn the co-operative principle. The failure of a co-operative cotton manufactory ought to have no influence in diminishing our confidence in co-operative stores. Such a failure would only prove that the principle of co-operation had been, perhaps, too hastily applied to a branch of trade which is subject to great reverses.

I wish, in conclusion, to guard the public against the ill-considered remarks which are too frequently written about co-operation. For instance, in a prospectus of the Manchester co-operative manufactory, I find the following passage: "The working classes will "ultimately secure by co-operation all "the fruits of their labour." Upon this, Mr. Commissioner Hill most justly remarks: "I conscientiously believe that "they have hitherto secured the fruits "of their own labour; but that, by "means of co-operation, they will add to "labour the wealth-producing elements "of capital and management." The production of wealth requires the application both of capital and labour. If the labourers supply the capital, then, of course, they have a claim to all the wealth which they produce; but hitherto the labouring classes in our own country have been either too poor or too improvident to save. Capital, therefore, has been necessarily supplied by others, and the remuneration which the capitalist receives is termed his profit. Let it not be supposed that, when the wealth produced is shared between profits and wages, the division can be adjusted by any other than the most definite laws. Wages are and must ever be regulated by the ratio which the capital of the country bears to the number of the population. How wrong is it then for men to speak as if there was an antagonism between capital and labour! Labour is, in fact, supported and fed by capital; and, if the capital of a country increases, the wages paid to the labourer must increase. The extension of co-operation will, no doubt, tend more than any other cause to enrich the labouring class. It offers them an inducement to save, such as they never had before; and, directly they save sufficient to provide themselves with the capital which their labour requires, they will be able to appropriate to themselves those profits which others receive because the working classes have not yet acquired the virtues of prudence.

GONE!

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

GONE! gone! the bells toll on,
But still the death-news seems to stun:
The sudden loss, the warning brief,
Bids wonder mingle with our grief!
Like fearful heralds sent to know
If life's defeat were true or no,
Our startled thoughts went forth to meet
Dark rumour in the busy street,
And less lamenting, than dismayed,
Our frozen tears were strangely stayed.
What—He, whose busy brain had planned
So much for his adopted land—
He, who had yet scarce turned the page
Dating past youth to middle age,
The counsellor of wisdom proved,
The chosen of a Queen beloved,
In prime of life and princely rank,—
Gone?—gone: fill up the blank!

Gone! Even now, to wintry gales
The foreign ships have spread their sails,
Bringing the beauty and the boast
Of other realms to Britain's coast.
The busy rout of lading past,
The shifting cargoes all made fast,
Freed from the shouting and the din,
The motley treasures rest within.
Tasks toiled at with a loving pain,
The anxious work of hand and brain,
Lie buried in each silent hold:
Rich stuffs, and carcanets of gold,
And cereal things, whose gathered store
Competing greets our fertile shore,
And sculptured statues, soon to rise
Like apparitions on our eyes,
And complicated wheels, which rest
In muffled coverings, strangely drest,
Till the bright slave of human skill,
Set free to work his master's will,
With whirring hum, and dim low moan,
Some wondrous motive-power makes know

These come:—He schemed their meeting here:
To Him that rivalry was dear:
His tourney of the arts of peace,
The world's production and increase.

These come .—and, with them, many a man
Of earnest thought and active plan:
His voice should praise,—His smile should thank,—
Gone! gone! fill up the blank!

Gone! A murmur thrills the deep;
The earth lies in perturbèd sleep;
Hot tumults fill the lands afar
With restless chance of coming war;
And England's gallant sons depart—
Brief preface to their hurried start;
Marchings and gatherings to and fro,
And sobs repressed, of woman's woe,
With lingering watch of crowded decks
Till white sails fade to cloud-like specks;
And shouts that, following with the brave,
Roll in dim echoes o'er the wave.
Where's He who took such proud delight
In his adopted country's might,
Who bade "God speed!" with kind farewell
To those who fought, and those who fell,
When, bound for Balaclava's shore,
They marshalled by the palace door?
His loyal heart no more shall hear
The readying word—the martial cheer;
The boasting of a people free,
"Victoria and victory,"
No more shall thrill that clay-cold breast;
Nor bugle-call shall break his rest;
Nor steel-clad horseman's measured clank;
Gone! gone! fill up the blank!

Gone! The light new-fallen snow
Scarce hides, as yet, the purple glow
On Scottish mountains far away,
Where He made summer holiday.
Real holiday! The pomps forgot,
And cumber of a Royal lot;
Glad useful leisure to employ
In simpler life, and homelier joy.
The summer shall return again
Though wintry winds now sweep the glen—
The mavis rear her tuneful brood
In thickets of the vernal wood—
The cold grey lake in glory shine
With jewelled hues when suns decline—
Or ripple in the morning bright,
As though it smiled to see the light!
But where the last year's primrose blew
A widow's tears may drop for dew;
And where the birch its tassels hung
The coronach may now be sung;
For summer's warmth nor autumn's glow
Shall chase away the sense of woe,

Nor spring make glad that lone lake's bank,—
Gone! gone! fill up the blank!

Gone! gone! With trembling moan
That note of mourning dieth down,
And silvery Christmas chimes begin,
And joy-bells ring the New Year in.
The gather'd groups of gladness stand
In many a home throughout the land,
And one sweet phrase, from door to door,
Is eloquent to rich and poor:
"A merry Christmas," still we hear,
And "Happy be the coming year!"

But in the highest home of all
A bitter silence now must fall,
And sobbing hearts shall yearn in vain
To bring the Old Year back again.
Oh! then and now—last year and this—
Father and Friend whose gifts they miss,
Husband whose kind and noble face
Hath vanish'd from the vacant place,—
What thoughts, what prayers, can lesser make
The anguish suffer'd for thy sake?

The Widow's wintry coif is there!
Its snowdrift hides her shining hair,—
And men may weep who now behold,
Remembering all its bands of gold
In her youth's high triumphal day,
Lit by the unexpected ray
Which still its gentle halo shows
Where Leslie's magic canvas glows;[1]
When deck'd, with sceptre and with globe,
And glittering in Dalmatian robe,
The girlish form knelt gently down,
To rise the wearer of a crown;
And o'er that spot where, old and good,
The mild Ecclesiastic stood,
To give, with his religious hand,
Her consecration of command,
And while reverberate shouts that hailed
England's new monarch, yet prevailed,—
A sunbeam like a glory fell
From Gothic arch and pinnacle,
As though it were God's blessing shed
Upon that reverent youthful head.

[1] Leslie's picture of the Coronation represents an actual fact, in the management of the light which streams down on the Coronation group. The morning, which had been fitful and cloudy, suddenly brightened at that moment, and the Queen's fair hair looked as if a halo had fallen on it.

Bowed is that head!—bowed low once more!
But not as in the days of yore;
Not with the future opening bright
A dream of splendour to her sight;
Not where the shouting lieges crowd;
Alone—in grief—her head is bowed.
Her sad eyes watch the fire-light gleams;
Her weary soul hath humbler dreams;
Roaming from Osborne's seagirt bowers,
By royal Windsor's moated towers,
To vaults where flowers lie,[1] dark and dank:—
Gone! gone! fill up the blank!

She kneels. The God who sent the gain,
Hath sent the loss—decreed the pain.
She prays—as when that ray was born
Which lit her coronation morn;
And who shall doubt the blessing falls,
Though light forsake the cheerless walls!
That God who gives and takes away
Best knows how hard it is to say,
"Thy will be done," at His command;
Or see the working of His hand
When, sweeping with a storm of loss
The garden of our hopes across,
He makes our Paradise of good
A desert and a solitude.
Oh! path with mourning ashes strown,
Oh! track that we must tread alone,
Hast thou indeed the selfsame bourne
As that from which our feet must turn?
Whose long glad vista seemed to show,
Set in a misty golden glow,
Calm violet clouds beyond whose veil
The stars, up-gliding clear and pale,
Grew brighter as our fading day
In those soft shadows died away,—
Earth's darkness but a prelude given
To harmonies of light in heaven!

That aspect of sweet life must change;
Our souls keep watch where all is strange;
In the new path so chill and drear,
When the strength falters, who shall cheer?
From the lone track so blank and wide,
If the feet wander, who shall guide?
What fountain for our thirst shall pour,
Since the dull gravestone covers o'er
That well of love, whereat we drank?
Gone! gone! fill up the blank!

[1] Her Majesty and the young Princesses sent wreaths of flowers from Osborne, to place on the coffin of the lamented Prince Consort.

Oh! hush the wild lament: God heeds
The Widow's and the Orphan's needs:
And she is what she still hath been,
A woman true—but first a Queen:
The sceptre fills no faltering hold,
No weakling wears the crown of gold,
The grieving eyes their tears repress,
The sore heart strives with its distress,
Because she will not sit and moan,—
For England's sake, on England's throne.

Old men remember yet the day,
When pale, the fair majestic clay
Of Britain's hope and Coburg's bride,
Her royal infant at her side,
Lay stretched upon the painful bed,
The mother and the baby dead,
Mute, after nature's lingering strife,
A double death for double life.[1]
That golden link, the marriage vow,—
The Widower then—the Widow now,—
Saw shivered, as by lightning's stroke;
Nor drifted when Hope's anchor broke!
And fain the kingly Mourner's heart
Would comfort, now, to hers impart;
The love her earliest childhood knew,
Still yearns to prove what love can do;
And the grave thoughtful brow is made
Yet sadder by Her sorrow's shade.

Nor lacks there pitying speech from one
Called when her reign was but begun;[2]
Who counts, like her, with tearful gaze,
Those threaded pearls, her happiest days.
Noble and gentle, fit to be
Consoler in calamity;
Robed, like her Queen, in widow's weeds,
She ministers to sorrow's needs;
Speaks to the living of the dead,
With tender tears, not lightly shed;
And of the holy hopes that keep
Their vigil where our lost ones sleep,
Till grieving souls God's mercy thank,
And with His love fill up the blank.

So let this sorrow rest with Him
Who, only, maketh eyes less dim,

[1] It is scarcely necessary to remind a younger generation of the awful tragedy enacted at Claremont, when the Princess Charlotte of England, wife of the present King of the Belgians, perished with her babe, immediately after her confinement.

[2] Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty at a very early period of her reign.

Who, only, maketh hearts less sore,
And wipeth tears for evermore.
And for this Prince, let England give
Praise for the life he learned to live ;
And say—read here a royal name
Shut from the common paths of fame,
Who taught his soul a way to be
Yet famous with all modesty ;
And like a generous stream, whose course
Is prisoned by impeding force,
Which, in a marble circle bound,
Forbid to flow through freer ground,
Leaps from the narrow darkness nigh,
In silver torrents to the sky,
Making a fountain of delight
To quench our thirst and cheer our sight ;
So what he could, he did,—and gave
Free service, cordial, true, and brave,
To those who, when he knew them, young,
Were strangers with a foreign tongue ;
To those who, when he died, were then
His brothers and his countrymen.

Forget not, then, the blameless life !
But for her sake, no more a wife,
Whose bitter mourning England shares,
Whose sorrow came so unawares,
Fill—past the mark of shortened days—
A measure of completed praise :
And while we say of many a plan,
This work he ended—that began—
Plant the fair column in our land,
Where centuries shall see it stand :
And for her grief, and for our pride,
Tell how he lived, and how he died
So Memory's sentinels shall prove
Twin angels,—Gratitude and Love.

PASSING EVENTS—RETROSPECT OF THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

The opening month finds us relieved from the apprehension of a great maritime war. The cloud which seemed so near breaking, has at last blown over. For fear, perhaps, of raising hopes which the event might not justify, the English Cabinet had kept to themselves a despatch of Mr. Seward's, written on the day we received news in England of the capture of the Confederate envoys. The publication of this document might have mitigated, though it could by no means have removed our anxiety. On November 30th the American Secretary of State sent a message to Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston to say that, in seizing the Commissioners on board a British vessel, Captain Wilkes had acted without instructions. Mr. Seward trusted that the British Government would consider the subject in a friendly temper, and declared that it might expect the best dispositions on the part of the Government at Washington. A despatch so tranquillising should at once have been given to the country; containing as it did, on other subjects, earnest protestations on the part of the American Cabinet, that they desired to be at peace with England. The determination of Englishmen to submit to no unwarrantable indignity would not have been affected by the intelligence that America was half prepared to recede from the dangerous position in which the zeal of a pettifogging sailor had placed her. That nothing of our preparations for war should be relaxed in consequence of the news, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues had it in their own power to make sure. By the publication of Mr. Seward's letter, the Peace party might, it is true, have found their hands strengthened. We are not prepared to say that this would have been a national calamity. War, when it is to be undertaken, should be undertaken soberly, and with all the protests of the Peace party sounding in our ears. There are many State documents which are best forgotten in the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office. There are some State documents which, without grave cause, should never be consigned thither for a single day.

Mr. Seward's amicable professions appear of less value, when we reflect that, if the capture of the envoys, on his own admission, is so illegal, he might have made up his mind earlier to consent to their liberation. An illustrious visitor from Europe is said to have at once recommended the prompt emancipation of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on the arrival of the news of their seizure; and Mr. Lincoln himself was personally anxious —so it is thought—to comply with the advice. Mr. Seward, as the event shows, could not have done better than follow the suggestion. He preferred to await the despatch which he must have guessed was on its way from England. He permitted himself to retain the Southern Commissioners till the long weeks had past during which he might have surrendered them with dignity, and he has made a show of yielding to a foreign demand what he did not think fit to concede to bare justice. He probably believed for some weeks that the matter was one which—if the worst came to the worst—he might plausibly offer to refer to arbitration. Foreign arbitrament would have been a more popular solution of the difficulty than a bare acknowledgment that Captain Wilkes, the idol of the hour, had committed a dangerous mistake. This illusion was dispelled by the speedy manner in which all Europe pronounced judgment on the matter in debate. French public opinion, the leading French advocates, all the French journals, and the French Government itself, loudly declared their sympathy with England. General Scott returned from Paris, bearing not so much an

offer of arbitration, as the intelligence that the case was prejudged, and that all prolonged negotiation was impossible. Austria and Prussia followed suit very slowly, as is the manner of German diplomatists; and the Russian minister at St. Petersburg is said to have given Mr. Lincoln the significant counsel that he had better comply with the unanswerable remonstrances of Great Britain. Mr. Seward accordingly learnt, as much from the jurisconsults of Europe as from his own law-officers, that his case was too hopeless for discussion. He does not appear to have been influenced by the opinion of any eminent jurisconsult at home. Though his long apology is not without a certain legal acumen, it is full of misconceptions with regard to international law which his own Attorney-General, had he been consulted, must surely have been competent to discover and disclose. Where, throughout the whole business, have been the lawyers of the New World? Has the North no loyal judges or advocates, who are acquainted with the principles of international law, and who have the courage to explain them? Whoever or wherever they are, they seem never to have spoken.

Viewing the matter as impartially as we can, we must confess that Mr. Seward's policy of delay was neither graceful nor intelligent, nor did his letter recover for him any lost ground. He might have saved himself all trouble by simply acknowledging, in a brief and courteous note, that, on examination of the question, he had arrived at the conclusion that Captain Wilkes was wrong. No more need have been said. The matter would have been dismissed as suddenly as it arose. Instead of this, he has fallen into the error of explaining at length wherein he thought the American officer had been mistaken. That the *Trent* was not taken into port to be condemned was beyond all question a fatal flaw in the American case, and the one on which the law-officers of England are said to have most insisted. But why Mr. Seward has gone out of his way to demonstrate that, except in this particular, the proceedings of the *San Jacinto* had been unimpeachable, is not clear. He might have urged that it was not as contraband of war, but as rebel enemies, that the Confederates had been taken. He might have argued that a subject of a belligerent is not protected by a neutral flag, when the belligerent in exercise of his right of search has boarded the neutral ship. But, had he adopted this line of argument, he would have been running counter to all the principles of the rights of neutrals for which the United States are supposed to have habitually contended, and to an express dictum of Madison himself. Flying from Scylla, he has fallen into Charybdis. He took an alternative which rested on a legal blunder. Goods going *bonâ fide* to one neutral port from another cannot possibly be contraband, as they are performing a transit which is strictly lawful. Though it pleases Mr. Seward to assume that the law of goods may be applied indifferently to goods and persons, he cannot be sane in his proposition that a rebel enemy's envoy, wherever he is caught, is contraband of war; in which case, if Messrs. Mason and Slidell cross the English Channel in the Dover packet, the Dover packet will render itself liable to seizure, and its cargo to confiscation. Against such a monstrous theorem her Majesty's Government have found it necessary to protest. In avowing it, and grounding the release of the envoys merely on the fact that, the *Trent* having been let pass the contraband of war could no longer legally be condemned, Mr. Seward stops himself from all right to say that the right of neutrals will triumph by the precedent he establishes. If his law was sound, the rights of neutrals would have received a severer blow than was ever dealt them by the maritime aggressions of England, or by the decisions of English law-courts during the long war. M. Thouvenel's despatch was probably in time to suggest to Mr. Seward the idea of making political capital for neutral navies out of the surrender of the Southerners. In his anxiety to do so, he has gone out of

his way to lay down a blundering doctrine against which the entire Continent, in the name of neutral navies, would unanimously rebel. The cause of neutral rights would have been less prejudiced had the envoys never been set free, than they would be if the world were to accept the propositions with which America accompanies their dismissal.

No great outburst of indignation in the North at the Government concessions seems to have followed the decision of the Lincoln Cabinet. The New York journals, which for some days had anticipated the necessary step, approved it when taken; and even an American public may be driven to the conclusion that instinct is not the best guide in questions of international jurisprudence. We need not insist that the Confederate emissaries were merely given up because England showed herself determined to resent their capture. Prudence is perfectly compatible with courage, and, in spite of the braggadocio of a rowdy press, it is pleasanter to be able to hope that our claims were granted because they were based upon undeniable good sense. Up to the last moment the North had been gratuitously informed on all sides by those who pretended to be competent judges of law, that the act of Captain Wilkes was justifiable and praiseworthy. What was here regarded as an outrage on the British flag, was there viewed as the strict enforcement of a legal right. There was much absurdity, ignorance, and impatience about the manner in which American opinion at once decided that the Southern Commissioners had been properly seized. But only a few of the most disrespectable newspapers dared to maintain at one and the same time the illegality and the propriety of the seizure. Captain Wilkes had probably no idea that he was committing an outrage at all. He had studied Wheaton for twenty-four hours on the subject, with the confident honesty of a sailor who imagines that anything—from a law-book upwards—can be stormed in twenty-four hours. His erudition was, at least, equal to the erudition of his immediate superiors. The American Admiralty did not hesitate to stamp with official approbation the act which was the result of this seaman-like investigation. The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and the Secretary of the Navy endorsed the general opinion. Judge Bigelow, at Boston, assumed that the legal question presented no knot which instinct might not solve, and passed lightly on to the more grateful and profitable task of defying the British lion. Mr. Edwin James, who has judiciously conferred upon himself, since his arrival in the North, the proud title of a consummate lawyer, took the same side. Golden opinions were showered from all quarters on the captain of the *San Jacinto*, not for having braved, but for having applied the law. Too much importance was not likely to be attached even in Washington to the judicial impartiality of the House of Representatives; but the judgment of the House of Representatives, whatever it might be worth, was at least in favour of Captain Wilkes and his interpretations of Wheaton. The silence of the Cabinet, which it is not necessary to impute to a fear of the populace, since military events have recently rendered Mr. Lincoln's Government independent of popular clamour, tended to confirm the North in the erroneous impression that at least the question admitted of arbitration or debate. Misled by the crude assertions of the semi-informed, the uninformed public had no conception that they were applauding an act of international piracy. The fierce indignation kindled in this country by the intelligence of the boarding of the *Trent* opened their eyes to the fact that it was possible Captain Wilkes might not have exhausted Vattel and Wheaton in a study of twenty-four hours. M. Thouvenel's despatch arrived in Washington while the question was under discussion, and contributed to calm the enthusiasm of the entire Northern press. Suddenly, the strong feeling against surrendering the Confederate prisoners subsided. By the American Government—such are Mr. Seward's

words — they have been "cheerfully liberated." Let us take it for granted that they have been cheerfully liberated also by all the honest portion of the American Commonwealth. Whether or no the United States, in an hour of emergency, and on the eve of the discontinuance of specie payments, could have afforded to engage in an unnecessary conflict with the first naval power in the world, need not be discussed. It is no matter of reproach to them that they could not afford to go to war in a wrong cause. In the midst of much exaggerated language and ill-feeling in this country and America, it is a pleasure to turn to Earl Russell's dignified, courteous, and Christian notes upon the subject of the *Trent*. This country may be proud of the correspondence of her Foreign Minister on a question demanding both good temper, generosity, and firmness. If the Ministry are strengthened in the coming Session by the recollection of their conduct in so delicate an affair, it will be a reward they have richly merited.

Though the imminent danger of war is over for the present, the relations subsisting between this country and the North are sufficient to warrant the gravest anxiety. For many years the American press, and American politicians of every grade, had made it their business to brave and irritate the public opinion of England. The English press in return spared neither American institutions, nor the American character itself. A positive and mutual dislike sprang up, and separated not merely the two Governments, but the two rival nations. When the secession of the South took place, it was regarded with suppressed satisfaction by a large portion of the British public, who were weary of Transatlantic arrogance, intolerant of Transatlantic manners, and glad to witness the embarrassment of a great and noisy democracy. Lord Palmerston's Ministry proclaimed—perhaps with unamiable haste—that it would watch the progress of America's internal difficulty with the eyes of severe neutrality. A cold justice was promised to the North in her Majesty's proclamation; but an edict which placed Southern privateers on a footing with Northern men-of-war, was itself, as the Cabinet of Washington not unnaturally complained, a semi-recognition of the South. While ministers assumed this attitude of ostentatious impartiality, most influential English journals declared their adhesion to the cause of Confederate independence. War for the preservation of the Union was pronounced iniquitous and unjustifiable. The theory which the traitorous Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan had found so convenient and so paralysing, that, though the Slave States might have no right to secede, the Free States had no right to prevent them, was generally adopted by the English semi-Liberal press. That one-half of an enormous empire should endeavour to conquer the other, was authoritatively pronounced ridiculous. Unfriendly Continental observers, watching the anxiety with which many among us prophesied disaster to the North, cynically concluded that the wish in this instance had been father to the thought.

Few people in this country have taken a broad and statesmanlike view of the origin and the justifications of the American war. By a large minority of philanthropists and doctrinaires in the United States, the outbreak had been half welcomed at its first approach as an opportunity for hoisting the flag of abolition. But the Boston friends of the negro, constituting as they did an educated and humane party, were but a small and sentimental section of the great Northern community. Emancipation of the slaves, with the great mass of Americans, could neither be a cause nor a pretext for fratricidal conflict, for the simple reason that it had never yet been a question in debate. For some time past the two divisions of the Imperial Republic had been diverging in more ways than one. Sprung from a different blood, and separated from the North by distinct domestic institutions, the Southern successor to the traditions of the early cavalier colonists had long begun to view his manufacturing fellow-citizens with contempt and dislike. The

clamour of the Abolitionists and philanthropists of New England increased the irritation of the slave owners, who, free from all serious apprehensions for their property, were nevertheless exasperated at finding themselves the victims of a moral and evangelical crusade. To the divergence produced by dissimilarity of manners and of race was added a new cause of antipathy in the difference of material interests. The South is agricultural, the North manufacturing; and the growing political preponderance of the Conservative Protectionists of the latter drove the former into an alliance, based upon identity of interest, with the democratical Free-traders of the North. The Northern democrats and the Southern agriculturists for a while were together able to contest the palm of political supremacy. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon them that the tide had turned; that their day was over; and that the collected strength of the North was about to drive them into the unenviable position of a hopeless political minority. The mercies of an American majority are cruel; and a vanquished party in that land of political libertinism reaps little enjoyment from its constitutional privileges. The election of Mr. Lincoln was a signal gun which showed that power had for ever passed into the hands of the Protectionists and Abolitionists. The passing of the Morrill tariff was a second signal gun that showed the North were not inclined to abandon the fruits of their great victory. The South seceded in a body; not because slavery was at stake, but because henceforward they had nothing to hope from the constitution.

A small but liberal-minded party in this country, misled by the exalted enthusiasm of the New England philanthropists, and infected with the Utopian chivalry of Transatlantic literary cliques, believed themselves, and endeavoured to persuade their countrymen, that the freedom of the Negro was the secret object of the aspirations of the North. The North, as a body, were inclined to be neither so philanthropic nor so unpractical. The leaders of the Republican party were actually pledged by the Chicago platform of 1860 to the maintenance of the *status quo* Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural speech had recognised the obligation, and declared that he had neither the lawful right, nor, indeed, the inclination, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it already existed. A Republican Congress has since adopted the same view as the Republican President of the Union. Emancipation may, perhaps, be ultimately proposed as an extreme and desperate resource by those who have hitherto been its antagonists on principle; but it will be at most a military measure justified by the necessities of a campaign, not a concession demanded by the moral feeling of the nation at large. If there is something to be said for it, there is much to be said against it. It would be a violent interference with the laws of property; it might, for aught that human knowledge can decide, result in the infernal bloodshed and massacre of a servile war, and it would raise a tumult of stormy dissatisfaction in many districts where the Union flag still waves. Too clearsighted to overlook the real nature of the American conflict, English semi-Liberal critics at once laid a cynical finger on the blot in the case which the English philanthropists were seeking to make out. Only poets, or at best prophets, could fairly call the Northern cause the cause of Abolition, when the vast majority of the Northern States were not Abolitionists in theory. The North might be allowed, at least, to know what they were fighting for.

That the negro's interests were not directly at stake, was acknowledged before long by public opinion. Semi-Liberals and Conservatives immediately jumped to the illogical conclusion that, because the war was not a war of abolition, it must therefore be unnecessary and unnatural. It is the pretentious practice of certain political writers, to call everything wicked which does not immediately tend to the advantage of their own country. Those who had characterised the Italian war as criminal,

came forward once more and denounced the indignant patriotism of the North as nefarious. The *Times* newspaper led the van of denunciation, and was overcome with the sense of the wickedness of the Northern manufacturers. This famous, and often manly journal, which has long represented the virtues and the prejudices of the English people, during the last year has itself been passing through no slight ordeal. Its circulation and influence have been materially affected by the sudden success of the penny papers, the best of which are by no means wanting in ability and moral elevation. English daily journalism still remains for the most part a monarchical system; but the *Times* has been compelled to descend one step towards the level of its economical opponents, and a further reduction in its price may convert the monarchy of letters into a republic. Its conduct in some things has neither been so judicious nor so successful since its superiority has begun to be questioned. Its policy with respect to the American contest has been seriously improvident. On the other side of the Atlantic, the *New York Herald*, and a crowd of contemptible journals, have sinned extravagantly against good feeling and generosity, in their animadversions upon ourselves. Sane and intelligent Americans acknowledge that England may fairly be indignant at the daily insults she receives from the viler portion of their press. But the *Times* has apparently determined to avenge us upon the *New York Herald*. From the first it eagerly announced that the efforts of the North must fail. It exulted over the panic at Bull's Run. It predicted that the military enthusiasm of the Union must issue in an iron despotism. Throughout the late complication its bitterness and pessimism contrasted badly with the more manly and English calmness of more than one of its contemporaries. Heaven knows that America has faults enough. The *Times* of 1861 devoted itself to the unpatriotic task of exaggerating them in the eyes of England.

Whatever be the insults and mortifications we have received from the United States in times past, hereafter we shall possibly be of opinion that it was both clumsy and ungenerous to take the present opportunity for revenging them. Though the North is not contending for the forcible emancipation of the negro, it is contending for a noble and a sacred stake. If love of country means anything at all, if national honour is a cause for which war is lawful, if the existence of a great empire is worth preserving, if the patriotic traditions of its unity and strength have a right to touch the hearts of its citizens, the North may claim our sympathies. It is a miserable Tory quibble to assert that the United States, having risen into national existence by means of revolution, are bound to acquiesce patiently in their dissolution by the same agency. There is no divine virtue about the historical origin of the Old World kingdoms, which makes loyalty to a European throne a duty, but fidelity to a Transatlantic Republic a chimera. By the grace of God kings reign. By the grace of God republics are formed. Loyalty to an hereditary crown is a debt we owe to the traditions which we have inherited with our country; and what sacred sentiment is there connected with legitimacy or a Salic Law, which may not attach itself in as high a degree to the cause of national union or the name of Washington? The contract that binds together the different parts of the American Union is one of the most solemn social compacts which history knows. A baffled minority, in their impatience of an electoral defeat, may determine on their country's dissolution, and call on her to abdicate for ever her grand and prominent place on the world's stage. To avert such a catastrophe, their fellow-countrymen appeal to arms. The appeal is naturally made in the name of loyalty itself.

The prevalent impression that Great Britain will be benefited by the dissolution of the Union has, beyond all question, contributed not a little to the interest with which the public watches the fortunes of the South. Grave doubt remains whether the separation of the South and North would render an English war with

America more distant. The Northern States, whatever the result of the rebellion, must continue to be a first-rate naval power, and the South are not likely soon to eclipse them upon the sea. Both Federals and Confederates at the close of this war will find themselves financially disqualified for a contest with any great European navy. But the North has internal resources that will enable her to recover rapidly from her prostration, while the South cannot easily surmount the desperate and apparently permanent blow which the war has inflicted upon the cultivation of the cotton plant. Maryland, Delaware, Western Virginia, and part of Missouri and Kentucky, in any case, must be lost to the slave-owner. The consequent weakness of the South, coupled with the material necessities which urge the planter continually to annex fresh territory, will probably in time impose a restless foreign policy on the Confederate Government; and, if the Slave States stretch southwards, the Federal Union may not improbably look for corresponding compensation in the direction of the Canadian lakes. Europe cannot count with too much assurance on the jealousy which a struggle for the privilege of secession may have bred between the two kindred and coterminous Republics. Southern politicians have always rivalled and surpassed the North in hostility and insolence towards the English people; and the sister communities may find it their best interest to combine for purposes of foreign policy and intimidation.

Meanwhile the cold and unfriendly attitude of this country is exasperating still further the old animosities and petulance of the North towards us. To add to the gloomy nature of the prospect, the Federals are determined to mark with suspicion and anger any steps we may take towards recognising their rebel enemies as an independent nation. Innumerable problems of international law may evidently arise in the course of a conflict, which we, from the magnitude of the interests involved, call war, but to which the Union refuses to give its formal name. Obviously the North is penetrated with a belief that the life of the rebellion is sustained by hopes of recognition in England and in France. The Government at Washington have significantly warned the British Cabinet that they are not prepared to tolerate such a diplomatic injury. "It seems to me," says Mr. Seward, in his despatch of the 30th of November last, "that the British "Government has been inattentive to "the currents that seemed to be bring-"ing the two countries into collision. ". . . . I have never for a moment be-"lieved that such a recognition could take "place without producing immediately "a war between the United States "and all the recognising Powers." That the French Government should be bent upon such a measure is not unlikely. Trade in France finds itself terribly affected by the stoppage of all Confederate exports. It would seem, too, in the interests of the world that the nominal blockade, which is too ineffectual to do more than intimidate Southern commerce, should either be broken or, at least, confined within valid limits. Charleston Harbour has been wantonly and vindictively injured, even if, as Northern apologists assert, it has not been effectually destroyed; and an act of such blind atrocity is certainly an outrage upon the commonwealth of nations. Southern commissioners are actively engaged, both in this country and in Paris, in purchasing the moral support of England and of France, on such terms as they judge best suited to please the manufacturers and philanthropists whose mediation they require. While no consideration should prevent our loudly denouncing the objectless destruction of Southern ports, it is our duty to control rather than to obstruct the military and naval energy of the officers of the North. No tempting proffer of gradual negro emancipation—if any such be made by the Southern commissioners in accordance with the programme of M. Renouf—should tempt us to abandon a friendly and free Government in the hour of its distress. The eyes of the Continent are upon us this day to see if we act with manly generosity, or with insular

selfishness. Whatever our past wrongs, let us repair one greater wrong done by us to America at her birth, nearly a century ago, and refuse, as far as we can, to assist at the dissolution of a great, a self-governed, and an Anglo-Saxon republic. When the Southern Confederacy has clearly shown that it is something more than the bubble of a year, it will have a right to those international courtesies which permanent Governments alone can claim. It is yet possible that the flame of revolution may expire in the Southern sky as suddenly as it has risen, and leave behind it no sign but the smouldering embers of an extinct conflagration. The suspension of specie payments in the North is an ominous symptom of financial exhaustion, but the Confederates have already passed this landmark on the road to ruin. If the North deserves victory, it will have spirit enough to do what the mother country has done before now, and cheerfully to support taxation proportioned to a grand emergency. During the next few months we may expect a series of military movements, the effect of which in all human likelihood will be the serious discouragement of the Confederates. No irreparable affront should be offered to the North by an English cabinet, until the course of events and the tardy justice due to the South require us to acknowledge—what generous Englishmen will never acknowledge but with pain—that the Union is finally dissolved.

The fortune that attends on genius, out of the mortifying occurrences of the last two months, has brought honour and advantage to the French Emperor. The affair of the *Trent* furnished Napoleon III. with an opportunity of making a diplomatic stroke and winning a diplomatic triumph. A short-sighted politician, in his eager anxiety to break the Southern blockade, might have hailed with satisfaction the prospect of an impending collision between England and the Union. But the French Emperor plays a longer and a more brilliant game. Since the American revolution, it has been the traditional policy of France to defend the cause of neutral rights and the so-called liberty of the seas; for it is the interest of all Continental powers that the belligerent rights of England—who will always be the greatest maritime belligerent in the world—should be strictly defined. Within twelve hours of the news of the proceedings of the *San Jacinto*, the official Parisian press seized on the golden occasion, and England was encouraged by France to commit herself to a declaration of the rights of neutral navies. The proceedings of the Paris Congress of 1856 prove sufficiently that Great Britain, in return for the suppression of privateering, and the rule which compels a blockade to be effective, is not unwilling that immunities should be granted to neutral goods on board an enemy, and to enemy's goods on board a neutral. But Continental Europe is so firmly impressed with the idea that England is the tyrant of the ocean, that it rejoices at our solemnly estopping ourselves from future violations of international law. The Emperor of the French has been in this instance—what he loves to be—the leader of the European Chorus, and the champion of the principles of progress. Nor is it merely that he has officiated as the spokesman of the Continent. It is in a difference between England and America that his authoritative and friendly sentence has made itself heard; and both England and the New World have heard with profound attention his trenchant and vigorous words. Slowly but surely he is creeping into the first place at the council-board of Europe. It is something that he has proved his loyalty to England, and at a critical moment conciliated our respect and good-will by a mark of his good faith. It is something, too, that he has hindered the navy of the North from dashing itself to pieces in an encounter with an unequal foe. But not the least useful of the advantages he has gained by his prompt action is that he has once more taught the powers of Europe to accustom themselves to listen for his voice.

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UNIVERSAL INFORMATION AND "THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA."

BY THE EDITOR.

The time was when every man whose business lay in intellectual matters was bound to be his own encyclopædia. Having picked up, one way or another, the amount of knowledge which he required, he walked about, carrying this stock with him, increasing it as means offered, and serving as a source of information to which others could refer that chanced to be in his neighbourhood. Nor, in those days, did the knowledge of a man so situated necessarily fall far short of all the knowledge that was to be obtained. The world was yet young; and, as all that we call learning or erudition really resolves itself into history —into a recollection of what has happened among men, or men have thought and found out—the burden of legends that had been rolled down from the beginning of things in any one land was not too great for one man's memory. Homer, if there was such a person, was not only the poet of the Greek world, but also a walking compendium, from one Greek "storefarm" to another, of all the history and science then existing on both sides of the Ægean. Herodotus carried in his single head a recollection, most diligently got together, of all that it seemed worth while for a Greek to know respecting the present and the past of mankind as ranged round and away from the vast margin of the Mediterranean. What with the strong memories of those old worthies, what with the small helps of tablets, note-books, and scrolls, which the later of them may have had about them, it does not appear that, in any article of erudition, they could be taxed with ignorance, or with knowledge under the highest contemporary mark. Later still, the alleged necessity of something like universal learning, each one for himself, among those whom nations would recognise as their intellectual chiefs, was not palpably opposed to the fact. When Plato philosophized, it was not the mere flight of a splendid speculative faculty in empty space, but the action of a mind that had grasped and digested all accessible knowledge respecting the whole world of matter and men round which it flew and whose sublimer relations it sought to establish. In Aristotle, even more conspicuously, we behold, with wonder unabated to this day, universality and minuteness of acquisition, combined, as a matter of course, with the spirit of philosophic system.

Nor did the tradition which required universality of knowledge in those who would tower highest in a community, as its men of intellect, die out with the Greeks. Different ages and countries have had different notions as to the kind of intellectual functionary most to be held in honour. Over large tracts of time, as with us perhaps now, the poet has had the undisputed pre-eminence, and been voted, *nem. con.*, the tip-top of created beings; but there have been times when—possibly because a poet of the right order seemed a blessing past praying for—men have been content to

offer their highest worship to the philosopher, or even, at a pinch, to such a tortoise or toad of earth as the scholar or historian. The Romans, in this respect, made a rather characteristic choice. For a time, at least, it was neither poet, philosopher, nor historian that the imperial people honoured the most and hoisted on their shoulders with the loudest shouts, but that nondescript compound of the practical parts of all three to whom they gave the name of orator. But then what a prodigy their orator had to be, to satisfy them! According to Cicero, for one real orator that was produced, Nature produced poets, philosophers, and historians, nay generals and statesmen also, by the bushel; and what he meant by making this assertion, over and above the sly reference he may have had to No. 1, we see better when we read his inventory of the things necessary for the outfit of a first-class orator. We flatter ourselves that *we* have orators among us; but how our House-of-Commons men would stare if this enumeration of Cicero's were made imperative! First of all, universal knowledge—not the smattering on many subjects which pleaders must acquire in handling their successive briefs, but real well-grounded knowledge in every possible department of science, art, and practice. The orator must know as much of philosophy as the philosopher, as much of history as the historian, as much of war as the general, as much of law as the jurist, as much of business as the merchant, and so on! Then, in addition to this, and to vitalize all this heap of acquisitions, there must be the whole set of the orator's special qualifications besides—the voice, the presence, the energy, the training in rhetoric, the action, action, action. In other words, it was upon the orator rather than upon any other man that the Romans of this age laid that awful necessity of being his own encyclopædia which the Greeks had laid rather upon their poets and philosophers—with this farther demand, that the orator had to be an encyclopædia beautifully bound, that could stand on its legs at a moment's notice, gesticulate and speak to perfection, and act on the nerves of a crowd like an electric battery. A generation or two later, as we see from the Dialogue of Tacitus concerning Eloquence, it had begun to be a question among the cultivated Romans whether after all oratory was the grandest of human occupations, and whether it might not be more judicious for a man of intellect to retire into the country, and there, if he *would* work with his brains, work in quiet, and merely "sing to the praise and glory of God," like the parish-clerk in Lincolnshire, "a little 'ymn of his own composin'." But, wheresoever and in whatsoever one were to work, it was required of every man who would be an intellectual chief among his fellows, that he should be master of the universal learning of his time.

The same tradition, with the same evidence of facts at first sight to make it plausible, has descended even into the modern world. In the early centuries of our era there were men in the monasteries or about the Courts of Europe—take our own Bede, or the Alcuin whom we lent to Charlemagne, for example—who, according to the rude standard of the age, were prodigies of universal lore and made it subserve theology. Then, on the first establishment of the great European Universities, their luminaries—the Abelards, the Aquinases, and others of those princes of the schools who lectured to their thousands of pupils—were men who, though their business was logic and speculation, would not have stood their ground in the midst of such packs of hungry students clamant for knowledge unless they had been living reservoirs of the *totum scibile*. And what of the first great poet in any of the European vernaculars? Is it not part of the greatness of Dante that, even in a poem which is unique among the productions of genius as the expression of one extraordinary personality, he presents to us in summary the entire system of thought and knowledge of mediæval Italy? A while after Dante it was when, in consequence of the so-called Revival of Letters, Scholarship or Learning in a special sense of the word—more particu-

larly as including Greek, Latin, and Oriental Philology, and the necessary accompaniments—became, for a considerable period, the most honoured form of intellectual activity everywhere in Europe. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were peculiarly the age of scholars—not in the sense that there have not been individual scholars since comparable, with the advantage too of new lights on their side, to the scholars of those centuries; but in the sense that scholarship was then the kind of intellectual occupation most in requisition, that it was the scholars who were then pensioned and laurelled, and that an unusual amount of the mind that might have been available for intellectual purposes generally then ran towards erudition and was locked up in the exercise of memory. Looking back now, it is the eagles and lynxes of those centuries, their great poets and their great men of science, that *we* descry with admiration; but decidedly the largest amount of contemporary notice was given to the tortoises. Or, if a mind of the poetical or the speculative order—a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Spenser—did, by reason of the magnitude of its display, arrest the due degree of attention, it was always supposed, and justly supposed, that that mind was a full and not an empty one—that, whatever might be its constitutional mode of action, it was provided with a vast fund of material in the shape of universal acquisition. There were men, on the other hand, who perhaps would have been called more expressly men of erudition, but who, because they were not mere plodders, but combined with their erudition a competent share of wit, poetic vigour, or active faculty, rivalled the very greatest, and were heard of over larger tracts of space. Such were Erasmus, Buchanan, and Grotius.

But this age of the supreme reputation of scholarship passed away; and there came in that era of more multifarious activity, extending down to the present day, in which Learning and its votaries have been packed away in corners, and in which, though the glance of favour still follows them, the public gaze is distracted by hosts marching hither and thither under many varied banners, and yet all equally in the service of Intellect. We have our men of science, our artists, our engineers, and so on, in such crowds as were never seen before; our subdivisions of each class are becoming more numerous, and the distances between classes and subdivisions are widening; and in each, apart from the others, such excellence is attainable as shall be dignified with the name of greatness. Fortunately, however, there still lingers among us, amid all this complexity of intellectual occupation, something of the old conception that no man can do much without a large basis of acquired knowledge, and something of the old respect for knowledge that seems universal. Remembering in a vague way the old division of Intellect (still the most useful we have for popular purposes) into its chief modes or faculties—Memory, Reason, and Imagination—we are aware of three main kinds of eminence that there may be and are among intellectual men, each by itself deserving the name of greatness. There is the greatness of a mind in which memory is the paramount mode—*i.e.* the greatness of vast information or erudition; there is the greatness of a mind in which the speculative faculty has been paramount—*i.e.* the greatness of the Thinker; and there is the greatness of a mind in which Imagination has determined the form of the results—*i.e.* the greatness of the Poet. Object as you like to metaphysical distinctions of this sort, you cannot, for the life of you, avoid some recognition of this classification if you talk about men; and you cannot safely blot out such distinctions till you have first made them very strongly. Now, whatever preferences we may have for greatness of the two last kinds, we do welcome among us anything approaching to greatness of the first. A man of universal information, a man with the whole history of the world in the back of his head, like Niebuhr, or Bunsen, or Hallam, has the mass and force of an

elephant in the society in which he is. You are discussing a matter beautifully, not knowing anything about it, but simply out of the ready resources of your own mind! Tramp, crash, goes the elephant, if he can be stirred to it; and your little fabric is gone. You were wrong in your dates and precedents; there was some confounded Egyptian or Lower Greek, of whom you had never heard, who had settled all that ages before you were born; if you would take the trouble to refer to such and such a work, page so and so, you would find a complete account of it, and be highly interested! Or, if the elephant is good-humoured and communicative, and you are docile, and can be happy without the incessant clack-clack of your own tongue, what riches of lore and anecdote you might get out of him. Talk of a night with Burns! All very good in its way; but what a night one might have had also with Niebuhr or Porson! This, we say, is felt whenever the opportunity is furnished by a man of the right order; and, whatever amount of premium we may put on the Poet and the Philosopher, we have not ceased to reverence the man of erudition.

But this is not all. Even while making the distinction of minds according to the mood or faculty which, is constitutionally, or by habit, paramount in them, we have not lost sight of the fact that the moods or faculties may alternate or co-exist in the same mind, and that in any case it is a certain total force or capacity of mind that is thrown into this or that faculty. And so, while, on the one hand, we cannot allow the title of greatness, on account of memory, to a mind which we recognise as deficient in judgment or invention—while we tacitly assume that an ass or a clod will remember only as an ass or a clod remembers, and will have, at the end of the chapter, only a farrago of recollections corresponding to its nature—in the same manner we are chary in supposing that there can be truly great speculation, a truly noble poetry, where there is a poor cargo in the memory. *Ex nihilo nil fit;* and the material that any mind can work with in any way can only consist in that mind's recollections. By extension it may be said that, as regards individuals, there can be no massive and powerful construction of intellect, of any kind whatever, where there is not solid and varied learning, whether accumulated through reading and tradition or by experience, and that, as regards communities, no great national literature can found itself, be it in poetry or in philosophy, where the soil of acquired knowledge is not broad and rich. "We artists can't do without a little 'istory, ma'am," said a painter of some note to a lady of our acquaintance; and the maxim which delighted Usher, though more general, is to the same effect: "*Nescire "quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est "semper essepuerum:*" "Not to know what "happened before you were born is to be "always a child." But as good a statement of the matter as is to be found anywhere is that given by a man who made some disturbance in his day, but is not now much heard of—the historian and geographer Pinkerton. "In all ages, since the invention of letters," he says in the preface to his *Inquiry into the History of Scotland*, "two opposite "paths have conducted to the temple of "fame—the path of Genius and that of "Erudition. These qualities, in a lesser "degree, bear the names of *Ingenuity* "and *Learning*. Every one who has "looked into literary history must know "that Erudition or even Learning is per- "haps a surer path to fame than Genius "or Ingenuity; inasmuch as innumerable "ancient works of mere learning have "reached our time, whereas not one of "mere genius has had that fortune. For "Homer, Pindar, and the other famous "poets, were all men as remarkable for "learning as for genius; which qualities "conjoined alone stamp perfection on a "work. Homer's learning arose from "travelling and conversation, as Shake- "speare's from books in his own lan- "guage. Of all the ancient poets—that "is, of those whose essential form is "genius—it is impossible to point out "one who was not profoundly learned; "if we only except Anacreon, whose

"remains are so few that we cannot "judge of his learning from them. It "is indeed as impossible to be a great "writer without learning as to be wealthy "without property, or to unite any "other contradiction in terms. Nay, in "modern times, men of vast erudition "and men of vast genius have generally "been contemporary in the same country "—as Shakespeare and Saville, Milton "and Selden, in England; Corneille and "Salmasius in France; Tasso and Sigo-"nius in Italy; Cervantes and Aldrete "in Spain."

Though expressed in language a little out of fashion now, these remarks are sound; and the use of the word Ingenuity to denote a lesser form of what is called Genius might be happily revived. The special application which Pinkerton meant to make of his remarks was that, up to the time at which he wrote (1789), Scotland, owing to the want of means, had been a less learned country than England, and had consequently, though prolific in ingenious spirits and not without men of genius, been unable to generate or to support a literature so rich, firm, and varied as that of the sister nation. Had Pinkerton looked about him, he might have cited contemporary instances in farther illustration of his remark that the most powerful minds of a country are apt to be those who join learning to their other excellencies, and that great movements in speculation and strong bursts of creative genius in a nation, where such things occur, will be found to derive their nutriment, more or less visibly, from a surrounding loam and subsoil of unusual erudition. In England, Johnson, then just dead, and Burke, then still living, were both men who were regarded as prodigies of information. In Germany, as if to shatter by one absolute instance the notion that at least greatness of philosophic intellect might consist with a small stock of learning, or even be favoured by it, Kant—the man whose main work was a new analysis of the human mind itself, and who might be supposed therefore to require but a small load of external stuff for his purpose—was, in reality, a man who had gone through the whole round of the physical sciences, knew all geography and all history, read the archives of all societies, and could entertain his guests with abundance of biographic anecdote from every land, and the last morsels of political gossip. Nay, in Scotland itself, whether or not Pinkerton was strictly just as to the past, there was to be confirmation of his main remark in the near future. James Watt, to whose kind of life-labour, as little as to Kant's, lore or history in excess might have seemed necessary—who needed only, one might have thought, mathematics of double strength, a knack of construction, and plenty of iron—is remembered yet as a man of the most universal information, and the most omnivorous appetite for reading, within as wide a circle of friends as any one then commanded. Scott found in him as much of even his own peculiar lore of history, antiquities, and legend as would have furnished forth another set of Waverley Novels. As regards Scott himself, according to no definition of learning save that of a pedant, could it be denied that he was a very learned man. Only the other day, too, in that Sir William Hamilton, a dilution of whose speculations, thirty years after the gist of them was published, has been trickling with strange effect over the field of English Theology, there was lost to Scotland a mind, not only of the hardest grasp, but of erudition that seemed boundless. England, the while, had amply within herself kept up her more ancient fame. In Coleridge, the English philosophic mind of richest and subtlest influence on those whose youth dates from between 1810 and 1830, the value of abundant and varied nutrition for the thinking faculty is strikingly seen. The fulness and retentiveness of Lord Macaulay's memory were proverbial; and he was also one of those men of prodigious information who pour it out in talk. Nor let poor De Quincey be forgotten—De Quincey, who, in his later days, flitted about like a small superannuated wizard in the lanes and highways of an obscure country neigh-

bourhood, a few miles from Edinburgh, while Macaulay's robuster figure was known in the crowds of Westminster and Holborn, and whose death and burial in his place of retreat had scarce a notice from the newspapers in the year which removed Macaulay, but who was, nevertheless, a finer and deeper than Macaulay in some things, and whose volumes of stray remains, the gatherings from many periodicals, will hold, in the eyes of true criticism, the same relation to Macaulay's works that a tree of carved and filagreed silver might hold to a more square and solid work of highly burnished and yellower, but somewhat less precious, metal.

Alas! all the while that we speak of universality of knowledge the thing is impossible. There may, as we have said, have been a time when any one man could be the encyclopædia of his neighbourhood or country, and could hold in his single memory as much lore as his generation distributively possessed. *When* this time was—whether it ceased with Homer, or with Herodotus, or with Aristotle, or whether any of those mediæval schoolmen, of whom we hear such incredible things, were really, in any tolerably strict sense, reservoirs of the *totum scibile* of the Europe of their days—we need not inquire. For us, at least, now, the time is irrecoverably past. *Our* universality of learning is but a figure of speech. Our Kants, our Hamiltons, our Hallams, our Bunsens, our Burkes, our Bentleys, or even their predecessors, the Seldens, the Ushers, the Grotii, the Salmasii, the Scaligers, were colossi of knowledge only relatively—Gullivers among the Lilliputians. A man seems learned to you who knows what *you* do not chance to know; and we wonder at the copiousness of some memories, for the same reason that the believers in Neptune worshipped in his temple—because it is the shields of the saved men that make the array on the walls, and there is no representation to tell us of the number of the drowned. For, consider a moment. At whatever time it was, if it ever was, that one man might know, in any plausible sense, as much as all men knew besides, the world has been rushing on since then. Generation has followed generation, each with its millions of lives, and thousands of millions of events, with its battles, its treaties, its books; and, in grappling with this mere increase of what is ordinarily called history, the powers of the most prodigious memory that there is would be baffled, burst, and overwhelmed. Try some of your reputedly learned friends. Ask any of them who has not recently been cramming on the subject, to repeat Macaulay's feat of enumerating in chronological order the Archbishops of Canterbury. Or be more merciful, and only beg one of them to be good enough, in this time of interest in America, to favour you on the spot with a list of the presidents of the United States. Yet these are but drops in the ocean of past facts of which Universal History consists. Then, separate from History or Biography, in the common acceptation, but equally matters to be grasped by him who aspires to universal knowledge, are all those orders of observations, ideas, and conclusions, which form the cycle of the sciences and arts—the great sciences of matter and life, with their thousand and one applications and ramifications. What activity in these during the few ages past! Who, in addition to the bulk of the History of the World, ordinarily so called, from the first pant of Humanity until now, shall pretend to keep up with mathematical knowledge to its last developments in the hands of Cayley, and Sylvester, and Irish Sir William of the Quaternions—with astronomical knowledge, to its state in the mind of Herschel—with mechanical science, as represented in its chief living teachers, and in the mills and meshwork of our globe—with the science and art of metallurgy, as they are being expounded at large in Dr. Percy's work—with chemistry as far as Faraday—with anatomy and all biological science, as known to our Sharpeys, and Huxleys, and Owens—and with the whole medley of pure or mixed sciences besides, as seen in conclave in the Royal Society,

or on circuit in the British Association? Sometimes a demarcation is drawn by the votaries of these sciences, or of science in general, between the kind of knowledge of which these sciences consist, and that which is more usually known as learning or knowledge of history. Convenient in a certain respect, the demarcation, in other respects, is vicious. These sciences themselves belong to History; they are registers and summaries of what men have thought and found out. All recollection is History; any one science as it exists in the head of any one person is a recollection of so much observation or speculation; and the time may come when the law of gravitation itself, as we now read it, shall be chiefly interesting as the mode of human thought of a particular era. But, whether all knowledge may philosophically be resolved into History or not, this is certain, that all knowledge is too much for us. Universal knowledge is impossible. That proportion which the skull of man bears to the dome of heaven above it, which our Gothic forefathers called the skull of the giant Ymer, the same proportion our capacity for knowing or remembering bears to all that is to be known or remembered.

Hence, as has been hinted, a perception among the judicious that there may be various kinds of learning, all entitled to the name. For one thing, any time this hundred years, the sole pretensions of Philology, once not unnatural, to the name of Learning, have been knocked on the head. Philology, or even the portion of it which consists of Greek and Latin Scholarship, remains, indeed, a department of universal learning surpassingly interesting, of rich fruit and promise, and with the singular advantage in its favour that it has been organized as no other has been for the uses of tuition. But when, as sometimes happens, a Greek and Latin scholar makes a blunder in a matter of recent history or of contemporary fact, he is so far less "learned" than the non-academic person who can correct him. To know something of the municipal history of London, of its divisions into wards and parishes, and the like, is as much a bit of "learning" as to know the constitution of a Roman colony. If a man were thoroughly up in the political history of Europe since 1789, not only would his intelligence of passing affairs and his worth for any public practical purpose be greater than that of any classical scholar going who had not that knowledge, but he would be entitled to accuse the scholar of a disgraceful defect of "learning." And so, in a thousand ways, Learning—that which really and truly ought to be called Learning—divides itself into pools and streams. An Englishman may be very learned, as Pinkerton thinks Shakespeare was, through the medium of his own English tongue—may be learned now, through this medium, even about the Greeks and Romans. Then there is the learning of the Mathematician, the learning of the Chemist, the learning of the Physiologist, the learning of the Natural Historian, the learning of the Political Economist, and so on. We do not live now in the seventeenth century; and whoever has a considerable fund of information in any one of these departments of science is as much entitled to kick out of his way the mere grammarian, or the mere plodder in Church History, or the mere searcher in the antiquities of Literary History, as any of these gentlemen would be to return the compliment. As there are various crafts and intellectual walks, so that kind of knowledge which is the best working capital in each is true learning in its place. Out of the whole accumulation of existing or accessible knowledge let every man help himself, and let each be tolerant of a choice or a possession different from his own.

But what of him who will be content with no one branch of knowledge, who will range widely, who will be a power at large in the realm of intellect, who retains the old aspiration after the *totum scibile*, who craves after as near an approach to universality of information as the limits of things will permit? Life is short for such a person, be his facul-

ties of acquisition what they may; and, since he cannot learn all, what shall he learn, and what let go? Similar, and indeed identical, within a narrower field, is the question as to the kind of instruction to be imparted to youth in the process of general, as distinct from special, education. The child has but a few years at school, the youth but a few years more at college; what shall be taught them during these years of training? The knowledge imparted to youth, it is said, ought to be that which will prove of most worth, which will be the best working capital throughout life. To which proposition, rightly understood, there can be no objection. But what a problem to determine absolutely what cannot be of use! There is a notion abroad as if the wave of contemporary facts and doctrines amid which we live were to all intents and purposes our sole proper intellectual element. This is what Time has rolled down to us; as it is our inheritance, so should it be our capital to work with. What our own age holds in solution in a natural and unforced way amounts actually, without any trouble on our part, to the whole essence of the Past so far as it retains vitality and productiveness; whatever is foregone and forgotten is defunct, and why angle back with our antiquarian fishing-rods in a sea of refuse? Count your pigs, says Mr. Roebuck; take stock of the four-footed things on your own farm or within your own neighbourhood; what have you to do with old rubbish about Jehoshaphat and Jeroboam? In the positive part of this advice, Dr. Arnott, from whom Mr. Roebuck borrowed it, put in a humorous form a just maxim of education which he has done much to enforce in the course of his life; but, if the negative part is Mr. Roebuck's own, we fear he has not fathomed that depth of sound psychology which the old woman reached when she told of the intellectual and moral comfort she derived from "that grand word Mesopotamia," pronounced so frequently in the sermon. To the effects of sound add those of association. The valley of Jehoshaphat may seem full of dry bones; but prophesy unto these dry bones, and they shall live. And so, even when the doctrine which Mr. Roebuck was driving at is expressed in more exact and perfect shape—when it is demonstrated to us that the most useful knowledge, and therefore the proper knowledge to be imparted in rational education, must necessarily be that which includes the last and strongest certainties in the sciences of human health and conduct—there is danger of a Chinese narrowness of view as to what else may be useful. In short, there must be great licence in this matter; and, just as even those who hold the Utilitarian theory of Morals profess that it would be absurd to expect a calculation of utilities to be gone through with reference to every intended action, and that in the main past experience in such things has become organic in the form of an instinct, so it is with knowledge. To be up in the best contemporary science, not to be behindhand in the facts, conclusions, and results, which form the visible working capital of our own generation as a whole, may be the most essential learning for a man of the present who will rule in the intellectual realm, whether as a poet or as a thinker; but let us be cautious in saying, for such a man, what knowledge shall be refuse. A dead frog hung on an iron rail, and twitching or seeming to twitch its limbs, might appear as fatherless and motherless and kinless a fact as could well be; and yet out of such a waif of a fact has come the whole science of Galvanism. For aught we know, the whole past history of the world may be a yet unexplored wilderness of dead frogs hanging on iron railings, and wasting their twitches on the desert air. At least, then, let those few in every community who will be men of universal lore in the old sense, have the full liberty of the wilderness. It is enough to lay down the law, that what shall justly be called learning varies with the age, that thorough and complete learning in any age must involve all that exists as History in that age down to its latest

tittle, and so that any scholar now that should be learned only in the range of things that formed the lore of Grotius, and should not be widely and accurately informed in those sciences and arts which have come into being since Grotius lived, would not be the man of learning in this time that Grotius was in his.

Whether one is to help oneself to the species of information that one wants, or is to strive after universal information, much of the necessary means consists now, as it has consisted in all ages since the very earliest, in access to books. Observation, conversation, and experience are wondrous caterers even now, and one may grow fat even on them alone; but, since Homer's time or thereabouts—if, indeed, Homer himself had not a private subscription at Mudie's—reading and the convenience of books have been the sovereign sources of knowledge for those who have possessed it in large extent. The history of the world's learning, in short, is the history of libraries; and the measure of the learning of any particular country now, and of the intellectual strength that may be dependent on learning, is furnished by the number, the size, and the accessibility of its libraries. To found a library where one did not exist has been in many a case the most splendid public service that a king could have thought of; and those who have more money than they know what to do with might find this mode of doing good still worth their consideration. As it is, who shall calculate the amount of nutritive juice that finds its way into the veins of our body-politic, through a thousand pipes and channels, from the central reservoir of the British Museum, and from the other libraries, great and small, distributed through the Empire? If Scotland has, in any degree, made up her leeway in point of learning since Pinkerton's time, it is because she has since then increased the number of her libraries, although in this respect there is still much for Scottish patriotism to effect north of Edinburgh. For, though it is a great thing to have, on a few shelves in private houses, the masterpieces of our own British, or even of general literature—the select classics of different lands and tongues, whether in Poetry, Philosophy, or History—this does not answer to the idea of a library that shall feed and sustain the learning of a district. De Quincey it was who, borrowing a mode of speaking which he had heard from Wordsworth, made a distribution of the books comprising universal literature into two kinds—Books of Knowledge and Books of Power. By the last he meant those classics of various kinds—few, in proportion, in any language—in which the essential character is that they rouse, stir, delight, and warm, or even irritate and enrage the mind, in a subtle and complex manner, through art and genius, rather than convey information. These are the classics or master-works; and to have these or a few of them by one as one's own property, is to have the means always at hand of the highest enjoyment and the richest culture. The Books of Knowledge, on the other hand, are the myriads and myriads of books besides, whose main aim it is to convey information—books of facts, books of receipts, books of instruction in the thousand and one sciences, books of technical knowledge, Grammars, Lexicons, Atlases, the Statutes at large, Almanacks, County-histories, Directories, Pharmacopœias. These form the main ocean of books in all languages, on whose coarse multitudinous breadth the true Books of Power are discernible *nantes rari*. So much for Wordsworth's and De Quincey's distinction. It will not perhaps bear very strict application; for in reality the two orders of books shade inextricably into each other. Much of the power of books recognised as of the highest power depends really on the matter of information which they convey; and books that profess to be chiefly books of knowledge may take rank among books of power through the force of their form and style as well as through the exciting greatness of their matter. The distinction, nevertheless, has a certain obvious worth; and one may say, in terms of it, that

Books of Power will take care of themselves, and that it is abundance and variety more peculiarly of Books of Knowledge—of that immense class of books that have no persuasive voices and no wide circles of private friends—that ought to be aimed at in great public libraries. It is in vast accumulations of such books, forming as it were colossal organs of memory expressly instituted for the general mind, that communities have the security for the maintenance of learning among them, and of all that learning involves—which may include, unless Pinkerton was more mistaken than appears, the prospect of long being able to procreate additional Books of Power.

The liberty of libraries, therefore, is what our men of learning will always crave; nor can any agency be devised that should reconcile such, or the society in which they live, to the slightest restriction of their right to range through libraries at their pleasure, seeking for knowledge even in their dingiest recesses, and detaching from their main body, for the pursuit of it when the quantities become excessively minute, little forces of bookworms. What miraculous feats, too, may be done by single men, and these by no means monsters of untidiness, in grappling with the contents of libraries, there are records to attest. But yet the thought of being turned loose to find one's own way towards the acquisition of universal knowledge, or even of one variety of knowledge, amid the libraries of books in which it may be distributed, is positively appalling. The British Museum Library, allowing its duplicates and various editions to be set off against its deficiencies, may stand as representing the universal literature of the world, in all countries and languages, up to the present time. Well, when the library was scarcely so large as it is now, we made this calculation—that to pass all the volumes it contains merely through hand, allowing an average of half-an-hour for the inspection of each volume, would take a man eighty years, working three hundred days in every year, and ten hours in every day. Moreover, by this process, all that would be acquired would only be a certain knowledge, at first hand, of universal Bibliography, or of books as objects, apart from their substance or contents. Hence, in all ages, since knowledge through books was first precious to man, the existence and multiplication of a class of books intended to economize time and trouble by saving to a great extent the necessity of ranging among books of knowledge generally. These are books of Digest and Reference, killing down and superseding other books in great masses and numbers. To trace the history of this class of books, and of the art of systematizing knowledge which they represent, might be very interesting. It has been by successive stages, even within the last two hundred years, that the art has reached its highest development in what are now familiarly known as Encyclopædias—a name formerly used to designate the round of sciences and arts deemed essential to a liberal education, but now used more extensively to imply Dictionaries of Universal Information, historical as well as scientific.

It needs not again to protest against the notion that such works ever can really supersede the use of libraries as such, the miscellaneous range which scholarship demands and has been accustomed to among all original books back to Adam, or to warn that the prevalence of such a notion, or exclusive faith in Encyclopædias, would be the death of true learning in a choking increase of that detestable conceit of proximate knowledge which is already rife enough. All this well understood, one need not be afraid of speaking too highly of the services rendered in the cause of learning by good Encyclopædias, not only to the public at large, but also to the wisest and most learned. These services are great and splendid. An Encyclopædia in any man's house is a possession in itself for him and his family; an Encyclopædia chained at Charing-cross for public reference would be a boon to London worth fifty drinking-fountains. Let those judge who

know, and who, if they are honest, ought to confess. No need to go so far as that greatest of all existing Encyclopædias—of course, a German one—the Encyclopædia of Ersch and Gruber, which has been in course of publication since 1818, and which is not completed yet, although there are 123 quarto volumes of it, and, if you bought a copy, you would have to take it home in a cart. Instances nearer at hand are two Encyclopædias, or reissues of Encyclopædias, which have been recently brought out among ourselves, of more British dimensions and with more of British expedition—the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in twenty-one volumes, price twenty-four guineas, and the *English Cyclopædia* of Mr. Charles Knight in twenty-two volumes, price twelve pounds. Oh, if the public at large but knew what secret pillage goes on night and day of these and similar works of reference! It is almost the interest of those who professionally instruct the public that these works should not be generally bought. What would become of them if there were an Encyclopædia in every house, or even in every parish? You read a fine leading article in a newspaper. It tells you much in small compass about the constitution of the United States, or the area of slavery, or about Mexico, or about the life of the last public man that has dropped into the grave, or about whatever other topic is uppermost; and the writer seems to you a man of extraordinary information. Whew! it is all out of the Encyclopædia; and the writer knew nothing about the matter himself till he prigged it out of the Encyclopædia last night for your benefit. An Encyclopædia is kept on tap for the contributors in every newspaper office; half the contents of a certain kind in all our Magazines and Reviews are only minced or mashed Encyclopædia. Within the last two paragraphs, in writing about Encyclopædias, I have myself consulted an Encyclopædia. Why is the public such an ass? Can't every man get an Encyclopædia for himself, and be independent?

Whoever wants an Encyclopædia, extensive and yet cheap, and compiled throughout on the principle of compendious and accurate information on all subjects rather than on that of collected individual dissertations, cannot do better than procure the *English Cyclopædia* of Mr. Charles Knight. There are other Encyclopædias which may have their characteristic excellencies, or even, in some things, superiorities; and of such a work as the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eclipsing, as it does, even the national fame of the previous editions, the country may well be proud. But, as a digest of universal knowledge which shall serve for the popular and miscellaneous purposes of all, and at the same time furnish materials and abstracts for those who are studying special subjects, and aim at substantial and exact science, the *English Cyclopædia* may be confidently recommended.[1] This also is a noble work; and it is to the credit of Mr. Knight that, during years of his life in which he has been so busy with important labours of his own, such a work should have gone on regularly to completion under his superintendence. The work is, so far as that might be, a reissue of the old "Penny Cyclopædia," published between 1833 and 1843, under the able and scholarly editorship of Mr. George Long, and the great merits of which are well known, and would have been more loudly proclaimed by those that had reason to know them best, but for a cowardly shame at acknowledging obligations to a work of reference which had the unfortunate word "Penny" as part of its name. What author, not a paragon of conscientiousness, could

[1] A work, of smaller dimensions than either the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or the *English Cyclopædia*, which deserves honourable mention, and promises to have a place of its own—not only because its smaller dimensions may adapt it to a wide class, but also on other grounds—is *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, now in course of publication by Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. Three volumes of this work, reaching from *A* to *ELE*, have appeared; which, so far as we have consulted them, seem peculiarly well edited—masses of various and far-sought information, admirably compressed.

venture to cite the "Penny Cyclopædia" in the text of a book as his authority for a statement, or to let the words "Penny Cyc." figure among his footnotes? It would have been like walking down Regent Street at four o'clock, arm-in-arm with your uncle Hodge from the country, in his grey frieze, white bone buttons, and fluffy hat. And yet, as people do not hesitate to sponge secretly on honest and well-to-do men they would not be seen walking with, so there were large transactions in private by many a book-making magnate with the convenient bank of the "Penny Cyc." This is remedied now; and, in its new form of *The English Cyclopædia*, a really great and trustworthy work of reference will have more justice done to it. In the new work there has been accurate revision of all the matter of the old—which matter consisted wholly of original articles expressly written for the work by a great number of the most competent men in the kingdom; and by this means, together with the addition of a large mass of new authorship on subjects that have turned up within the last twenty years, the work has been brought down, as closely as possible, to the present state of knowledge. Moreover, there is now a subdivision of the total work into four parts, any one of which may be purchased separately—Arts and Sciences, in eight volumes; Natural History, in four volumes; Biography, in six volumes; and Geography, in four volumes. On the whole, there is no use in making four bites of an Encyclopædia, and the best policy will be to get the work entire.

Whoever does so will have a little library worth having. Where such an Encyclopædia is at hand in a household, it will become a daily habit to consult it. You are interested in what goes on in the world, and read your newspaper of a morning. Something fresh is always turning up there in the way of intelligence of war, enterprise, or political excitement, in some region or spot about which your ideas are rather dim—in Central America, on the Potomac, in Queensland, in Morocco, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, in Moscow, at Timbuctoo, at Pesth; and, if it did not cost you too much trouble, you would rather like to follow the Muse of History, with some clearness of vision, in these her capricious zigzags over the surface of the earth. Well, you set your boys and girls on the hunt through the Cyclopædia of Geography; it is good amusement for them; and, when you come home in the evening, there you have the information all ready for you, at the cost of a penny to Curly-head, or a kiss to Golden-hair! And no trumpery information either, but the soundest geography that can be got from authorities like Wittich and Ritter! Or your boys and girls have been out walking in the fields, and have brought home ferns, and have no end of beetles and things to tell of that they saw under a bush; or they have been at the Zoological gardens, and are full of questions; or you yourself are disturbed in your mind, more than you would have your wife know for the world, about the Mosaic account of the Deluge, or about the action of your own heart, or about the exact amount of your anatomical identity with that accursed brute of a Gorilla, which has been walking at such a rate recently into our comfortable ways of thinking, raising a row in Edinburgh itself, and making even bishops shake in their shoes. Well, you have only to search a little in the Cyclopædia of Natural History, or among the Arts and Sciences, and there, from such men as Lindley, or Lankester, or the late Mr. Broderip, or Professor Edward Forbes, you may get as much light as will answer your purpose. Or some eminent man, living or dead, is named about whom your curiosity is raised; or you have made a bet with some one whose chronology is as shaky as your own about the age of Lord Lyndhurst, or about the date of Wellington's first command in the Peninsular War, or about the number of children born to George the Third, or about the duration of Chatham's first ministry, or about the reign in which the poet Herrick died, or about the year when Hildebrand

became Pope, or St. Augustine arrived in Kent, or about some much older fact or other back to Solon! Well, here is as extensive a Cyclopædia of General Biography as there is in the language, among the contributors to which you are assured of such scholars and *literati* as Dr. Craik, Mr. G. H. Lewes, Sir G. C. Lewis, Dr. Schmitz, Dr. William Smith, Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Oxenford, and the late Dr. Donaldson. Pick out your volume; turn to the article; and have the grace, while you are about it, to read it through. Or, finally, you really want to study some matter of science in some treatise not too abstruse, and yet not consisting of mere popular slip-slop, but thorough so far as it goes; or you desire to have a connected view of the course and contents of some particular national literature! Well, here in the Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences is a collection of treatises to suit you—articles on all possible Mathematical and Astronomical subjects by such men as Airy, De Morgan, Cayley, and Grant; articles in General Physics and Chemistry by these and such others as Stokes, the late Mr. Phillips, Dr. Frankland, &c.; articles of all kinds by equally well-known men in Medicine, in Surgery, in Military Science, in Architecture and Engineering, in Manufactures and Machinery, and what not; articles in Law and Jurisprudence; and, in the department of Mental Science, Philology, and related subjects, articles on Logic, Language, Hieroglyphics, Cuneiform Writing, Sanskrit Language and Literature, the Vedas, Saxon Literature, the Welsh Language and Literature, or whatever else you wish, by writers like De Morgan again, Key, Birch, Norris, Gildmeister and Rost, Goldstücker, Guest, and Mr. Thomas Watts of the British Museum. The article on the Welsh Language and Literature by the last-named gentleman, as it is one of the longest in the Cyclopædia, is one which for thoroughness of information on its subject it would be difficult to parallel anywhere; and one's ejaculation, after reading it, is, "O that we had surveys like this of all the other out-of-the-way literatures!" But Mr. Watts is believed to be perhaps the nearest approach to a living Encyclopædia in himself that we have among us.

Errors, defects, and inequalities of execution might of course be pointed out even in this great work; and different persons will come upon such in their different departments. We turned in vain ourselves for any such account of the Gaelic Language and Literature as Mr. Watts's of the Welsh. We have noted also various instances in which, in consequence perhaps of the subdivision of the entire Cyclopædia into four parts, certain matters have been clipped of their due proportions, or have slipped out—just as four circles inscribed in one great one must leave part of the area uninclosed. Thus, though the histories of countries and nations are generally given in summaries in the Geographical section at the end of the articles, and though much that is left out there is to be gathered up from among the Biographical articles, or in the section of Arts and Sciences, we are not sure but a defect will occasionally be found in the absence of some consecutive narrative, such as would have been convenient, of the political history of some people, state, or race, viewed as a whole.

Not to be fairly charged against the work as an avoidable defect is the fact that sometimes a student whose line of inquiry is peculiar may look for a name in the Biographical section and not find it. All in all, as a compilation of Universal Biography, including not only the hosts of past celebrities of the earth who, in the ancient phrase for death, have gone over to the majority, but also the celebrities who are obstinate enough to remain in the bustling minority which the poor earth carries as its present freight, it would be difficult to match, either in Germany or in France, these six closely-printed volumes. They may certainly, for most purposes, supersede Chalmers, and Kippis, and our older English Dictionaries of Biography. Such a motley population of notabilities, dead and living, all assembled together, and

ticketed alphabetically, and patted on the back when they deserve it, is no where else, so far as we know, to be met with; and to expect that no one soul should have been left out that any eccentric mortal might take a fancy to inquire about, would have been preposterous. A hundred volumes, a perfect Ersch and Gruber of a book, would have been necessary to satisfy such a preposterous desire for a Biographical Dictionary in which not one of Adam's children should have been omitted of whom anything is registered over and above the common legend that he ate, drank, slept, and had sons and daughters. Nevertheless, there are some unreasonable persons—and we confess to being one of them—who sigh after such an impossibility.

"Plague on't!" quoth Time to Thomas Hearne;
"Whatever *I* forget, *you* learn."

A Biographical Dictionary in which no name shall be omitted is an achievment for which the world waits, and towards which it might be the best plan for all the other nations at once to set upon the Germans, conquer them, bind them hand and foot, and supply them with beer and tobacco till the work was finished. As it is, however, one has to regret a practice, entailed by commercial necessity on our existing biographical dictionaries, of dropping out men that it is supposed nobody will ever miss. Why, these are the very men that *are* missed! The rule for Biographical Dictionaries should be identical with that for public as distinct from private libraries: whatever can be found nowhere else ought, for that very reason, to be found there. What care I for a biography, in a dictionary, of Addison, or Pope, or Bacon, or Newton, or any of these greater lights, British or foreign? All right that such notices should be there in their places; they may save me trouble, and I am much obliged to you! But I could get that sort of information anywhere. What I want above all is, that I should find as much, in brief compass, as is now recoverable about infinitely obscurer people—say about Timothy Tittlebat, who wrote a copy of verses on the occasion of the visit of the Shah of Persia's chief eunuch to Queen Elizabeth's private chaplain, and was supposed to know more about matters than he divulged, and to be in connexion afterwards with Ben Jonson; or about Captain Runky Snuggles, who is known to have led a company of Roundheads at the siege of Drogheda, and to have been wounded there, but not killed, and who possibly went to America afterwards, where there are traces of an Anabaptist family, named Snuggles, who gave much trouble to Jonathan Edwards. You don't know the value of such facts to me; you don't know their correspondences and affinities with my system of knowledge; you don't know how these mere dead frogs hung on the iron railings of the past seem to twitch their limbs as I gaze, and what significance I find in their twitchings! In the business of Universal Biographical Dictionaries I would make a law that, at the very least, no name that ever was in any dictionary should be omitted from any other following it. Are Biographical Dictionaries to be collections of waxwork, like Madame Tussaud's, where, as room has to be made for new celebrities, old ones that have had their day are melted down for their wax? Until Germany is conquered and set to the task in the way proposed, a Universal Biographical Dictionary with absolutely no name omitted is not to be looked for; but a universal *British* Biographical Dictionary, on some approach to the same principle, is, though a Herculean labour, not one utterly beyond the reach of resolution and capital. There is every reason to hope that the *Biographia Britannica*, advertised by Mr. Murray as soon to commence under the editorship of Dr. William Smith, will realize, as nearly as possible, this great design.

A QUIET NOOK; OR, VAGARIES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LADY IN BLACK.

MISFORTUNE never comes alone. The next corollary of the morning's alarm was Louisa's departure. Her mother had been so panic-stricken at the sight of ill-fated Suldi that she had run to her room, locked herself in, packed her things, and would have started immediately, but for the fear of finding the dog in her way.

Hearing this on my return from the fatal expedition, I hastened to the lady in the full conviction that a faithful account of the tragic transaction I had just witnessed would be more than enough to dispel her fright, and decide her to stay. But in this I was mistaken. My *de visu* evidence, interpreted to her, and backed on my side by the most expressive pantomime at my command, failed to obtain credence, either from her, or, indeed, from the interpreters. Here was the fable of the boy and the wolf realized in full. Too polite to say that she disbelieved what I said, Louisa's mother alleged the painful impressions that were associated with the place, and rendered it disagreeable for her. And she stuck to her resolution of going, which she effected the next morning.

It was a day of mourning for the establishment. Louisa's departure was a public calamity, the more keenly felt, that the only alleviating circumstance of which the case admitted—namely, a little responsive feeling from the object of all this grief—failed us entirely. Louisa's frame of mind at leaving, I am sorry to say, was anything but complimentary to those she left behind. Not only was she not sorry, but joyful, and all impatience to be gone. The excitement of the occasion, the prospect of a ride on the railway, had put a muffler on the little pet's sensibility. I see her still in her travelling cloak, and turned-up hat, a leather pouch slung across her shoulders, pattering about the breakfast-room with a busy and important look; I hear her still say, in answer to those who found fault with her for not shedding a single tear, that it was only naughty girls that cried—the reason accompanied by an adorable toss of the head, and demonstrative dropping of both arms, as much as to say, There's for you! It was only on the train, that carried her away, moving on, that Louisa realized the fact of being about to leave behind so many friends. (All the *personnel* of the establishment had accompanied her to the station.) Then she looked bewildered indeed, and her lips began to quiver.... Alas for the little sun of Schranksteinbad! I fear it had a rainy setting after all.

The void left by the general favourite was incredible. An old and infirm couple, whose delight she was, could not put up with it, and started on the next day but one. And so did the gentleman of the fried trout; though I must say I suspect that Louisa had less to do with his sudden resolve than the absence of wings from a certain dish of fowl, when the waiter handed it to him. The fact is that he stormed a great deal, rose at once, asked for his bill, and departed. Those who remained were uncomfortable; I, most of all, who for obvious reasons felt more than any one for the tragic end of Suldi, and for Ueli's consequent exit from the scene. Ten to one that, had I been entirely free, I should have cut short my stay in the country by a month or so, and returned to town; as it was, a thread as flimsy as a gossamer, interfered

with my free-will, and held me at Schranksteinbad.

What was it?—Neither more nor less than the hope of seeing the young lady in mourning again. Was I then smitten with her charms? Not a bit. Her charms were not of the smiting sort, as I told you already, nor is my heart of such friable stuff as to crumble to pieces on a first notice; witness the fact, that it remained whole and sound amid a host of fascinating young creatures, with whom I happened to breakfast, dine, sup, and spend most of each day. No; my interest in the young lady in black was all of a friendly, nay of a fatherly kind—it had its roots in the tale of sorrow which her sable garments implied, in her extreme timidity and consequent want of protection, in her look of sincerity and gentleness. I know very well that even out of such light materials time can forge a solid love-chain; but I was on my guard . . . lucky that I was so, or . . . but to the point.

That you may not take me for a still greater dreamer than I am, you must know that my hope of seeing the young lady again, though faint, was not entirely groundless. She had given me her address, if you remember, that I might let her know the amount of her debt to me—that is, the cost of the old lady's supposed lost ticket. Accordingly one of the first things I did on settling at Schranksteinbad, had been to set her heart at rest upon this matter, informing her in a few lines of the old lady's wicked trick about the ticket, and of the consequent issue of the affair without any cost whatever. She wrote back to thank me, adding that, if I was going to make any stay at Schranksteinbad, she was not without hope of reiterating her thanks personally, it not being impossible that, late in the season, she might come to Schranksteinbad with her aunt for a short stay. Here was the retaining gossamer.

Well, she proved better than her word. She came much earlier than the time she had named, and her first words on getting down from the omnibus, were to ask if I was still an inmate of the house. Yes, from behind the blinds of my window, where I had been attracted by the sound of wheels, I heard my name pronounced by her sweet voice! Next to the call of the letter-carrier, the return of the omnibus from the station was the most exciting event of the day at our Spa. I hastened downstairs to offer my welcome. She was, and looked, very pleased to see me, and said how much she and her aunt, to whom she introduced me next, had feared disappointment in that respect. The aunt, with an awkward curtsey in answer to my bow, said something very commonplace about the obligations under which she and her niece, Maria, were to me. I confess in all humility that I had forgotten all about the aunt, and that I had taken her for her niece's servant. She had the *physique* and the garb befitting the part. Mdlle. Maria looked pale and thin. I asked whether she was unwell. There was nothing the matter, she said, only a little pain in the back. I advised her to see the doctor; upon which the aunt turned sharply round and said she would have no doctoring—it was time and money thrown away—air and rest, that was the best and cheapest physician.

I saw no more of aunt and niece till supper-time. They, as the last arrivals, sitting at the lowest end of the table, we had all its length between us; which put out of the question all attempt at conversation from them to me, or *vice versâ*. Mdlle. Maria looked paler and thinner than ever by candle-light. I availed myself of the little confusion created by the end of the meal to approach her, and urge anew the expediency of having medical advice. She said she would when her aunt was gone, and begged me not to mention the subject again in her relative's presence—her aunt objected to . . . physicians. Was it to physicians or to fees that the lady objected? thought I; but I said nothing of the sort. Mdlle. Maria's manner was hurried and nervous in the extreme during this short colloquy; her eye was all the while on her aunt, who was talking to an elderly lady, both of whom presently joined us. I led them

to the balcony, where most of the company was congregated—the moon shone beautifully—and introduced my new acquaintances to all the persons present.

The aunt left on the morrow after breakfast, recommending her niece to all in general, and to me in particular. She had a concern of some kind, somewhere, which could not dispense with her presence. Nobody, as far as I could see, regretted that it was so—I, least of all; though, as I learned soon after from Jungfrau Madeleine, whom the report had reached in her kitchen, she had lost no opportunity of descanting upon the great service I had rendered her niece.

Mdlle. Maria drove to the station with her aunt, and by the same occasion called on the doctor at the next village. The doctor treated her ailment very lightly, and prescribed for her cold *douches* and repose. This *fiat* of the doctor, communicated to me by Mdlle. Maria, only half re-assured me. Considerate doctors—and the one in question was very much so—do not begin, of course, by frightening their patients out of their wits, in order to effect their cure. So I resolved to question the doctor myself. Nothing more easy; he called daily at the baths, and we were on excellent terms with each other. I lay in wait for him the next day, went a little way back with him, and adroitly put him on the topic about which I wanted enlightenment. His answer, I am glad to say, was but a confirmation of his statement to Mdlle. Maria. Her complaint was the result of a strain made in lifting a basket full of linen; she had injured her spine; the hurt was happily light this time, and would entail no bad consequences upon her; but, if they continued to overwork her as they did, sooner or later their wash-days would make an end of her!

"It is the pride of our housewives," continued the doctor, "to fill their presses with heaps upon heaps of linen, and to have in the year but two washes—monstrous ones, of course, and enough to try the strength of an ox. Now, Mdlle. Maria is delicate, very delicate; I have told them so more than once, but what is the use? So long as they can squeeze out of her all the work that is in her, what do they care whether she lives or dies, the miserly brutes!"

The honest indignation of the feeling practitioner did one's heart good to see. The miserly brutes were, of course, Mdlle. Maria's aunt that I had seen, and this lady's worthy husband, the only near relations of Mdlle. Maria, and with whom she had gone to stay, ever since her father's demise, eleven months ago. The new light of victim, under which the doctor's confidences placed my young acquaintance, was not calculated, as you may well think, to lessen my interest in her.

She did not look like a victim, though. As her extreme timidity gave gradually way under the warmth of the general kindness (and who could feel otherwise than kind to the sweet-faced, sweet-mannered invalid?) there spread over her countenance a calm serenity, which excluded all notion of her feeling at all unhappy. Then the evident pleasure she took in constant occupation was to me another proof of her evenness of spirits. Mdlle. Maria was always quietly busy, either knitting—that inexorable necessity of all Swiss women—embroidering, sketching, or reading. When it was too hot to sit in the open air of an afternoon, she would quietly steal to the dancing-room, and there play on the piano for hours, or sing (little of this last, however, for the doctor was rather against it). She had plenty of time for all these avocations, poor thing, being under *veto* of taking walks of any length. To those who congratulated her upon the variety of her accomplishments, she simply would observe, that she was brought up for a governess, and had had to learn many things, without really mastering any one; a statement more modest than true, because both for music and sketching she had a very fine talent. She could also read and speak English correctly enough, but not write it.

I used to go every morning, after post-time, and read my newspaper in one of the two summerhouses, which

stood on a little elevation at ten minutes' walk from the house. It commanded a beautiful view of the valley, with its winding river, the woody hills which hemmed it in, and the chain of the Alps behind. Well, one morning (it was the fifth since Mdlle. Maria's arrival), as I reached the spot, whom should I see but Mdlle. Maria installed in one of the summerhouses, and reading a letter! I was the more surprised to meet her there, that I had heard her repeatedly complain of the doctor's cruelty in tabooing the place for her, because of the little ascent. However, it was too late to withdraw, for the young lady had seen me; accordingly I went up to her, and said jestingly, that I was afraid I was in duty bound to report to the doctor. She said she felt so much better this morning that indeed she could not withstand the temptation. The shower-baths were doing her a world of good.

"I am heartily glad of that," said I; "and I will reconsider my threat of turning informer. In the meantime I will leave you to the perusal of your letter."

"I have read it twice over already," said she naïvely. "Your name figures in it."

"Does it, indeed?"

"Yes, here it is;" and she pointed it out to me. I read, in fact, my name, at the end of a flattering phrase, expressive of a wish to make my acquaintance.

"You are not curious," resumed she after a pause, seeing that I asked no questions.

"I am only discreet," said I.

"I am sorry you are, because I want to prejudice you in favour of the writer. He comes to-morrow." (To-morrow was Sunday.)

"Who comes?" asked I.

"Adolphe."

"Is he a relation?"

"No... no relation."

"Something better, then?"

She blushed..."perhaps;" and Mdlle. Maria's little romance before long oozed out in driblets.

It was like most romances of most girls. She had known him from a child. He was the cleverest and best pupil of her father, who kept a school in a village, and the gentlest and kindest of playfellows to her. When he left for town, at seventeen years of age, to enter as clerk in a commercial house, an attachment had already sprung up between them, known to and approved of by her father, who, however, put off all question of marriage to the time when Adolphe should earn money enough for himself and a wife to live decently. She was then scarcely fifteen, and studying to fit herself for a governess. The next three years proved the happiest of her life. Adolphe visited at her father's as often as business would allow; he advanced steadily in his profession, and her father was quite satisfied with him. At the end of the third year, the sky clouded at once. Evil reports—false, of course—of the youth's behaviour reached her father, who, unfortunately, believed them. This led to a succession of stormy scenes, the upshot of which was a rupture. During the long estrangement that followed, lasting nearly two other years, Adolphe had risen to the situation of head clerk in the business, and had plenty of advantageous offers of marriage, which of course he declined for her sake. Then her father had a stroke, and was not expected to revive; he did however, and lingered on for months and months. And for months and months was Adolphe unremitting in his cares and attentions to the invalid—a son could have done no more. In short, the dying man's heart relented, and the grant of his daughter's hand was the seal of the reconciliation. He died shortly after. Adolphe and Maria were to be husband and wife at the expiration of her mourning.

This communication eased my mind wonderfully. That, after what I had heard of the selfishness and unconscientiousness of the relations on whom she depended, there should be an honest fellow ready to rescue her from thraldom, seemed nearly too good to be believed; and my sympathies, from this moment, were enlisted in favour of M. Adolphe. A love so constant, against

wind and tide, spoke well for the man. I waited for his appearance with almost as much impatience as Mdlle. Maria.

The most impatient of the three, however, proved M. Adolphe, who burst like a bomb upon us on the evening of the same day, Saturday, just as we had done supper, and were cooling ourselves on the gallery. He had taken time by the forelock, he explained, and here he was. Judge of Mdlle. Maria's delighted surprise and beaming looks. I, for my part, was scarcely less pleased; I could have hugged him for his hurry. A lively blondin, with blue lustrous eyes, looking hardly his age, twenty-four, restless as a gutta-percha ball, full to the brim of talk, of fun, and exuberant spirits! He made himself quite at home, and was on terms of intimacy with everybody in no time. To me he was over-friendly. He shook me repeatedly by the hand, with a vigour that threatened my wrist with dislocation; and the warmth of his thanks was so disproportionate to the small service I had rendered Mdlle. Maria as to positively put me out of countenance. My horoscope of him was, altogether, very favourable. A warm-hearted creature who will make his partner an easy life, thought I; rather too boisterous and demonstrative for my taste—but what has my taste to do in the matter? She it is who marries him, and she likes him as he is. All right.

M. Adolphe was already discussing his toast and coffee, when I entered the breakfast-room next morning. I went up to him with outstretched hands, and —lo! what could be the matter with him? The night had aged him by ten years! All the spirit and animation had gone out of his face and manner. He gave me the tips of his fingers, and stammered some broken words of greeting. He scarcely spoke during the meal, and always with some effort. Do what I would, I could not bring him to look me straight in the face. His eyes wandered restlessly right and left. A culprit who shuns observation—such was the appearance he presented.

I seized a favourable opportunity to ask of Mdlle. Maria, unheard by him, whether they had quarrelled. "Not in the least," said she; "what makes you ask?"

"Why, because M. Adolphe looks rather . . . thoughtful."

"He always does in the morning," said she; "business weighs him down; only think, such a responsibility; all the concern on his hands, and he is so conscientious!"

I accepted this explanation for what it was worth. Queer sense of responsibility that must be which makes itself felt exclusively in the morning! Perhaps he was only out of sorts, or ill. But he was always so, she had said. I was more puzzled and vexed by this new aspect of affairs than I dare say. Was this vessel I thought so sound a damaged one, or was it only a false alarm? I determined to watch M. Adolphe pretty closely. I saw him go to church alone—so long a walk was out of the question for Mdlle. Maria—and return in her company; she had gone to meet him a little way. He went in for no longer than five minutes, and then came down and sat in the shade with the company. His looks were improved, and so was his manner; it had nothing in it of the buoyancy of the previous evening, but the late constraint had passed away from it; it was natural. He could now talk to people, and look them full in the face.

The dinner did not work any appreciable change in him, that I could see. We sat long after dinner to watch the Sunday people coming—he seemed to take very little interest in the sight, and spoke little. At one time I heard him ask Mdlle. Maria if she had not better go and have a little rest. Had she complained or not of being tired? That is more than I can say. She complied, and he accompanied her into the house. From that moment I lost sight of him for some hours. The affluence of the Sunday visitors made it a very hard task to follow the doings of an individual among the crowd.

When I saw him next, he was sitting at a table in the gallery with sun-

dry acquaintances he had met, Mdlle. Maria by his side. I noticed immediately a very sensible rise in his spirits. He was growing talkative and expansive. He would have me sit by him, drank my health, and pelted me with protestations of friendship. My eyes were riveted all the while upon Mdlle. Maria, to spy the faintest indication of uneasiness in her face. None—there was nothing in her looks but pride, admiration, happiness. Need I say that by supper-time M. Adolphe had found again his youthful appearance, his brilliancy, his gift of the gab, his buoyancy of the previous evening? After supper we adjourned, as usual with us, to the dancing-room; the throng had cleared considerably by this time. Now it was that M. Adolphe shone in all his lustre, and won the heart of our ladies, whom he took almost all for partners, one after the other. Mdlle. Maria was forbidden to dance. M. Adolphe was a fine dancer, light and indefatigable withal; his occasional imitation of the ways of the peasants, including the great thump and the yell, were the *ne plus ultra* of comicality. How she laughed! I might have quarrelled with her for looking so pleased. How stupid women can be when they choose!

To me this merry exhibition proved anything but agreeable. There was no mistaking the source at which M. Adolphe drew his inspirations. What in the previous evening I had taken for granted to be, and might, strictly speaking, have been, exuberance of animal spirits, was simply the effect of drink. Was it an habitual or an occasional indulgence with him? That was the question on which Mdlle. Maria's future happiness hung, and the only desideratum by which it might be solved—time—failed me. M. Adolphe would be gone in the morning.

I could scarcely sleep for the harrowing thought that haunted me, and set out by break of day for a long expedition up the mountain. Locomotion and fresh air are my infallible medicine for the ailments of the mind, and did not fail me on this occasion. After a full two hours' ramble, I made up my mind to submit my observations to the doctor, and take counsel from his tried experience. I was, accordingly, wending my way towards home to have a hasty breakfast, and then proceed immediately to the village, when lo! at the turning of a path I overtook the doctor himself. He was returning from a hamlet up the mountain, to which he had been summoned in all haste during the night.

"I was just thinking of going to you," said I; and then and there I told him of my perplexity, and gave him an account of M. Adolphe's doings during the last twenty-four hours, with the accuracy and minuteness of a medical student reporting the symptoms of a patient confided to his care by his professor. The doctor pronounced at once the case one of confirmed drunkenness. What characterized it as such, he said, was the dejectedness of the young man in the morning; it was an infallible symptom, as he had been able to ascertain, from alas! too frequent an experience. Habitual drunkards, previous to raising themselves up by a dose of stimulant, felt, and looked in fact, like culprits—to borrow, as he said, my graphic and felicitous simile.

The doctor's opinion coincided too well with my personal impression not to carry a decisive weight with it; yet it seemed hard—and I told him so—to convict a man, as it were, on one day's evidence, and act against him upon it.

"What do you mean by acting?" asked the doctor."

"Why," said I, "the young lady ought to be warned."

He laughed a dry laugh, and said, "I have warned against drunkards girls by the score, with no better result than losing them as patients. None so deaf, you know, as those who won't hear."

"I have not arrived at my time of life, dear doctor, without knowing what one ordinarily gets for one's pains in such occurrences, but there may be exceptions; and then, it is an affair of conscience. If I only could get some additional evidence!"

"Is there no chance," asked the doctor,

"of having this young man down at the baths for a few days?"

I said I feared there was none; business nailed him to town; he could only leave on Saturday evenings.

The doctor considered a moment; then said, "You shall have your bit of additional evidence, though. Here is how it shall be. Mdlle. Maria has begged me repeatedly for leave to go to the Rothen Flüe. Rothen Flüe is a high point on the mountain, easy accessible to carriages, and from whence there is a beautiful view. I shall grant her leave for Sunday next—she is well enough now to stand the exertion—but on condition that I shall be of the party, to make sure of her committing no imprudences. At the same time I shall mention you as willing to make the excursion; that will lead to your being invited. The trip will take us six hours at least. We'll see how M. Adolphe stands the trial."

The scheme succeeded beyond our wishes; I say beyond, because it had a tail, with which we could have well dispensed. However, of this in its place. Well, then, Mdlle. Maria brought me word in due time, that the doctor had at last consented to her going to the Rothen Flüe next Sunday; that he was to be of the party, and I too. M. Adolphe, on his side, when told of the arrangement on the following Saturday, expressed his delight with all the flow of words and spirits incident to the hour—nine o'clock in the evening. But at five in the morning it was quite another story. We had the greatest difficulty in wrenching him from his slumbers; and, when at last he made his appearance, rather than the looks of a young lover bent on a beautiful excursion with his betrothed, his were those of a criminal called up for execution. I may say, without exaggeration, that he sustained the character throughout the expedition.

Not that he did not strive hard to shake himself up, and look alive; but he lacked the stamina for it; he had not a breath of life in him. Even blind Mdlle. Maria noticed, and asked the reason of, his state of collapse and intense look of *ennui*. He pleaded bad headache; the sun was so hot, he said. We did our best, the doctor and I, to entertain and interest her, but in vain; where the finest view imaginable failed, what could our efforts do? The mention of the bad headache had taken all the sun out of her eyes. He scarcely tasted the provisions we had taken with us, and even refused the glass of wine, his allotted part of the one small bottle in our possession. Our stay at the Rothen Flüe was of the shortest; our drive home dull and silent. We reached Schranksteinbad at eleven, a full hour before our time. M. Adolphe said he would go and lie down till dinner, when he hoped—nay, made sure of being quite himself again.

The dinner bell rang at twelve as usual, and . . . here comes the tail. M. Adolphe had so well employed the interval, that to see him, and say, *una voce*, "He is tipsy," was, for the doctor and me, one and the same thing. We learned afterwards from Jungfrau Madeleine that he had asked for and taken up to his room a bottle of kirschwasser, under pretence of washing his head with it. His bloodshot eyes, tottering gait, and incipient thickness of utterance intimated too clearly that eagerness to make up for the long deprivation of stimulant had betrayed him into taking an overdose.

M. Adolphe began by declaring that he would not sit down at the low end of the table, so far from his dear friends—the doctor, my guest for the day, shared with me the presidential place—and actually carried his and Mdlle. Maria's cover close to where we sat, to the no small inconvenience of the whole company, who had to move down to make room for them. He next called for champagne; and, on the waiter asking how many champagne glasses he ought to bring, he answered as many as there were people at table. Then he began giving toasts and drinking them conscientiously, rattling on all the while, and getting up at every moment to go and hobnob with this and that guest, who

happened to be out of arm's length. Then . . . but what is the use of dwelling on a scene as disgusting as it is unfortunately familiar? Who has not seen a man half-drunk bent on making himself completely so, with a zeal worthy of a better cause? All that I could do, and that I did, in my capacity of chairman, was to shorten the meal as much as could be decently done. The doctor and I, seemingly in jest, dragged reluctant M. Adolphe into the open air, and had him seated on a chair, from which, before long, he slipped to the ground in a state of coma, as the doctor scientifically termed it. So we had him carried to his room, and consigned to his bed.

How was Mdlle. Maria affected by this disgraceful episode? Well, believe it or not, Mdlle. Maria enjoyed the sport indoors very keenly; I daresay, in the poor young lady's eyes, M. Adolphe had no equal for wit, fun, and jollity. The catastrophe that followed in the open air, took her quite by surprise. She looked alarmed and distressed, and kept repeating that surely it was the sun. The kind-hearted people around, to tranquillize her, agreed that it was the sun. I myself, when she appealed to me, laid it all at the door of the sun. Incredible the number of barefaced lies we tell with a good intention!

Nobody, but Mdlle. Maria, who had probably little sleep, if any, that night, saw M. Adolphe next day. He was already gone when I went out for my early morning walk. I let two days slip by; and then, availing myself of a moment of privacy, I threw out to her a dubitative hint or two. I did so with all the care and delicacy of touch of a mother dressing the bleeding wound of a dear babe. She stood up in arms, repelled the charge with scorn, flatly denied all the circumstances with which I supported it, made even a weapon of my admission that it was the sun—in a word, was as absurd as women always are in like circumstances. A similar attempt, made at my earnest instigation by the doctor, had a similar result. She sent instantly word to her aunt to come and take her away, and departed in high dudgeon. I wrote a long letter to her: the letter was returned to me, opened, but without a word.

I never saw her again—she sent me in after years many kind, nay repentant messages—but I saw enough of the unhappy wretch, whom she had made the partner of her life, to acquire the certainty that my worst anticipations were realised. The last I knew of the husband of the young lady in black was that he had been dismissed his situation, and was busy drinking his wife's little portion; a case so common under all latitudes—perhaps more especially common in the more northern ones—that it scarcely elicits any notice.

To be continued.

THE HISTORY OF LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINATION.

BY J. H. GLADSTONE, F.R.S.

Beacon lights for the benefit of mariners are no modern invention. Old Homer draws a simile from them:—

"So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky."[1]

[1] So Pope renders the passage in Iliad, xix. 375.

The far-famed Pharos of Alexandria was built at great expense, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred years before our era, and Strabo mentions a magnificent stone lighthouse on a rock near the mouth of the Guadalquiver; so that the lines of the Poet Laureate, in which the little maid talks to Guinevere of the prodigies at the founding of the Round Table, might even be true to nature—

"All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a beacon star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them, headland after headland, flame
Far on into the rich heart of the West."

Yet we have no knowledge of the method of illumination adopted by the ancients, and the whole of the present history will be confined almost within the narrow limits of a century. The materials of the sketch will be drawn from Alan Stevenson's Treatise on Lighthouses, and from various sources of information which were open to the writer when serving as a member of the Royal Commission on Lights, Buoys, and Beacons, under the presidency of Admiral Hamilton, whose report was laid before parliament last spring.

Many lighthouses, still standing, have witnessed the whole of the important changes that have taken place in the art of illumination. Thus the beautiful Tour de Corduan, at the mouth of the Gironde, first exhibited a light obtained by burning billets of oak in a chauffer; then coal was substituted for wood; afterwards a large tinned reflector was placed above this fire to throw down the light which had previously been wasted on the sky. Next oil lamps and paraboloidal reflectors were employed; and, lastly, the tower was crowned with the first apparatus of lenses that ever gave to the mariner the light of a four-wicked lamp.

It must not be supposed that these various changes of system took place simultaneously in different countries, or even in different parts of our own country. The fact is, that the lighting of the shores of the British Isles has been undertaken by a large number of different corporations, and, till recently, by some private individuals; and some of these have been naturally more conservative than others—the large bodies generally, but not always, taking the lead in improvements. These bodies are the Trinity House in England, the Commissioners for Northern Lights in Scotland, and the Ballast Board in Ireland, which have under their jurisdiction nearly all the great shore lights in the respective countries. The two last are subject, in some particulars, to the first; the three have a limited power over the harbour lights, which belong to perhaps a hundred municipal authorities; while the Board of Trade has a not well defined "control of the purse" over them all. Should the recommendations of the Royal Commission be adopted, the system of government will be greatly simplified; yet, even then, we can hardly expect that new improvements will be extended at once throughout the whole lighthouse service of the country—for new apparatus is costly, and indeed different plans of illumination suit different localities. But in a historical paper we have only to deal with things as they were and are.

There is a peculiarity about the history of lighthouse illumination which may perhaps be best illustrated by comparing it with the geological history of our earth. In that we are accustomed to recognise various epochs—one age of luxuriant vegetation, another of huge saurians, another of mammalia. Yet we know that these ages are not separated by sharp lines of demarcation; we cannot say when in the progress of time the little rodent first made its appearance; and, though the trilobite and the pterodactyle have long been displaced, the pentacrinite and the iguana still survive in limited regions, the relics of a former age. Just in a similar manner we can point to certain epochs in lighthouse illumination. It is difficult to define their commencement; the day of their glory is clear enough, their decadence is slow; and, though the coal-fire has become extinct, specimens of antiquated lamps and primeval reflectors are still to be found in remote localities.

I proceed to give an account of these various epochs.

Coal-fires. The earliest records are of open coal-fires which were kept burning on the top of beacon towers throughout the darkness of night. Of course these had many disadvantages; not the least

of which was that, if the wind were blowing hard from the sea, it blew the flames to the landward side of the fire, and little light was displayed to the mariner when seeking to avoid a lee shore, in the hour of his greatest need.

At the lighthouse on the Isle of May a coal-fire was burnt from 1635 to 1816. Two years ago I conversed with a keeper at Harwich, who remembered the coal-fire there, and the blowing of the bellows, and the constant attendance without shelter from the weather. The last fire of this description in England was extinguished at St. Bees, in 1822.

One evil connected with this system has been entailed on us. For the sake of distinguishing one beacon from another, it was found necessary in some cases to build two towers with coal-fires near together, and even three towers—at any rate in France. And this means of distinction is actually still retained in some places, where not wanted as a leading light, although it doubles the expense.

Candles. Candles appear to have been seldom employed as a source of light in beacons; but in the Eddystone light-house, on the construction of which so much ingenuity and labour were expended, twenty-four wax candles gave their feeble glimmer as late as 1811.

Oil. The use of oil as a combustible can be traced as far back as 1730; but it was very gradually that the oil lamp displaced the coal-fire. Sperm oil was generally employed. The French, however, used Colza oil, and this was found to be more economical, and not liable to be frozen in cold weather; and, after a strong recommendation by a parliamentary committee that sat in 1845, it was at once introduced into the lighthouses under the management of the Trinity Board, and more slowly into those of Scotland. The Board of Admiralty still prefers the expensive and troublesome sperm oil for the lights under its jurisdiction; while the merchants of Liverpool have a peculiar preference for olive oil.

Oil implies a lamp. Many have been the modifications which lighthouse lamps have undergone. In the museum attached to the lighthouse establishment at Paris, there is a curious row of contrivances, from the tin lamp with a spout and a skein of cotton in it, like the old Roman form, to double wicks, and flat wicks, and argand burners, and lastly, the grand four-wicked lamp invented by Fresnel and Arago. Some of these discarded forms still linger in lights under local management. For instance, on the pier at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, "the lamp used is exactly the same as the common lamp hung in the poorest fisherman's cottage, and as old as the Italian tombs."

Oil-lamps with mirrors. It requires no profound knowledge to see that whatever light is allowed to stream from a lamp over the land, or up to the sky, is so much light wasted, and that, if it were thrown back across the surface of the sea, it would be so much gained to the mariner. The use of mirrors for this purpose early suggested itself; and it seems likely that the lights erected in 1763, at Bidstone and Hoylake near Liverpool, were furnished even then with the large reflectors which they certainly possessed not long afterwards. It was about 1783 that paraboloidal mirrors on a revolving frame were erected on the Tour de Corduan; and the example was almost immediately and extensively followed in the United Kingdom.

But the mirror has seen many changes, and has grown in cost and efficiency, if not in size. The most primitive form that showed any scientific sense was the hollow paraboloidal mould, lined with narrow strips of flat quicksilvered glass; and such reflectors are actually still in use at the pier lights at Newhaven, where an antiquated tin box serves as the lamp, and the oil—sperm oil—rises by three primitive wicks, and, for want of proper burner and chimney-glass, fills the chamber with smoke. This form was succeeded by parabolic reflectors of silvered copper, in the centres of which were argand burners, so placed that the rays which struck upon them were sent forward in straight lines towards the sea

horizon. Of course these lamps and reflectors could be multiplied on the same framework to any extent required, and the capital invention of revolving lights was then made. As each lamp sends a direct ray to a ship at sea, decreasing in intensity as the square of the distance, and, at the same time, sends a strong beam of reflected light to some portion of the horizon, it is evident that, by rotating the mirror, or the whole apparatus, this beam of light may be made to sweep round, and illuminate every portion of the horizon successively. By multiplying such mirrors, a number of beams of light may be made to sweep over the sea, like the spokes of a mighty wheel of fire. By varying the number or the velocity, different periods may be imparted to the flash. The effect of this is that a revolving light so constructed appears, from the deck of a ship at no great distance, as a permanent faint light, varied at regular intervals by a much more brilliant blaze; as the vessel goes farther away, the waxing and waning of the light is very perceptible, and at length only the bright flashes are seen. The advantages of these revolving lights are manifold. They send a ray farther than could be effected otherwise with the combustion of the same amount of oil; they catch the eye of the mariner; and they afford an easy method of distinguishing lighthouses from one another, or from common shore or ship lights.

Argand fifty years ago suggested a combination of the parabola and ellipse, and Handry a combination of the cone and parabola, as preferable for these mirrors; but the theoretical advantages of these forms do not appear to have been put to the test of actual use. Bordier Marcier invented some ingenious modifications of the parabolic mirror, which were adopted for the harbour lights of France; but they have been since discontinued, and the only place in the British Isles where I have found such an apparatus in use is Littlehampton.

The simple parabolic silvered reflector still holds its ground in the United Kingdom. There was a time when it reigned supreme, and when England stood pre-eminent among the nations for the efficiency of the beacon-lights along her coast. Even now the silvered reflector is almost universal in the floating lights, and, though it has been driven out of half our principal lighthouses by another instrument, it is still retained in many of the best; and the multitudinous evidence recently collected places it beyond a doubt that many of our grand revolving reflector lights compare favourably with the best lights of foreign countries. Such a light is that at Beachy Head, where thirty burners, consuming 1000 gallons of oil annually, are arranged on a triangular stage, in such a way that ten reflectors at once direct a beam of ten-fold brilliancy to the same part of the ocean.

Oil lamps with lenses.—While a mirror gathers up and renders serviceable the light that radiates behind a lamp, it allows the front rays to travel at their will to the sky, or the sands at the base of the cliff, so that few reach the mariner. The idea occurred, that this might be obviated by placing a lens in front of the light; but a trial made last century, in a lighthouse at the south of England, proved a failure—partly, no doubt, on account of the thickness and badness of the glass, and also because it destroyed the efficiency of the parabolic mirror. Buffon and Condorcet showed how to make gigantic lenses without any great thickness of material, by dispensing with everything beyond what was necessary to give the right refracting surfaces. Then arose the greatest genius of lighthouse illumination, Auguste Fresnel. The French government, in 1819, finding their lighthouse system extremely imperfect, commissioned Fresnel to go to work on the subject. The idea of using lenses took firm possession of his mind; he experimented carefully and well, and in 1822 brought forward his proposition for surrounding the flame of a gigantic lamp by lenses made in many rings of crown-glass, subtending an angle of forty-five degrees. By this means he gathered about one third of

the whole light into a few sheafs of rays, which could be easily made to revolve, while the light which radiated above these lenses, was sent along the surface of the sea by a combination of lenses and mirrors. This apparatus was proposed by its inventor for the Tour de Corduan; an experiment was made with it, on the 20th August, 1822, before the Commission des Phares; it was considered successful, and the plan was adopted. But the French government did not stop here. A comprehensive scheme was proposed for improving the lighthouse system of the country, building new lighthouses, altering old ones, introducing the lenticular apparatus, and varying the appearance of the lights. And badly enough was such a general scheme wanted. The French coasts were then wretchedly lighted; for instance, there appears to have been only one French light in the Mediterranean. Sixteen others were proposed. The French side of the Channel was better supplied; yet even there great changes were loudly called for. The matter was entrusted to M. de Rossel, whose general scheme was approved by the Commission des Phares, May 20, 1825, and referred to him and Fresnel for further development; which was given to it in a report dated September 9th of the same year. This comprehensive plan was speedily carried into effect, and the lighting of the coasts of France became almost as good as it is at the present day.

The merits of the lenticular arrangement did not long remain unappreciated by other countries. The Dutch have the credit of first following the good example. The Scotch Board soon sent their engineer to study the new system; but, though constantly urged on by Sir David Brewster, who had long previously experimented on lenses, it was only on October 1st, 1835, that the first lens-light was exhibited in Great Britain, at Inchkeith, in the Firth of Forth. This was quickly followed by a change in several other Scotch lights, and by the Trinity House, in 1836, furnishing a newly erected lighthouse, on the Start Point, with one of these lenticular arrangements. Since that time, this apparatus, variously modified, has been gradually replacing the silvered reflectors in our British lighthouses; but only gradually—for the Board of Trade lay it down as a principle, that the expense involved by the change should only be incurred when the reflectors are worn out, and they will often last, when handled by careful keepers, for forty years. The governments of the United States and Spain have, within these last few years, instituted a complete reformation in the lighthouse service of those countries, and have adopted the lenticular system throughout.

The lenses first used in England were manufactured, we believe, at Newcastle; but they were poor affairs, and subsequently the contracts were given to French houses. But English manufacturing ingenuity was not to be baffled; and now the Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, make apparatus equal, if not superior, to all others. A visit to their works is most interesting; and it would be instructive to describe the mysteries of the melting-pot, and the advantages of cross-stroke grinding; but space does not permit, and perhaps the reader is thankful that it does not.

Attempts have lately been made to employ pressed instead of ground glass. The chief advantage is economy; but it is an economy we do not care to practise even in our household glass, much less in optical instruments. There is a little pile lighthouse near Calais, standing in the water on its long iron legs, which is fitted up on this plan; but, though immense ingenuity has been expended on it, the experiment cannot be deemed satisfactory. It was at Londonderry that a lens of pressed glass first came under my notice, but the man in charge did not know which way to place the convex side; and in a tower on Lough Foyle a similar lens was actually turned the wrong way.

In the centre of this system of lenses should be the most powerful flame that can be produced. Four concentric wicks, each capable of moving independently

of the other, with a mechanical arrangement for pumping up the oil, were employed by Fresnel; and the regulation quantity of colza oil annually consumed is 785 gallons for each first-order lamp in France. Now it must be remembered, that the amount of oil burnt is pretty nearly a measure of the light produced; and, as all other expenses in a lighthouse remain the same whether the flame be great or small, it is evidently the worst economy to stint the oil. Yet this has actually been done systematically in England and Ireland, where, partly from inferiority of lamps, partly from the rejection of the fourth wick, and partly from not encouraging the keepers to burn a high flame, the quantity of oil consumed is not much more than half what it ought to be—averaging, respectively, 474 and 442 gallons in 1857. And this error tells more fatally, since it is only the light from perhaps two inches or more above the burner that ever finds its way to the sea through the lenses—so that, as the Royal Commissioners actually found in their visits, when low flames were employed, little beyond the yellow points of the flame were serviceable to the mariner.

Oil lamp with both lenses and reflectors. Even in Fresnel's original design it was proposed to catch and to utilize the light which passed above the lenses by reflectors of looking glass; and several existing lighthouses contain apparatus on this principle. But the combination of the two systems has drawn forth the ingenuity and talent of the family of the Stevensons. The two systems are called, respectively, the catoptric and the dioptric, from the common optical terms; but in this paper these terms have been hitherto avoided, and it is not my intention to trouble the reader with the distinction between catadioptric and diacatoptric, or to describe in detail an "azimuthal condensing catadioptric holophotal apparatus." It would not indeed be possible to do so without diagrams. The three following points may suffice to show the important modifications which Mr. Thomas Stevenson has made of Fresnel's idea.

The rays passing above or below the band of lenses are caught and sent into the desired direction, not by mirrors, but by totally refracting prisms of glass. The first apparatus of this character erected was at the Pedra Branca rock, near Singapore, in 1850; but the principle has been extensively adopted since. A fixed apparatus of this character is like a gigantic bee-hive, the encircling bands of which are made of glass; and, if for a first-class light, it is capacious enough for several persons to get inside it at once, and walk round the central fire, and view the image of the landscape in each separate piece of glass.

If it is desired not to illuminate the whole circle, and to send a particularly bright beam in one or two directions, as frequently happens in the narrow channels among the Western Isles of Scotland, the rays passing towards the undesired quarter are caught by lenses and a row of vertical prisms, and sent exactly to the spot where their brilliancy does good service to the sailor, winding his way through those tortuous seas.

An effective combination of the metallic reflector and the lens is in some places adopted, where the rays in front are parallized by the transparent glass, and the rest by the parabolic metal, with the exception of those at the back of the flame, which are returned through it by a spherical mirror, and sent through the lens.

It is self-evident that the proper adjustment of these different pieces of apparatus is a matter of the utmost importance; for it might easily happen that they should send the light up to the stars, or down to the shore. The Royal Commissioners suspected that in many cases it was so; and the bright idea occurred to their Secretary, Mr. J. F. Campbell, that it would be easy to determine where the light of the lamp fell on external objects, through a particular piece of glass, by observing what external object was visible through that piece to an eye placed where the flame should be. By this method of internal observation the sadly defective state of many of our lighthouses

was proved to demonstration. The Astronomer Royal took a strong view of the case, saying of one instance: "It "really gave me a feeling of melancholy "to see the results of such exquisite "workmanship entirely *annihilated* by "subsequent faults in the mounting and "adjustment." The attention of the Trinity Brethren was called to this defect; and, by the zealous co-operation of Professor Faraday and Mr. James Chance, means were devised for re-adjusting the bands of glass, or for fixing them properly in the first instance. During this investigation several curious facts were noticed. Thus sailors at Whitby had complained that the lighthouse gallery cut off the lower beams of light; it was not the gallery, but the very prisms of glass which ought to have gathered up that light for the benefit of the sailor. The revolving light at Cape Gris Nez has been praised both in parliament and out of it, and has drawn upon itself the special admiration, not only of those landsmen who may run across by night from Folkestone to Boulogne, but also of the seamen who frequent the whole of the British and French waters. Yet the French authorities thought rather meanly of the light at Gris Nez:—it was an old-fashioned thing, one of the first dioptrics put up, without any of the modern improvements. The commission visited Gris Nez; and, true enough the apparatus was old fashioned. But it was accurately adjusted—probably by Fresnel himself; at any rate by some one who was not content with ordering a beautiful, complicated, and costly piece of mechanism, and getting a mason to set it on top of a tower.

It is not in the above respects alone that great ingenuity has been displayed in lighthouse apparatus. In order to distinguish one light from another, some are made to revolve, while others remain stationary. The rates of revolution also vary. Again, while the majority are white, many are red, and a few green, and some revolving lights are alternately white and red. There are also other varieties. There is a bad variety called the intermittent, made by bringing a screen before the flame; and there are double lights—for instance, the double revolving light at the Calf of Man, the ludicrously characteristic effect of which I well remember, as it seemed to wink at our passing boat, first with one and then with the other of its fiery eyes. On the night after that fearful day when the Royal Charter was wrecked, I stood on the pier at Honfleur; and, while the vessels were tossing about, the desirableness of good distinctions was deeply impressed on my mind—for there, at the mouth of the Seine, were eleven different lights, most of them having just the same appearance; but among them stood conspicuous and unmistakeable the light of Fatouville, alternately steady white, dull red, red flash, dull red, steady white. There is something peculiarly impressive in the constant change of white, white, red, at regular intervals, in such a lonely situation as the Tuskar or Cape Wrath, when seen on a dark night from the deck of a ship sailing on to the wide Atlantic.

New sources of light. Why should we be confined to the combustion of oil? The Pharos of the future will perhaps be as independent of it as is our present street lamp.

Coal gas. Though the use of gas has been frequently pressed upon the attention of the great lighthouse authorities, they have never adopted it, conceiving it to be dangerous. The municipal bodies, however, have not participated in this dread, and a large proportion of even the most important harbour lights owe their illumination to this source. Some of these are admirably managed and most efficient; but there are others which present a sad contrast—as that at Dover, of which it is reported: "The "green light was only distinguishable "as the dullest of lights round the "harbour, and by a greenish or blueish "hue, not very discernible."

The same optical apparatus is applicable to a gas as to an oil-flame.

Electric light. All other lights that science has produced appear dim beside the splendour of that small spark which

bursts into view when the conducting wires of a powerful electric current are separated by a minute space, especially if these wires terminate in charcoal points. The worst is, that it is difficult to maintain this spark in a constant state of brilliancy. Many attempts have been made to overcome this difficulty, and many proposals have been submitted for introducing electric lights into lighthouses; but the only one which has been so introduced is that of Professor Holmes. In 1853 he was called to examine some magneto-electric machines that were intended for the decomposition of water, and it occurred to him that they might be made available for producing the charcoal light. He got the light, and set to work to perfect the apparatus. In February, 1857, he first communicated with the Trinity House; and, on December 8, 1858, this brilliant star first beamed forth over the seas from a lighthouse—that at the South Foreland—surprising the sailors, and the inhabitants on the opposite coast of France. The light, as in other cases, is derived from combustion; but it is the combustion of coal in a small steam engine, which rotates a wheel loaded with soft iron cores past another wheel loaded with permanent magnets. This calls into action a force which, carried aloft by stout wires and allowed to pass between the charcoal points of an ingeniously-constructed "lamp," produces a light which can only be compared to a fragment of the sun. The experiment was continued for some months, and was considered successful. But the light was afterwards removed from the South Foreland, the dioptric apparatus of which was ill-adapted for it. Some improvements have since been made; and it is now fitted up with optical apparatus of its own, at Dungeness, and will, probably, be shining again before this paper is printed. It is intended that it shall be permanent. Professor Faraday, who first discovered magneto-electricity, and who is the scientific adviser of the Trinity House, has naturally taken a great interest in the development of this child of his, and in seeing it take a part in the active business of the world.

Lime light. Captain Drummond attempted to introduce into lighthouses the brilliant light produced by the incandescence of a piece of lime in an oxy-hydrogen flame; but, at that time, the difficulty from the cracking of the lime could not be sufficiently overcome. Mechanical genius, however, has done much to remove this, and for three months during the past autumn a light of this character was exhibited, as an experiment, at the South Foreland.

Should either this light or that from the magneto-electric machine eventually come into general use, England will have the honour of initiating an improvement in lighthouse illumination equal, if not superior, to that effected in France by the genius of Fresnel. Long may there be such a rivalry between the two nations!

THE CURSE OF ROME.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

[Written after reading Count Montalembert's letter to Cavour, in which he contends that the temporal power of the Pope should be maintained for the benefit of "the Catholic world."]

In France throned Despotism's foe and fear,
In Italy her slave and satellite!
Passionate champion of the monster here
That there he execrates, in Heaven's sight
Fronting undauntedly with weapons bright
Of scorn, and high defiance eloquent!
Alas! alas! pale Superstition's might
To quell the aspiring spirit else unbent,
Bedim the piercing eye, pervert the pure intent!

As a Brazilian traveller lulled and bled
By vampires, long the glorious nation lay.
What revelling parasites her torpor fed!
How learning, art, and commerce ebbed away!
Rivals in greatness, sisters in decay,
The illustrious cities 'neath the embracing blue
Of heaven lay corpse-like—Florence, a display
Of pictures; Venice shipless; where erst flew
Rome's eagles, long grass waved, and wild flowers gaily grew.

And *grow!* But, as an arid water-course
Fills suddenly with foam, and speed, and power
Of heaven-descended torrents, whose loud force
Is as a trumpet citing herb and flower
The desolated banks to reimbower,
So freedom fell on Italy—a glow
Of life returning flashed on field and tower,
Romeward ascending. Who art thou would'st go
Against that stream, and chide its joyous overflow?

What! Rome must wither 'neath the oppressor's hand,
Lest Reason chill the Spaniard's bigotry!
Augsburg, Geneva, Smithfield even did brand
The scarlet Church less ineffaceably
Than thou, her advocate! Rome must not be free
Lest our creed perish!—Built upon a rock
I deemed it. Doth not Peter hold the key
Of Paradise? Can earthly changes mock
Heaven's promises?—Earth's wolves rend the celestial flock?

The faith ye lack rebukes the faith ye hold.
A nation must be martyred for a mass!
"'Tis fit that One for more should die," of old
One said, and he, methinks, was Caiaphas!
Whom now *your* pontiff echoes, and, alas!
The Tribune him. More speciously infer
Poor *France's* part in Time's great drama was
Europe's exemplar Helot—to deter
Who to sage Law the cup of Licence might prefer.

Go to that master-labour of the priest
Which was the rich Campagna; look around;
Scan glutted Desolation's amplest feast—
Scarce ruins even, nothing but the ground,
Unhoused, untilled, untenanted, uncrowned
By any growth save Nature's; view the thirst
Of fever preying on that ague-bound,
Squalid, and meagre serf—then go, his worst
Of lots prolong; but hear his malediction first!

And hear thou mine, old Church!—not for the crime
Whereat Geneva bans, and Oxford is
A shaker of the head.—Something sublime
Clings spectrally to old idolatries:
The human heart can never pray amiss,
Praying in love! and she whose silvery tones
Rise to the Ocean's Star, imploring his
Safety who sails unseen, pleads and atones
For dolls, daubs, phials, rags, dust, ashes, sweat, and bones;—

Nor only that thou resolutely art
Joined to the despot's cause 'neath every sky,
Till it seems lost, and then with subtlest art
Accedest to the camp of Liberty,
Watching the hour to stab, too soon brought nigh
By jealousies thou dost insinuate
'Twixt brothers;—that thou scann'st with poisonous eye
Young Science, lauding whiles with hollowest prate
The Might thou wouldst so fain bind and emasculate;—

Not only for the venom thou dost cast
On each sweet natural instinct of the heart;
For all thy gaunt machinery of fast,
Vigil, and sackcloth, and the scourge's smart,
Till thy crushed votary becomes a part
Of thy dread self—a ghastly chillness lain
In thy soul-charnel—one to whom thou art
Country, bride, mother—moulded to disdain
Each natural human tie, so only thou mayest reign;—

Not only for the rack and screw, that wreaked
Thy malice in the secret dungeon-base;
Not only for the smoke-cloud and the shrieked
Cry on God's justice in the market-place;

Nor even the myriad minds thou did'st debase,
Pure gentle spirits, made by Him who must
Love, in His likeness, which thou didst deface,
Teaching to mock the tortures of the just,
And hail the merry winds that strewed earth with his dust;—

But chiefly that, as birds of carrion find
The bruised spot in the living flesh, thou so
Spiest the frailty of the exalted mind,
And where to pounce on it too well dost know,
Profiting to their own dire overthrow
By Genius, Piety, Enthusiasm;
Yoked in thy bonds the immortal coursers go,
Trampling with dismal crash and frantic spasm
Their like beneath their feet—so on to Ruin's chasm.

By Eloquence, Freedom's beloved child,
Arrayed against his mother—by Art's flowers
Wreathed o'er abysmal pitfalls where beguiled
Lies many an one whose undeluded powers
Had been earthquaking ruin to thy towers—
By every sacred thing thou hast aspersed
Or blighted—by the phantom-peopled hours
Of mental night won from the day-spring's burst
By thy retarding spells—accurst be thou, accurst!

Even now the dread Colossus totters, sways,
Reels visibly its stricken base upon,
And agonizing worshippers upraise
Pale consternated looks, as if the Sun
Must needs be darkness—but he still shines on;
No portent brand the unterrifying home
Of æther and pure stars, of which may one
Soon with new beams illume the eternal dome,
Purged from the ancient curse and sable blot of Rome!

ON THE AGE OF THE SUN'S HEAT.

BY PROFESSOR W. THOMSON, GLASGOW.

THE second great law of Thermodynamics involves a certain principle of *irreversible action in nature*. It is thus shown that, although mechanical energy is *indestructible*, there is a universal tendency to its dissipation, which produces gradual augmentation and diffusion of heat, cessation of motion and exhaustion of potential energy through the material universe.[1] The result would inevitably be a state of universal rest and death, if the universe were finite and left to obey existing laws. But it is impossible to conceive a limit to the extent of matter in the universe; and therefore science points rather to an endless progress, through an endless space, of action involving the transformation of potential energy into palpable motion and thence into heat, than to a single finite mechanism, running down like a clock, and stopping for ever. It is also impossible to conceive either the beginning or the continuance of life, without an

[1] See Proceedings R.S.E. Feb. 1852, or Phil. Mag 1852, second half year, "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy."

overruling creative power; and, therefore, no conclusions of dynamical science regarding the future condition of the earth, can be held to give dispiriting views as to the destiny of the race of intelligent beings by which it is at present inhabited.

The object proposed in the present article is an application of these general principles to the discovery of probable limits to the periods of time, past and future, during which the sun can be reckoned on as a source of heat and light. The subject will be discussed under three heads:—

I. The secular cooling of the sun.

II. The present temperature of the sun.

III. The origin and total amount of the sun's heat.

PART I.

ON THE SECULAR COOLING OF THE SUN.

How much the sun is actually cooled from year to year, if at all, we have no means of ascertaining, or scarcely even of estimating in the roughest manner. In the first place we do not know that he is losing heat at all. For it is quite certain that *some heat* is generated in his atmosphere by the influx of meteoric matter; and it is possible that the *amount* of heat so generated from year to year is sufficient to compensate the loss by radiation. It is, however, also possible that the sun is now an incandescent liquid mass, radiating away heat, either primitively created in his substance, or, what seems far more probable, generated by the falling in of meteors in past times, with no sensible compensation by a continuance of meteoric action.

It has been shown[1] that, if the former supposition were true, the meteors by which the sun's heat would have been produced during the last 2,000 or 3,000 years must have been all that time much within the earth's distance from the sun, and must therefore have approached the central body in very gradual spirals; because, if enough of matter to produce the supposed thermal effect fell in from space outside the earth's orbit, the length of the year would have been very sensibly shortened by the additions to the sun's mass which must have been made. The quantity of matter annually falling in must, on that supposition, have amounted to $\frac{1}{47}$ of the earth's mass, or to $\frac{1}{17000000}$ of the sun's; and therefore it would be necessary to suppose the zodiacal light to amount to at least $\frac{1}{5000}$ of the sun's mass, to account in the same way for a future supply of 3,000 years' sun-heat. When these conclusions were first published it was pointed out that "disturbances in the motions of visible "planets" should be looked for, as affording us means for estimating the possible amount of matter in the zodiacal light; and it was conjectured that it could not be nearly enough to give a supply of 300,000 years' heat at the present rate. These anticipations have been to some extent fulfilled in Le Verrier's great researches on the motion of the planet Mercury, which have recently given evidence of a sensible influence attributable to matter circulating as a great number of small planets within his orbit round the sun. But the amount of matter thus indicated is very small; and, therefore, if the meteoric influx taking place at present is enough to produce any appreciable portion of the heat radiated away, it must be supposed to be from matter circulating round the sun, within very short distances of his surface. The density of this meteoric cloud would have to be supposed so great that comets could scarcely have escaped as comets actually have escaped, showing no discoverable effects of resistance, after passing his surface within a distance equal to $\frac{1}{8}$ of his radius. All things considered, there seems little probability in the hypothesis that solar radiation is compensated, to any appreciable degree, by heat generated by meteors falling in, at present; and, as it can be shown that no chemical theory

[1] "On the Mechanical Energies of the Solar System." Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1854, and Phil. Mag. 1854, second half-year.

is tenable,[1] it must be concluded as most probable that the sun is at present merely an incandescent liquid mass cooling.

How much he cools from year to year, becomes therefore a question of very serious import, but it is one which we are at present quite unable to answer. It is true we have data on which we might plausibly found a probable estimate, and from which we might deduce, with at first sight seemingly well founded confidence, limits, not very wide, within which the present true rate of the sun's cooling must lie. For we know, from the independent but concordant investigations of Herschel and Pouillet, that the sun radiates every year from his whole surface about 6×10^{30} (six million million million million million) times as much heat as is sufficient to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water by 1° Cent. We also have excellent reason for believing that the sun's substance is very much like the earth's. Stokes's principles of solar and stellar chemistry have been for many years explained in the University of Glasgow, and it has been taught as a first result that sodium does certainly exist in the sun's atmosphere, and in the atmospheres of many of the stars, but that it is not discoverable in others. The recent application of these principles in the splendid researches of Bunsen and Kirchhof (who made an independent discovery of Stokes's theory) has demonstrated with equal certainty that there are iron and manganese, and several of our other known metals, in the sun. The specific heat of each of these substances is less than the specific heat of water, which indeed exceeds that of every other known terrestrial body, solid or liquid. It might, therefore, at first sight seem probable that the mean specific heat[2] of the sun's whole substance is less, and very certain that it cannot be much greater, than that of water. If it were equal to the specific heat of water we should only have to divide the preceding number (6×10^{30}), derived from Herschel's and Pouillet's observations, by the number of pounds ($4{\cdot}23 \times 10^{30}$) in the sun's mass, to find 1°·4 Cent. for the present annual rate of cooling. It might therefore seem probable that the sun cools more, and almost certain that he does not cool less, than a centigrade degree and four-tenths annually. But, if this estimate were well-founded, it would be equally just to assume that the sun's expansibility[1] with heat does not differ greatly from that of some average terrestrial body. If, for instance, it were the same as that of solid glass, which is about $\frac{1}{40000}$ on bulk, or $\frac{1}{120000}$ on diameter, per 1° Cent. (and for most terrestrial liquids, especially at high temperatures, the expansibility is much more), and if the specific heat were the same as that of liquid water, there would be in 860 years a contraction of one per cent. on the sun's diameter, which could scarcely have escaped detection by astronomical observation. There is, however, a far stronger reason than this for believing that no such amount of contraction can have taken place, and therefore for suspecting that the physical circumstances of the sun's mass render

[1] "Mechanical Energies," &c.

[2] The "specific heat" of a homogeneous body is the quantity of heat that a unit of its substance must acquire or must part with, to rise or to fall by 1° in temperature. The mean specific heat of a heterogeneous mass, or of a mass of homogeneous substance, under different pressures in different parts, is the quantity of heat which the whole body takes or gives in rising or in falling 1° in temperature, divided by the number of units in its mass. The expression, "mean specific heat" of the sun, in the text, signifies the total amount of heat actually radiated away from the sun, divided by his mass, during any time in which the average temperature of his mass sinks by 1°, whatever physical or chemical changes any part of his substance may experience.

[1] The "expansibility in volume," or the "cubical expansibility," of a body, is an expression technically used to denote the proportion which the increase or diminution of its bulk, accompanying a rise or fall of 1° in its temperature, bears to its whole bulk at some stated temperature. The expression, "the sun's expansibility," used in the text, may be taken as signifying the ratio which the actual contraction, during a lowering of his mean temperature by 1° Cent., bears to his present volume.

the condition of the substances of which it is composed, as to expansibility and specific heat, very different from that of the same substances when experimented on in our terrestrial laboratories. Mutual gravitation between the different parts of the sun's contracting mass must do an amount of work, which cannot be calculated with certainty, only because the law of the sun's interior density is not known. The amount of work performed on a contraction of one-tenth per cent. of the diameter, if the density remained uniform through the interior, would, as Helmholtz showed, be equal to 20,000 times the mechanical equivalent of the amount of heat which Pouillet estimated to be radiated from the sun in a year. But in reality the sun's density must increase very much towards his centre, and probably in varying proportions, as the temperature becomes lower and the whole mass contracts. We cannot, therefore, say whether the work actually done by mutual gravitation during a contraction of one-tenth per cent. of the diameter, would be more or less than the equivalent of 20,000 years' heat; but we may regard it as most probably not many times more or less than this amount. Now, it is in the highest degree improbable that mechanical energy can in any case increase in a body contracting in virtue of cooling. It is certain that it really does diminish very notably in every case hitherto experimented on. It must be supposed, therefore, that the sun always radiates away in heat something more than the Joule-equivalent of the work done on his contracting mass, by mutual gravitation of its parts. Hence, in contracting by one-tenth per cent. in his diameter, or three-tenths per cent. in his bulk, the sun must give out something either more, or not greatly less, than 20,000 years' heat; and thus, even without historical evidence as to the constancy of his diameter, it seems safe to conclude that no such contraction as that calculated above one per cent. in 860 years, can have taken place in reality. It seems, on the contrary, probable that, at the present rate of radiation, a contraction of one-tenth per cent. in the sun's diameter could not take place in much less than 20,000 years, and scarcely possible that it could take place in less than 8,600 years. If, then, the mean specific heat of the sun's mass, in its actual condition, is not more than ten times that of water, the expansibility in volume must be less than $\frac{1}{4000}$ per 100° Cent., (that is to say, less than $\frac{1}{10}$ of that of solid glass,) which seems improbable. But although from this consideration we are led to regard it as probable that the sun's specific heat is considerably more than ten times that of water (and, therefore, that his mass cools considerably less than 100° in 700 years, a conclusion which, indeed, we could scarcely avoid on simply geological grounds), the physical principles we now rest on fail to give us any reason for supposing that the sun's specific heat is more than 10,000 times that of water, because we cannot say that his expansibility in volume is probably more than $\frac{1}{400}$ per 1° Cent. And there is, on other grounds, very strong reason for believing that the specific heat is really much less than 10,000. For it is almost certain that the sun's mean temperature is even now as high as 14,000° Cent.; and the greatest quantity of heat that we can explain, with any probability, to have been by natural causes ever acquired by the sun (as we shall see in the third part of this article), could not have raised his mass at any time to this temperature, unless his specific heat were less than 10,000 times that of water.

We may therefore consider it as rendered highly probable that the sun's specific heat is more than ten times, and less than 10,000 times, that of liquid water. From this it would follow with certainty that his temperature sinks 100° Cent. in some time from 700 years to 700,000 years.

What then are we to think of such geological estimates as 300,000,000 years for the "denudation of the Weald?" Whether is it more probable that the physical conditions of the sun's matter differ 1,000 times more than dynamics

compel us to suppose they differ from those of matter in our laboratories; or that a stormy sea, with possibly channel tides of extreme violence, should encroach on a chalk cliff 1,000 times more rapidly than Mr. Darwin's estimate of one inch per century?

PART II.

ON THE SUN'S PRESENT TEMPERATURE.

At his surface the sun's temperature cannot, as we have many reasons for believing, be incomparably higher than temperatures attainable artificially in our terrestrial laboratories.

Among other reasons it may be mentioned that the sun radiates heat, from every square foot of his surface, at only about 7,000 horse power.[1] Coal, burning at a rate of a little less than a pound per two seconds, would generate the same amount; and it is estimated ('Rankine, Prime Movers,' p. 285, Ed. 1859) that, in the furnaces of locomotive engines, coal burns at from one pound in thirty seconds to one pound in ninety seconds, per square foot of grate-bars. Hence heat is radiated from the sun at a rate not more than from fifteen to forty-five times as high as that at which heat is generated on the grate-bars of a locomotive furnace, per equal areas.

The interior temperature of the sun is probably far higher than that at his surface, because direct conduction can play no sensible part in the transference of heat between the inner and outer portions of his mass, and there must be an approximate *convective* equilibrium of heat throughout the whole, if the whole is fluid. That is to say, the temperatures, at different distances from the centre, must be approximately those which any portion of the substance, if carried from the centre to the surface, would acquire by expansion without loss or gain of heat.

[1] One horse power in mechanics is a technical expression (following Watt's estimate), used to denote a rate of working in which energy is evolved at the rate of 33,000 foot pounds per minute. This, according to Joule's determination of the dynamical value of heat, would, if spent wholly in heat, be sufficient to raise the temperature of 23¾ lbs. of water by 1° Cent. per minute.

PART III.

ON THE ORIGIN AND TOTAL AMOUNT OF THE SUN'S HEAT.

The sun being, for reasons referred to above, assumed to be an incandescent liquid now losing heat, the question naturally occurs, How did this heat originate? It is certain that it cannot have existed in the sun through an infinity of past time, since, as long as it has so existed, it must have been suffering dissipation, and the finiteness of the sun precludes the supposition of an infinite primitive store of heat in his body.

The sun must, therefore, either have been created an active source of heat at some time of not immeasurable antiquity, by an over-ruling decree; or the heat which he has already radiated away, and that which he still possesses, must have been acquired by a natural process, following permanently established laws. Without pronouncing the former supposition to be essentially incredible, we may safely say that it is in the highest degree improbable, if we can show the latter to be not contradictory to known physical laws. And we do show this and more, by merely pointing to certain actions, going on before us at present, which, if sufficiently abundant at some past time, must have given the sun heat enough to account for all we know of his past radiation and present temperature.

It is not necessary at present to enter at length on details regarding the meteoric theory, which appears to have been first proposed in a definite form by Mayer, and afterwards independently by Waterston; or regarding the modified hypothesis of meteoric vortices, which the writer of the present article showed to be necessary, in order that the length of the year, as known for the last 2,000 years, may not have been sensibly disturbed by the accessions which the sun's mass must have had during that period, if the heat radiated away has been

always compensated by heat generated by meteoric influx.

For the reasons mentioned in the first part of the present article, we may now believe that all theories of complete, or nearly complete, contemporaneous meteoric compensation, must be rejected; but we may still hold that—

"*Meteoric action . . . . is . . . . not only "proved to exist as a cause of solar heat, "but it is the only one of all conceivable "causes which we know to exist from in-"dependent evidence.*"[1]

The form of meteoric theory which now seems most probable, and which was first discussed on true thermodynamic principles by Helmholtz,[2] consists in supposing the sun and his heat to have originated in a coalition of smaller bodies, falling together by mutual gravitation, and generating, as they must do according to the great law demonstrated by Joule, an exact equivalent of heat for the motion lost in collision.

That some form of the meteoric theory is certainly the true and complete explanation of solar heat can scarcely be doubted, when the following reasons are considered:

(1). No other natural explanation, except by chemical action, can be conceived.

(2). The chemical theory is quite insufficient, because the most energetic chemical action we know, taking place between substances amounting to the whole sun's mass, would only generate about 3,000 years' heat.[3]

(3). There is no difficulty in accounting for 20,000,000 years' heat by the meteoric theory.

It would extend this article to too great a length, and would require something of mathematical calculation, to explain fully the principles on which this last estimate is founded. It is enough to say that bodies, all much smaller than the sun, falling together from a state of relative rest, at mutual distances all large in comparison with their diameters, and forming a globe of uniform density equal in mass and diameter to the sun, would generate an amount of heat which, accurately calculated according to Joule's principles and experimental results, is found to be just 20,000,000 times Pouillet's estimate of the annual amount of solar radiation. The sun's density must, in all probability, increase very much towards his centre, and therefore a considerably greater amount of heat than that must be supposed to have been generated if his whole mass was formed by the coalition of comparatively small bodies. On the other hand, we do not know how much heat may have been dissipated by resistance and minor impacts before the final conglomeration; but there is reason to believe that even the most rapid conglomeration that we can conceive to have probably taken place could only leave the finished globe with about half the entire heat due to the amount of potential energy of mutual gravitation exhausted. We may, therefore, accept, as a lowest estimate for the sun's initial heat, 10,000,000 times a year's supply at present rate, but 50,000,000 or 100,000,000 as possible, in consequence of the sun's greater density in his central parts.

The considerations adduced above, in this paper, regarding the sun's possible specific heat, rate of cooling, and superficial temperature, render it probable that he must have been very sensibly warmer one million years ago than now; and, consequently, that if he has existed as a luminary for ten or twenty million years, he must have radiated away considerably more than the corresponding number of times the present yearly amount of loss.

It seems, therefore, on the whole most probable that the sun has not illuminated the earth for 100,000,000 years, and almost certain that he has not done so for 500,000,000 years. As for the future, we may say, with equal certainty, that inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life, for many million years longer, unless sources now unknown to us are prepared in the great storehouse of creation.

[1] "Mechanical Energies of the Solar System."

[2] Popular lecture delivered on the 7th February, 1854, at Königsberg, on the occasion of the Kant commemoration.

[3] "Mechanical Energies of the Solar System."

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER LI.

IN WHICH CHARLES COMES TO LIFE AGAIN.

Ha! This was life again. Better this than dawdling about at the heels of a dandy, or sitting on a wheelbarrow in a mews! There is a scent here sweeter than that of the dunghill, or the dandy's essences—what is it? The smell of tar, and bilge water, and red herrings. There is a fresh whiff of air up this narrow street, which moves your hair, and makes your pulse quicken. It is the free wind of the sea. At the end of the street are ships, from which comes the clinking of cranes; pleasanter music sometimes than the song of nightingales.

Down the narrow street towards the wharf come the hussars. Charles is among them. On the wharf, in the confusion, foremost, as far as he dare, to assist. He was known as the best horseman in the troops, and, as such, was put into dangerous places. He had attracted great attention among the officers by his fearlessness and dexterity. The captain had openly praised him; and, when the last horse had been slung in, and the last cheer given, and the great ship was away down the river, on her message of wrath, and woe, and glory, Charles was looking back at Southampton spires, a new man, with a new career before him.

The few months of degradation, of brooding misery, of listlessness and helplessness he had gone through, made this short episode in his life appear the most happy and most beautiful of all. The merest clod of a recruit in the regiment felt in some way ennobled and exalted; but as for Charles, with his intensely sensitive, romantic nature, he was quite, as the French say, *tête montée*. The lowest menial drudgery was exalted and glorified. Groom his horse and help clean the deck? Why not? That horse must carry him in the day of the merry meeting of heroes. Hard living, hard work, bad weather, disease, death: what were they, with his youth, health, strength, and nerve? Not to be thought of save with a smile. Yes, this expedition of his to the Crimea was the noblest, and possibly the happiest in his life. To use a borrowed simile, it was like the mournful, beautiful autumn sunset, before the dark night closes in. He felt like a boy at midsummer, exploring some wood or distant valley, watched from a distance long, and at last attained; or as one feels when, a stranger in a new land, one first rides forth alone into the forest on some distant expedition, and sees the new world, dreamt of and longed for all one's life, realized at last, and expanding leaf by leaf before one. In a romantic state of mind. I can express it no better.

And really it is no wonder that a man, not sea-sick, should have been in a state of wonder, eager curiosity, kindliness, and above all, high excitement—which four states of mind, I take it, make up together the state of mind called romantic, quixotic, or chivalrous; which is a very pleasant state of mind indeed. For curiosity, there was enough to make the dullest man curious. Where were they going? Where would the blow be struck? Where would the dogs of war first fix their teeth? Would it be a campaign in the field, or a siege, or what? For kindliness: were not his comrades a good set of brave, free-hearted lads, and was not he the favourite among them? As for wonder and excitement, there was plenty of that, and it promised to last. Why, the ship herself was a wonder. The biggest in the world, carrying 500 men and horses; and every man

in the ship knew, before she had been five hours at sea, that that quiet looking commander of hers was going to race her out under steam the whole way. Who could tire of wondering at the glimpse one got down the iron-railed well into the machinery, at the busy cranks and leaping pistons, or, when tired of that, at the strange dim vista of swinging horses between decks? Wonder and excitement enough here to keep twenty Don Quixotes going! Her very name too was romantic—*Himalaya.*

A north-east wind and a mountain of rustling white canvass over head. Blue water that seethed and creamed, and roared past to leeward. A calm, and the Lizard to the north, a dim grey cape. A south-west wind, and above a mighty cobweb of sail-less rigging. Top-gallant masts sent down and yards close hauled. Still, through it all, the busy clack and rattle of the untiring engine.

A dim wild sunset, and scudding prophet clouds that hurried from the west across the crimson zenith, like witches towards a sabbath. A wind that rose and grew as the sun went down, and hummed in the rigging as the bows of the ship dipped into the trough of the waves. A night of storm and terror; in the morning, the tumbling broken seas of Biscay. A few fruit brigs scudding wildly here and there, and a cape on a new land, a high round down showing a gleam of green among the flying mists.

Sail set again before a northerly wind, and the ship rolling before it like a jolly drunkard. Then a dim cloud of smoke before them. Then the great steamer *Bussorah*, thundering forward against the wind, tearing furiously at the leaping seas with her iron teeth. A hurried glimpse of fluttering signals, and bare wet empty decks, and, before you had time to say what a noble ship she was, and what good weather she was making of it, only a cloud of smoke miles astern.

Now a dark line, too faint for landsmen's eyes, far a-head, which changed into a loom of land, which changed into a cloud, which changed into a dim peak towering above the sea mists, which changed into a tall crag, with a town, and endless tiers of white fortification —Gibraltar.

Then a strong west wind for three days, carrying the ship flying before it with all plain sail set, and each day, at noon, a great excitement on the quarter deck, among the officers. On the third day much cheering and laughter, and shaking of hands with the commander. Charles, catching an opportunity, took leave to ask his little friend the cornet, what it meant. The *Himalaya* had run a thousand miles in sixty-three hours.[1]

And now at sunrise another island is in sight, flat, bald, blazing yellow in the morning sun, with a solitary flat-topped mass of buildings just in the centre, which the sailors say is Civita Vecchia; and, as they sweep round the southern point of it, a smooth bay opens, and there is a flat-roofed town rising in tiers from the green water—above heavier fortifications than those of Gibraltar, Charles thinks, but wrongly. Right and left, two great forts, St. Elmo and St. Angelo, say the sailors, and that flight of stone steps, winding up into the town, is the Nix Mangare stairs. A flood of historical recollections comes over Charles, and he recognises the place as one long known and very dear to him. On those very stairs, Mr. Midshipman Easy stood, and resolved that he would take a boat and sail to Gozo. What followed on his resolution is a matter of history. Other events have taken place at Malta, but Charles did not think of them; not even of St. Paul and the viper, or the old windy dispute, in Greek Testament lecture, between this Melita and the other one off the coast of Illyricum. He thought of Midshipman Easy, and was comforted in his mind.

I suppose that, if I knew my business properly, I should at this point represent Charles as falling down the companion-

[1] The most famous voyage of the *Himalaya*, from Cork to Varna in twelve days, with the Fifth Dragoon Guards, took place in June. The voyage here described is, as will be perceived, a subsequent one, but equally successful, apparently.

ladder and spraining his ancle, or as having over-eaten himself, or something of that sort, and so pass over the rest of the voyage by saying that he was confined to his bunk, and saw no more of it. But I am going to do nothing of the sort, for two reasons. In the first place, because he did not do anything of the kind; and in the next, because he saw somebody at Constantinople, of whom I am sure you will be glad to hear again.

Charles had seen Tenedos golden in the east, and Lemnos purple in the west, as the sun went down; then, after having steamed at half-speed through the Dardanelles, was looking the next evening at Constantinople, and at the sun going down behind the minarets, and at all that sort of thing, which is no doubt very beautiful, but of which one seems to have heard once or twice before. The ship was lying at anchor, with fires banked, and it was understood that they were waiting for a Queen's messenger.

They could see their own boat, which they had sent to wait for him at Seraglio Point. One of the sailors had lent Charles a telescope—a regular old brute of a telescope, with a crack across the object-glass. Charles was looking at the boat with it, and suddenly said, "There he is."

He saw a small grey-headed man, with moustaches, come quickly down and get into the boat, followed by some Turks with his luggage. This was Colonel Oldhoss, the Queen's messenger; but there was another man with him, whom Charles recognised at once. He handed the telescope to the man next him, and walked up and down the deck rapidly.

"I *should* like to speak to him," he thought, "if it were only one word. Dear old fellow. But then he will betray me, and they will begin persecuting me at home, dear souls. I suppose I had better not. No. If I am wounded and dying I will send for him. I will not speak to him now."

The Queen's messenger and his companion came on board, and the ship got under way and steamed through the Bosporus out into the wild seething waves of the "Fena Kara degniz," and Charles turned in without having come near either of them. But in the chill morning, when the ship's head was north-west, and the dawn was flushing up on the distant Thracian Sierra, Charles was on deck, and, while pausing for an instant in his duties, to look westward, and try to remember what country and what mountains lay to the north-west of Constantinople, a voice behind him said quietly, "Go find me Captain Crcker, my man." He turned and was face to face with General Mainwaring.

It was only for an instant, but their eyes met; the general started, but he did not recognise him. Charles's moustache had altered him so much that it was no great wonder. He was afraid that the general would seek him out again, but he did not. These were busy times. They were at Varna that night.

Men were looking sourly at one another. The French expedition had just come in from Kustendji in a lamentable state, and the army was rotting in its inactivity. You know all about that as well as I can tell you; what is of more importance to us is, that Lieutenant Hornby had been down with typhus, and was recovering very slowly, so that Charles's chances of meeting him were very small.

What am I to do with this three weeks or more at Varna to which I have reduced Charles, you, and myself? Cut it very short, I should say. Charles and his company were, of course, moved up at once to the cavalry camp at Devna, eighteen miles off, among the pleasant hills and woodlands. Once, his little friend, the young cornet, who had taken a fancy for him, made him come out shooting with him to carry his bag. And they scrambled and clambered, and they tore themselves with thorns, and they fell down steep places, and utterly forgot their social positions towards one another. And they tried to carry home every object which was new to them, including a live turtle and a basaltic column. And they saw a green lizard, who arched his tail and galloped away

like a racehorse, and a grey lizard, who let down a bag under his chin and barked at them like a dog. And the cornet shot a quail, and a hare, and a long-tailed francolin, like a pheasant, and four woodpigeons. And, lastly, they found out that, if you turned over the stones, there were scorpions under them, who tucked their claws under their armpits, as a man folds his arms, and sparred at them with their tails, drawing their sting in and out, as an experienced boxer moves his left hand when waiting for an attack. Altogether, they had a glorious day in a new country, and did not remember in what relation they were to one another till they topped the hill above Devna by moonlight, and saw the two long lakes, stretching towards the sea, broken here and there into silver ripples by the oars of the commissariat boats. A happy innocent school-boy day—the sort of day which never comes if we prepare for it and anticipate it, but which comes without warning, and is never forgotten !

Another day the cornet had business in Varna, and he managed that Charles should come with him as orderly ; and with him, as another orderly, went the young lad who spoke about his sister in the pot-house at Windsor : for this lad was another favourite of the cornet's, being a quiet gentlemanly lad, in fact a favourite with everybody. A very handsome lad, too ! And the three went branking bravely down the hill-side, through the woodlands, over the steaming plain, into the white dirty town. And the cornet must stay and dine with the mess of the 42d, and so Charles and the other lad might go where they would. And they went and bathed, and then, when they had dressed, they stood together under the burning white wall, looking over the wicked Black Sea, smoking, and Charles told his comrade about Ravenshoe, about the deer, and the pheasants, and the blackcock, and about the big trout that lay nosing up into the swift places, in the cool clear water. And suddenly the lad turned on him, with his handsome face livid with agony and horror, and clutched him convulsively by both arms, and prayed him, for God Almighty's sake——

There, that will do. We need not go on. The poor lad was dead in four hours. The cholera was very prevalent at Varna that month, and those who dawdled about in the hot sun, at the mouth of the filthy drains of that accursed hole, found it unto their cost. We were fighting, you see, to preserve the town to those worthless dirty Turks, against the valiant, noble, but, I fear, equally dirty Russians. The provoking part of the Russian war was, that all through we respected and liked our gallant enemies far more than we did the useless rogues for whom we were fighting. Moreover, our good friends the French seem to have been more struck by this absurdity than ourselves.

I only mentioned this sad little incident to show that this Devna life among the pleasant woodlands was not all sunshine ; that now and then Charles was reminded, by some tragedy like this, that vast masses of men were being removed from ordinary occupations and duties into an unusual and abnormal mode of life, and that nature was revenging herself for the violation of her laws.

You see that we have got through this three weeks more pleasantly than they did at Varna. Charles was sorry when the time came for breaking up the camp among the mountain woodlands. The more so, as it had got about among the men that they were only to take Sebastopol by a sudden attack in the rear, and spend the winter there. There would be no work for the cavalry, every one said.

It is just worthy of notice how, when one once begins a vagabond life, one gets attached to a place where one may chance to rest even for a week. When one gets accustomed to a change of locality every day for a long while, a week's pause gives one more familiarity with a place than a month's residence in a strange house would give if one were habitually stationary. This remark is almost a platitude, but just worth writing down. Charles liked Devna, and

had got used to it, and parted from it as he would from a home.

This brings us up to the point where, after his death and burial, I have described him as riding along the shore of the bay of Eupatoria, watching the fleet. The 140th had very little to do. They were on the extreme left; on the 17th they thought they were going to have some work, for they saw 150 of the lancers coming in, driving a lot of cattle before them, and about 1,000 Cossacks hanging on their rear. But, when some light dragoons rode leisurely out to support them, the Cossacks rode off, and the 140th were still condemned to inactivity.

Hornby had recovered, and was with the regiment. He had not recognised Charles, of course. Even if he had come face to face with him, it was almost unlikely that he would have recognised him in his moustache. They were not to meet as yet.

In the evening of the 19th there was a rumble of artillery over the hill in front of them, which died away in half an hour. Most of the rest of the cavalry were further to the front of the extreme left, and were "at it," so it was understood, with the Cossacks. But the 140th were still idle.

On the morning of the 20th, Charles and the rest of them, sitting in their saddles, heard the guns booming in front and on the right. It became understood among the men that the fleet was attacking some batteries. Also, it was whispered that the Russians were going to stand and fight. Charles was sixth man from the right of the rear rank of the third troop. He could see the tails of the horses immediately before him, and could remark that his front-rank man had a great patch of oil on the right shoulder of his uniform. He could also see Hornby in the troop before him.

These guns went moaning on in the distance till half-past one; but still they sat there idle. About that time there was a new sound in the air, close on their right, which made them prick up their ears and look at one another. Even the head of the column could have seen nothing, for they were behind the hill. But all could hear, and guess. We all know that sound well enough now. You hear it now, thank God, on every village green in England when the cricket is over. Crack, crack! Crack, crack! The noise of advancing skirmishers!

And so it grew from the right towards the front, towards the left, till the air was filled with the shrill treble of musketry. Then, as the French skirmished within reach of the artillery, the deep bass roared up, and the men, who dared not whisper before, could shout at one another without rebuke.

Louder again, as our artillery came into range. All the air was tortured with concussion. Charles would have given ten years of his life to know what was going on on the other side of the hill. But no. There they sat, and he had to look at the back of the man before him; and at this time he came to the conclusion that the patch of grease on his right shoulder was of the same shape as the map of Sweden.

A long weary two hours or more was spent like this. Charles, by looking forward and to the right, between the two right-hand men of the company before him, could see the ridge of the hill, and see the smoke rising from beyond it, and drifting away to the left before the sea-breeze. He saw an aide-de-camp come over that ridge and dismount beside the captain of Hornby's company, loosening his girths. They laughed together; then the captain shouted to Hornby, and he laughed and waved his sword over his head. After this, he was reduced to watching the back of the man before him, and studying the map of Sweden. It was becoming evident that the map of North America, if it existed, must be on his left shoulder, under his hussar jacket, and that the Pacific Islands must be round in front, about his left breast, when the word was given to go forward.

They advanced to the top of the hill, and wheeled. Charles, for one instant, had a glimpse of the valley below, seething and roaring like a volcano. Everywhere

bright flashes of flame, single, or running along in lines, or blazing out in volleys. The smoke, driven to the left by the wind, hung across the valley like a curtain. On the opposite hill a ring of smoke and fire, and in front of it a thin scarlet line disappearing. That was all. The next moment they wheeled to the right, and Charles saw only the back of the man before him, and the patch of grease on his shoulder.

But that night was a night of spurs for them. Hard riding for them far into the night. The field of the Alma had been won, and they were ordered forward to harass the Cossacks, who were covering the rear of the Russian army. They never got near them. But ever after, when the battle of the Alma was mentioned before him, Charles at once used to begin thinking of the map of Sweden.

CHAPTER LII.

WHAT LORD SALTIRE AND FATHER MACKWORTH SAID WHEN THEY LOOKED OUT OF WINDOW.

"And how do you do, my dear sir?" said Lord Saltire.

"I enjoy the same perfect health as ever, I thank you, my lord," said Father Mackworth. "And allow me to say, that I am glad to see your lordship looking just the same as ever. You may have forgotten that you were the greatest benefactor I ever had. I have not."

"Nay, nay," said Lord Saltire. "Let byegones be byegones, my dear sir. By the bye, Mr. Mackworth—Lord Hainault."

"I am delighted to see you at Casterton, Mr. Mackworth," said Lord Hainault. "We are such rabid Protestants here, that the mere presence of a Catholic ecclesiastic of any kind is a source of pleasurable excitement to us. When, however, we get among us a man like you—a man of whose talents we have heard so much, and a man personally endeared to us, through the love he bore to one of us who is dead, we give him a threefold welcome."

Lord Saltire used, in his *tête-à-têtes* with Lady Ascot, to wish to Gad that Hainault would cure himself of making speeches. He was one of the best fellows in the world, but he would always talk as if he was in the House of Lords. This was very true about Lord Hainault; but, although he might be a little stilted in his speech, he meant every word he said, and was an affectionate, good-hearted man, and withal, in a way, a clever one.

Father Mackworth bowed, and was pleased with the compliment. His nerve was in perfect order, and he was glad to find that Lord Hainault was well inclined towards him, though just at this time Lord Hainault was of less importance to him than one of the grooms in the stable. What he required of himself just now was to act and look in a particular way, and to do it naturally and without effort. His genius rose to the situation. He puzzled Lord Saltire.

"This is a sad business," said Lord Saltire.

"A bitter business, my lord," said Mackworth. "I loved that man, my lord."

He looked suddenly up as he said it, and Lord Saltire saw that he was in earnest. He waited for him to go on, watching him intently with his eyelids half dropped over his grey eagle eyes.

"That is not of much consequence, though," said Father Mackworth. "Speaking to a man of the world, what is more to the purpose is to hear what is the reason of your lordship's having sought this interview. I am very anxious to know that, and so, if I appear rude, I must crave forgiveness."

Lord Saltire looked at him minutely and steadily. How he looked was of more importance to Lord Saltire than what he said. On the other hand, Mackworth every now and then calmly and steadily raised his eyes to Lord Saltire's, and kept them fixed there while he spoke to him.

"Not at all, my dear sir," said Lord Saltire. "If you will have business

first, however, which is possibly the best plan, we will have it, and improve our acquaintance afterwards. I asked you to come to me to speak of family matters. You have seen our advertisement?"

"I have, indeed," said Mackworth, looking up with a smile. "I was utterly taken by surprise. Do you think you can be right about this marriage?"

"Oh! I am sure of it," said Lord Saltire.

"I cannot believe it," said Mackworth. "And I'll tell you why. If it ever took place, I *must* have heard of it. Father Clifford, my predecessor, was Petre Ravenshoe's confessor. I need not tell you that he must have been in possession of the fact. Your knowledge of the world will tell you how impossible it is that, in a house so utterly priest-ridden as the House of Ravenshoe, an affair of such moment could be kept from the knowledge of the father-confessor. Especially when the delinquent, if I may so express myself, was the most foolishly bigoted, and cowardly representative of that house which had appeared for many generations. I assure you, upon my honour, that Clifford *must* have known of it. And, if he had known of it, he must have communicated it to me. No priest could possibly have died without leaving such a secret to his successor; a secret which would make the owner of it—that is, the priest—so completely the master of Ravenshoe and all in it. I confessed that man on his deathbed, my lord," said Mackworth, looking quietly at Lord Saltire, with a clear, honest smile, "and I can only tell you, if you can bring yourself to believe a priest, that there was not one word said about this marriage."

"No?" said Lord Saltire, pensively looking out of the window. "And yet Lady Ascot seems so positive."

"I sincerely hope," said Mackworth, "that she may be wrong. It would be a sad thing for me. I am comfortable and happy at Ravenshoe. Poor dear Cuthbert has secured my position there during my lifetime. The present Mr. Ravenshoe is not so tractable as his brother, but I can get on well enough with him. But, in case of this story being true, and Mr. Charles Horton coming back, my position would be untenable, and Ravenshoe would be in Protestant hands for the first time in history. I should lose my home, and the Church would lose one of its best houses in the west. The best, in fact. I had sooner be at Ravenshoe than at Segur. I am very much pleased at your lordship's having sought this conference. It shows you have some trust in me, to consult me upon a matter in which my own interests are all on one side."

Lord Saltire bowed. "There is another way to look at the matter, too, my dear sir. In case of our proving our case, which is possible, and in case of our poor dear Charles dying or getting killed, which is probable, why then William comes in for the estate again. Suppose, now, such a possibility as his dying without heirs; why, then, Miss Ravenshoe is the greatest heiress in the west of England. Have you any idea where Miss Ravenshoe is?"

Both Lord Saltire and Lord Hainault turned on him as the former said this. For an instant Mackworth looked inquiringly from one to the other, with his lips slightly parted, and said, "Miss Ravenshoe?" Then he gave a half-smile of intelligence, and said, "Ah! yes; I was puzzled for a moment. Yes, in that case poor Ellen would be Miss Ravenshoe. Yes, and the estate would remain in Catholic hands. What a prospect for the Church! A penitent heiress! The management of 12,000*l.* a-year! Forgive my being carried away for a moment. You know I am an enthusiastic Churchman. I have been bound, body and soul, to the Church from a child, and such a prospect, even in such remote perspective, has dazzled me. But I am afraid I shall see rather a large family of Ravenshoes between me and such a consummation. William is going to marry."

"Then you do not know where poor Ellen is?" said Lord Saltire.

"I do not," said Mackworth; "but I certainly shall try to discover, and

most certainly I shall succeed. William might die on this very expedition. You might prove your case. If anything were to happen to William, I most certainly hope you may, and will give you every assistance. As it is, I shall not move in the matter. I shall not help you to bring a Protestant to Ravenshoe. Now don't think me a heartless man for talking like this; I am nothing of the kind. But I am talking to two very shrewd men of the world, and I talk as a man of the world; that is all."

At this point, Lord Hainault said, "What is that?" and left the room. Lord Saltire and Mackworth were alone together.

"Now, my dear sir," said Lord Saltire, "I am glad you have spoken merely as a man of the world. It makes matters so much easier. You could help us if you would."

Mackworth laughed. "Of course I could, my lord. I could bring the whole force of the Catholic Church, at my back, to give assistance. With our powers of organization, we could discover all about the marriage in no time (if it ever took place, which I don't choose to believe just now). Why it would pay us to search minutely every register in England, if it were to keep such a house in the hands of the Church. But, my lord, the Catholic Church, in my poor person, politely declines to move all its vast machinery, to give away one of its best houses to a Protestant.

"I never supposed that the dear old lady would do anything of the kind. But, as for Mr. Mackworth, will nothing induce *him* to move *his* vast machinery in our cause?"

"I am all attention, my lord."

"In case of our finding Charles, then?"

"Yes," said Mackworth, calmly.

"Twenty thousand?"

"No," said Mackworth. "It wouldn't do. Twenty million wouldn't do. You see there is a difference between a soldier disguising himself, and going into the enemy's camp, to lie, and it may be, murder, to gain information for his own side, and the same soldier deserting to the enemy, and giving information. The one is a hero, and the other a rogue. I am a hero. You must forgive me putting matters so coarsely, but you distrust me so entirely that I am forced to do so."

"I do not think you have put it so coarsely," said Lord Saltire. "I have to ask your forgiveness for this offer of money, which you have so nobly refused. They say, every man has his price. If this is the case, yours is a very high one, and you should be valued accordingly."

"Now, my lord, before we conclude this interview, let me tell you two things, which may be of advantage to you. The first is, that you cannot buy a Jesuit."

"A Jesuit!"

"Ay. And the next thing is this. This marriage of Petre Ravenshoe is all a fiction of Lady Ascot's brain. I wish you good morning, my lord."

There are two sides to every door. You grant that. A man cannot be in two places at once. You grant that, without the exception made by the Irish member. Very well then. I am going to describe what took place on both sides of the library door at the conclusion of this interview. Which side shall I describe first?

That is entirely as I choose, and I choose to describe the outside first. The side where Father Mackworth was. This paragraph and the last are written in imitation of the Shandean-Southey-Doctorian style. The imitation is a bad one, I find, and approaches nearer to the lower style known as Swivellerism; which consists in saying the first thing that comes into your head. Any style would be quite allowable, merely as a rest to one's aching head, after the dreadfully keen encounter between Lord Saltire and Father Mackworth, recorded above. But I must get on.

When Mackworth had closed the library door behind him, he looked at it for a moment, as if to see it was safe, and then his whole face underwent a change. It grew haggard and anxious, and, as he parted his lips to moisten them, the lower one trembled. His eyes

seemed to grow more prominent, and a leaden ring began to settle round them; he paused in a window, and raised his hand towards his head. When he had raised it half way he looked at it; it was shaking violently.

"I am not the man I was," he said. "These great field-days upset me. My nerve is going, God help me. It is lucky that I was really puzzled by his calling her Miss Ravenshoe. If I had not been all abroad, I could never have done so well. I must be very careful. My nerve ought not to go like this. I have lived a temperate life in every way. Possibly a little too temperate. I won't go through another interview of this kind without wine. It is not safe.

"The chances are ten to one in favour of one never hearing of Charles again. Shot and steel and cholera. Then William only to think of. In that case I am afraid I should like to bring in the elder branch of the family, to that young gentleman's detriment. I wish my nerve was better; this irritability increases on me in spite of all my care. I wish I could stand wine.

"Ravenshoe, with Ellen for its mistress, and Mackworth living there as her master! A penitential devotee, and a clever man for confessor! And twelve thousand a-year! If we Jesuits were such villains as the Protestants try to make us out, Master William would be unwise to live in the house with me.

"I wonder if Lord Saltire guesses that I hold the clue in my hand. I can't remember the interview, or what I said. My memory begins to go. They should put a younger man in such a place. But I would not yield to another man. No. The stakes are too high. I wish I could remember what I said.

"Does William dream that, in case of Charles's death, he is standing between me and the light? At all events, Lord Saltire sees it. I wonder if I committed myself. I remember I was very honest and straightforward. What was it I said at last? I have an uneasy feeling about that, but I can't remember.

"I hope that Bridger will keep the girl well in hand. If I was to get ill, it would all rest with him. God! I hope I shall not get ill."

Now we will go to the other side of the door. Lord Saltire sat quietly upright in his chair until the door was safely closed. Then he took a pinch of snuff. He did not speak aloud, but he looked cunningly at the door, and said to himself

"Odd!"

Another pinch of snuff. Then he said aloud, "Uncommon curious, by Ged."

"What is curious?" said Lord Hainault, who had come into the room.

"Why, that fellow. He took me in to the last moment. I thought he was going to be simply honest; but he betrayed himself by over-eagerness at the end. His look of frank honesty was assumed; the real man came out in the last sentence. You should have seen how his face changed, when he turned sharply on me, after fancying he had lulled suspicion to sleep, and told me that the marriage was a fiction. He forgot his manners for the first time, and laid his hand upon my knee."

Lord Hainault said, "Do you think that he knows about the marriage?"

"I am sure he does. And he knows where Ellen is."

"Why?"

"Because I am sure of it."

"That is hardly a reason, my dear Lord Saltire. Don't you think, eh?"

"Think what?"

"Think that you are—well," said Lord Hainault, in a sort of desperation, "Are not you, my dear lord, to put it very mildly, generalizing from an insufficient number of facts. I speak with all humility before one of the shrewdest men in Europe; but don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," said Lord Saltire.

"I bow," said Lord Hainault. "The chances are ten to one, that you are right, and I am wrong. Did you make the offer?"

"Yes."

"And did he accept it?"

"Of course, he didn't. I told you he wouldn't."

"That is strange, is it not?"

"No," said Lord Saltire.

Lord Hainault laughed, and then Lord Saltire looked up and laughed too. "I like being rude to you, Hainault. You are so solemn."

"Well," said Lord Hainault, with another hearty laugh. "And what are we to do now?"

"Why, wait till William comes back," said Lord Saltire. "We can do nothing till then, my dear boy. God bless you, Hainault. You are a good fellow."

When the old man was left alone, he rose and looked out of the window. The bucks were feeding together close under the windows; and, farther off, under the shadow of the mighty cedars, the does and fawns were standing and lying about lazily, shaking their broad ears, and stamping their feet. Out from the great rhododendron thickets, right and left of the house, the pheasants were beginning to come, to spend the pleasant evening-tide in running to and fro, and scratching at the ant-hills. The rabbits too were running out among the grass, scuttling about busily. The peacock had lit down from the stable roof, and was elegantly picking his way, and dragging his sweeping train among the pheasants and the rabbits; and on the topmost, copper-red, cedar-boughs, some guinea fowl were noisily preparing for roost. Two hundred yards from the window the park seemed to end, for it dipped suddenly down in a precipitous, almost perpendicular slope of turf, three hundred and fifty feet high, towards the river, which you could see winding on for miles through the richly wooded valley; a broad riband of silver, far below. Beyond, wooded hills: on the left, endless folds of pearl-coloured downs; to the right, the town, a fantastic grey and red heap of buildings, lying along from the river, which brimmed full, up to its wharfs and lane ends; and, over it, a lazy cloud of smoke, from which came the gentle booming of golden-toned bells.

Casterton is not a show-place. Lord Hainault has a whim about it. But you may see just such a scene, with variations, of course, from Park-place, or Hedsor, or Chiefden, or fifty other houses on the king of rivers. I wonder when the tour of the Thames will become fashionable. I have never seen anything like it, in its way. And I have seen a great many things.

Lord Saltire looked out on all this which I have roughly described (for a reason). And, as he looked, he spoke to himself, thus, or nearly so—

"Almost the last of them all; and alone. Not one of them left. Not one. And their sons are feeding their pheasants, and planting their shrubberies still, as we did. And the things that were terrible realities for us, are only printed words for them, which they try to realize, but cannot. The thirty mad long years, through which we stood with our backs to the wall, are ticketed as 'the revolutionary wars,' and put in a pigeon-hole. I wish they would do us justice. We *were* right. Hainault's pheasants prove it. They must pay their twenty million a-year, and thank us that they have got off so easy.

"I wonder what *they* would do, in such a pinch as we had. They seem to be as brave as ever; but I am afraid of their getting too much unbrutalized for another struggle like ours. I suppose I am wrong, for I am getting too old to appreciate new ideas, but I am afraid of our getting too soft. It is a by-gone prejudice, I am afraid. One comfort is, that such a struggle can never come again. If it did, they might have the will to do all that we did, and more, but have they the power? This extension of the suffrage has played the devil, and now they want to extend it farther, the madmen! They'll end by having a House full of Whigs. And then—why, then, I suppose, there'll be nothing but Whigs in the House. That seems to me near about what will happen. Well! well! I was a Whig myself once on a time.

"All gone. Every one of them. And I left on here, in perfect health and preservation, as much an object of wonder to the young ones as a dodo would be to a poultry-fancier. Before the effect of our deeds has been fully felt,

our persons have become strange, and out of date. And yet I, strange to say, don't want to go yet. I want to see that Ravenshoe boy again. Gad! how I love that boy. He has just Barkham's sweet, gentle, foolish way with him. I determined to make him my heir from the first time I saw him at Ranford, if he turned out well. If I had announced it, everything would have gone right. What an endless series of unlucky accidents that poor boy has had.

"Just like Barkham. The same idle, foolish, lovable creature, with anger for nothing; only furious, blind indignation for injustice and wrong. I wish he would come back. I am getting aweary of waiting.

"I wonder if I shall see Barkham again, just to sit with my arm on his shoulder, as I used to on the terrace in old times. Only for one short half-hour—"

I shall leave off here. I don't want to follow the kind old heathen through his vague speculations about a future state. You see how he had loved his son. You see why he loved Charles. That is all I wished to show you.

"And if Charles don't come back? By Gad! I am very much afraid the chances are against it. Well, I suppose, if the poor lad dies, I must leave the money to Welter and his wife, if it is only for the sake of poor Ascot, who was a good fellow. I wonder if we shall ever get to the bottom of this matter about the marriage. I fancy not, unless Charles dies, in which case Ellen will be reinstated by the priest.

"I hope William will make haste back with him. Old fellows like me are apt to go off in a minute. And, if he dies, and I have not time to make a new will, the whole goes to the Crown, which will be a bore. I would sooner Welter had it than that."

Lord Saltire stood looking out of the library window, until the river looked like a chain of crimson pools, stretching westward towards the sinking sun. The room behind him grew dark, and the marble pillars, which divided it in unequal portions, stood like ghosts in the gloom. He was hidden by the curtain, and presently he heard the door open, and a light footstep stealthily approaching over the Turkey carpet. There was a rustle of a woman's dress, and a moving of books on the centre table, by some hand which evidently feared detection. Lord Saltire stepped from behind his curtain, and confronted Mary Corby.

CHAPTER LIII.

A VERY STUPID CHAPTER, BUT A VERY IMPORTANT ONE NEVERTHELESS.

"Do not betray me, my lord," said Mary, from out of the gloom.

"I will declare your malpractices to the four winds of heaven, Miss Corby, as soon as I know what they are. Why, why do you come rustling into the room like a mouse in the dark? Tell me at once what this hole and corner work means."

"I will not, unless you promise not to betray me, Lord Saltire."

"Now just think how foolish you are. How can I possibly make myself particeps of what is evidently a most dark and nefarious business, without knowing beforehand what benefit I am to receive? You offer me no share of booty; you offer me no advantage, direct or indirect, in exchange for my silence, except that of being put in possession of facts which it is probably dangerous to know anything about. How can you expect to buy me on such terms as these?"

"Well, then, I will throw myself on your generosity. I want *Blackwood.* If I can find *Blackwood* now, I shall get a full hour at it to myself while you are all at dinner. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes," said Lord Saltire.

"Do tell me, please. I do so want to finish a story in it. Please to tell me where it is."

"I won't."

"Why not? How very unkind. We have been friends eight months now, and you are just beginning to be cross to me. You see how familiarity

breeds contempt; you used to be so polite."

"I shan't tell you where *Blackwood* is," said Lord Saltire, "because I don't choose. I don't want you to have it. I want you to sit here in the dark and talk to me, instead of reading it."

"I will sit and talk to you in the dark; only you must not tell ghost stories."

"I want you to sit in the dark," said Lord Saltire, "because I want to be '*vox et præterea nihil.*' You will see why, directly. My dear Mary Corby, I want to have some very serious talk with you. Let us joke no more."

Mary settled herself at once into the arm-chair opposite Lord Saltire, and, resting her cheek on her hand, turned her face towards the empty fire-place. "Now, my dear Lord Saltire," she said, "go on. I think I can anticipate what you are going to talk of."

"You mean about Charles.'

"Yes."

"Ah, that is only a part of what I have to say. I want to consult you there, certainly; but that is but a small part of the business."

"Then I am curious."

"Do you know, then, I am between eighty and ninety years old?"

"I have heard so, my lord."

"Well then, I think that the voice to which you are now listening will soon be silent for ever; and—do not take offence—consider it as a dead man's voice, if you will."

"I will listen to it as the voice of a kind loving friend," said Mary. "A friend who has always treated me as a reasonable being and an equal."

"That is true, Mary; you are so gentle and so clever, that is no wonder. See here; you have no private fortune."

"I have my profession," said Mary, laughing.

"Yes, but your profession is one in which it is difficult to rise," said Lord Saltire, "and so I have thought it necessary to provide for you in my will. For I must make a new one."

Poor Mary gave a start. The announcement was so utterly unexpected. She did not know what to say, or what to think. She had had long night thoughts about poverty, old age, a life in a garret as a needlewoman, and had many a good cry over them, and had never found any remedy for them except saying her prayers, which she always found a perfect specific. And here, all of a sudden, was the question solved! She would have liked to thank Lord Saltire. She would have liked to kiss his hand; but words were rather deficient. She tried to keep her tears back, and she in a way succeeded; then in the honesty of her soul she spoke.

"I will thank you more heartily, my lord, than if I went down on my knees and kissed your feet. All my present has been darkened by a great cloud of old age and poverty in the distance. You have swept that cloud away. Can I say more?"

"On your life, not another word. I could have overburdened you with wealth, but I have chosen not to do so. Twenty thousand pounds will enable you to live as you have been brought up. Believe an old man when he says that more would be a plague to you."

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

"Yes. That will bring you in, you will find, about six hundred a-year. Take my word for it, it is quite enough. You will be able to keep your brougham, and all that sort of thing. Believe me, you would not be so happy with more.

"More!" said Mary quietly. "My lord, look here, and see what you have done. When the children are going to sleep, I sit, and sew, and sing, and, when they are gone to sleep, I still sit, and sew, and think. Then I build my Spanish castles; but the highest tower of my castle has risen to this—that in my old age I should have ten shillings a-week left me by some one, and be able to keep a canary bird, and have some old woman as pensioner. And now—now—now. Oh! I'll be quiet in a moment. Don't speak to me for a moment. God is very good."

I hope Lord Saltire enjoyed his snuff. I think that, if he did not, he deserved to. After a pause Mary began again.

"Have I left on you the impression that I am selfish? I am almost afraid I have. Is it not so? I have one favour to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Certainly I will."

"On your honour, my Lord."

"On my honour."

"Reduce the sum you have mentioned to one fourth. I have bound you by your honour. Oh, don't make me a great heiress; I am not fit for it."

Lord Saltire said, "Pish! If you say another word, I will leave you ten thousand more. To the deuce with my honour; don't talk nonsense.

"You said you were going to be quiet in a moment," he resumed presently. "Are you quiet now?"

"Yes, my lord; quiet and happy."

"Are you glad I spoke to you in the dark?"

"Yes."

"You will be more glad that it was in the dark directly. Is Charles Ravenshoe quite the same to you as other men?"

"No," said Mary; "that he most certainly is not. I could have answered that question in the brightest daylight."

"Humph!" said Lord Saltire. "I wish I could see you and him comfortably married, do you know? I hope I speak plain enough. If I don't, perhaps you will be so good as to mention it, and I'll try to speak a little plainer."

"Nay; I quite understand you. I wonder if you will understand me, when I say that such a thing is utterly and totally out of the question."

"I was afraid so. He is a fool. My dear daughter (you must let me call you so), you must contemplate the contingency I have hinted at in the dark. I know that the best way to get a man rejected, is to recommend him; I, therefore, only say, that John Marston loves you with his whole heart and soul, and that he is a *protegé* of mine."

"I am speaking to you as I would to my own father. John Marston asked me to be his wife last Christmas, and I refused him."

"Oh, yes. I knew all about that the same evening. It was the evening after they were nearly drowned out fishing. Then there is no hope of a reconsideration there?"

"Not the least," said Mary. "My lord, I will never marry."

"I have not distressed you."

"Certainly not. You have a right to speak as you have. I am not a silly hysterical girl either, that I cannot talk on such subjects without affectation. But I will never marry; I will be an old maid. I will write novels, or something of that sort. I will not even marry Captain Archer, charm he never so wisely."

"Captain Archer! Who on earth is Captain Archer?"

"Don't you know Captain Archer, my lord?" replied Mary, laughing heartily, but ending her laugh with a short sob. "Avast heaving! Bear a hand, my hearties, and let us light this taper. I think you ought to read his letter. He is the man who swam with me out of the cruel sea, when the *Warren Hastings* went down. That is who he is, Lord Saltire." And at this point, little Mary, thoroughly unhinged by this strange conversation, broke down, and began crying her eyes out, and, putting a letter into his hand, rose to leave the room.

He held the door open for her. "My dear Mary," he said, "if I have been coarse or rude, you must try to forgive me."

"Your straightforward kindness," she said, "is less confusing than the most delicate finesse." And so she went.

Captain Archer is one of the very best men I know. If you and I, reader, continue our acquaintance, you will soon know more of him than you have been able to gather from the pages of Ravenshoe. He was in person perhaps the grandest and handsomest fellow you ever saw. He was gentle, brave, and courteous. In short, the best example I have ever seen of the best class of sailor. In heart he was born a gentleman, and he had carefully made himself a gentleman in manners. Neither from his dress, which was always scrupulously neat and in good taste, nor from his

conversation, would you guess that he was a sailor, unless in a very select circle, where he would, if he thought it pleased or amused, talk salt water by the yard. The reason why he had written to Mary in the following style was, that he knew she loved it, and he wished to make her laugh. Lord Saltire set him down for a mad seaman, and nothing more. You will see that he had so thoroughly obscured what he meant to say that he left Mary with the very natural impression that he was going to propose to her.

He had done it, he said, from Port Philip Heads, in sixty-four days at last, in consequence of one of his young gentlemen (merchant midshipmen) having stole a black cat in Flinder's-lane, and brought her aboard. He had caught the westerly wind off the Leuwin and carried down to 62°, through the ice, and round the Horn, where he had met a cyclone, by special appointment, and carried the outside edge of it past the Auroras. That during this time it had blown so hard, that it was necessary for three midshipmen to be on deck with him night and day, to hold his hair on. That, getting too near the centre, he had found it necessary to lay her to, which he had successfully done, by tying one of his false collars in the fore weather-rigging. And so on. Giving an absurd account of his whole voyage, evidently with the intention of making her laugh.

He concluded thus: "And now, my dear Mary, I am going to surprise you. I am getting rich, and I am thinking of getting married. Have you ever thought of such a thing? Your present dependence must be irksome. Begin to contemplate a change to a happier and freer mode of life. I will explain more fully when I come to you. I shall have much to tell you which will surprise you; but you know I love you, and only study your happiness. When the first pang of breaking off old associations is over, the new life, to such a quiet spirit as yours, becomes at first bearable, then happy. A past is soon created. Think of what I have said before I come to you. Your future, my dear, is not a very bright one. It is a source of great anxiety to me, who love you so dearly—you little know how dearly."

I appeal to any young lady to say whether or no dear Mary was to blame if she thought good, blundering Archer, was going to propose to her. If they give it against her, and declare that there is nothing in the above letter leading to such a conclusion, I can only say that Lord Saltire went with her and with me, and regarded the letter as written preparatory to a proposal. Archer's dismay, when we afterwards let him know this, was delightful to behold. His wife was put in possession of the fact, by some one who shall be nameless, and I have heard that jolly soul use her information against him in the most telling manner on critical occasions.

But, before Captain Archer came, there came a letter from William, from Varna, announcing Charles's death of cholera. There are melancholy scenes, more than enough, in this book, and alas! one more to come; so I may spare you the description of their woe at the intelligence, which we know to be false. The letter was closely followed by William himself, who showed them the grass from his grave. This helped to confirm their impression of its truth, however unreasonable. Lord Saltire had a correspondence with the Horse Guards, long and windy, which resulted, after months, in discovering that no man had enlisted in the 140th under the name of Horton. This proved nothing, for Charles might have enlisted under a false name, and yet might have been known by his real name to an intimate comrade.

Lord Saltire wrote to General Mainwaring. But, by the time his letter reached him, that had happened which made it easy for a fool to count on his fingers the number of men left in the 140th. Among the dead or among the living, no signs of Charles Ravenshoe.

General Mainwaring was, as we all know, wounded on Cathcart's Hill, and came home. The news which he brought about the doings of the 140th we shall have from first hand. But he gave them no hope about Charles.

Lord Saltire and General Mainwaring had a long interview, and a long consultation. Lord Hainault and the General witnessed his will. There were some legacies to servants; twenty thousand pounds to Miss Corby; ten thousand to John Marston; fifty thousand pounds to Lady Ascot; and the rest, amounting in one way or another, to nearly four hundred thousand pounds, was left to Lord Ascot (our old acquaintance, Lord Welter) and his heirs for ever.

There was another clause in the will, carefully worded—carefully guarded about by every legal fence which could be erected by law, and by money to buy that law—to the effect that, if Charles should reappear, he was to come into a fortune of eighty thousand pounds, funded property.

Now please to mark this. Lord Ascot was informed by General Mainwaring that, the death of Charles Ravenshoe being determined on as being a fact, Lord Saltire had made his will in his (Lord Ascot's) favour. I pray you to remember this. Lord Ascot knew no particulars, but only that the will was in his favour. If you do not keep this in mind, it would be just as well if there had been no Lord Welter at all in the story.

Ravenshoe and its poor twelve thousand a-year begin to sink into insignificance, you see. But still we must attend to it. How did Charles's death affect Mackworth? Rather favourably. The property could not come into the hands of a Protestant now. William was a staunch Catholic, though rebellious and disagreeable. If anything happened to him, why, then there was Ellen to be produced. Things might have been better, certainly, but they were decidedly improved by that young cub's death, and by the cessation of all search for the marriage register. And so on. If you care to waste time on it, you may think it all through for yourselves, as did not Father Mackworth.

And I'll tell you why. Father Mackworth had had a stroke of paralysis, as men will have, who lead, as he did, a life of worry and excitement, without taking proper nourishment; and he was lying, half idiotic, in the priest's tower at Ravenshoe.

To be continued.

THE URAL MOUNTAINS: A NEW PARLOUR GAME.

The Romans in the time of Horatius, or in the time of Lord Macaulay, used to amuse themselves in the winter evenings by roasting chesnuts, telling stories from modern history, and broiling pieces of kid's flesh. Our present civilization deputes part of these operations to the cook; and it is not generally found that historic narratives are sufficiently vivid in their interest to amuse ladies and gentlemen from dinner to bed-time continuously. So little is this the case, that in quest of the playful they weary themselves to death with games of versification, or make believe to be pleased with the slow torture of "proverbs." Games of cards are, of course, an unfailing resource; and some space has lately been given in these pages to the explanation of certain varieties of play hitherto but partially known. Still, a gap remains to be filled in the entertainments of an English evening; and this article will be an attempt to fill it by the suggestion of a parlour game not as yet popular in this country, and not depending on combinations of kings and knaves for its success.

The "Ural Mountains" is a game which has been played certainly for more than a hundred years among a large tribe of Kafirs in South Africa. The Orula race is one of the most intelligent of the warlike nations situated at the back of the great Frang-Li chain in latitude 35° 31′ S.; and they have long been known as the originators of that peculiar form of cross-bow which was so fatal to our troops in the expedition of 1853. Evening after evening, in time

of peace, the chiefs of the tribe meet and refresh themselves after the fatigues of the hunt by feasting, and laughter, and play. The common people are not allowed to join, or, indeed, to play at this particular game at all. Sir Frederick Manson, the military secretary to the above-mentioned expedition, resided for a few weeks with the tribe after the conclusion of peace, and learnt the rudiments of the sport. He was so much impressed by its lively nature that he explained it to the passengers and crew of the ship in which he returned to England, and the name Ural Mountains is that which the sailors spontaneously produced from a pardonable confusion in their ungeographical minds between the great Russian range and the Orula tribe from whom the game had been brought. Whether the Royal Navy has been inoculated with it, or has suffered it to drop into forgetfulness, we are unable to say; but an account of the principles of the game was found among Sir Frederick's papers after his death; and it is by his nephew's permission that we publish it, in a form only slightly adapted to suit a more orderly society of Europeans.

To play at "Ural Mountains," appoint one of the party judge, and divide the rest into two sides, who must sit facing one another. Each side selects a captain. Each side should be not less than two in number, and not greater than six or eight. About four or five is the best number; and the sides need not be exactly equal. We will call them, for the sake of clearness, *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, &c., and *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, &c., *A* and *a* being the captains. The game is begun by the captains, one of whom accuses the other of some imaginary crime,—the more absurd the better. He is then subject to an examination from his antagonist as to the circumstances of the charge, his means of knowing it, the supposed motives, and anything in heaven or earth that may be considered to be in any way connected with it. To every question asked he *must* give a distinct answer. He is not allowed not to know; and, the more impossible and grandly false the answers are, the more amusing will be the result. As soon as the accused captain has asked as many questions as he thinks fit, another of the side takes it up and continues the examination, trying if possible to shake the evidence and obtain a self-contradiction; and all in turn ask at least one question, and more if they wish. Then the accuser who is being examined passes on his part to the next in order, and he is in his turn examined. He is *considered identical with* his leader for purposes of examination, may be asked a second time the same questions, or others, and must give answers not inconsistent with those given before. Of course he may launch out into new, startling statements, which his leader must accept as part of the evidence. Then the next takes his part, and the next, and so throughout; the whole side being *considered as one man*, and answering about their knowledge of the crimes, and all questions that are asked, in the first person, and never contradicting themselves—or, it would be more proper to say, himself. If there is a discrepancy in the evidence given, the cross-examining side may call out that it is a "blot," and appeal to the judge, who allows one, two, or three, to their side, according to the grossness of the blunder; the blundering person, however, may endeavour to explain away his inconsistency, and if he succeeds cleverly, the judge may mitigate his decision. The side under examination may not speak to one another while it lasts. A limit of time should be settled beforehand; if there are four or five on a side, a quarter of an hour is about enough for the examination. When once everyone has asked at least one question, the fire of interrogatory becomes general, and any one of the accused may ask any one of the accusers any questions; only one, however, must speak at a time, and the captain commands his side in questions of prior right to cross-examine. When the time is up, the examination is reversed: the original accused captain has to declare an *alibi*, and state where he was, and what doing, at the time; or show in some way that the charge is impossible. He is then

examined, and similarly all the rest of his side; all being considered again as the same person, each attending carefully to what is said, each bound to answer definitely every question asked, and careful to avoid "blots." When blots are made, the opposite side again appeal, and score as many to their side, up to three, as the judge appoints. Whichever side at the end has made fewest blots wins. The chief amusement of the game will be found to depend, if those playing have any humour or imagination, on the strange falsehood of the replies given, the ingenuity requisite to sustain them, and the curious web of self-consistent impossibilities which will have to be invented to prop up a statement; and again, on the cleverness which will frequently be employed to palliate or explain away a blot.

We will now imagine an example. *A* accuses *a* of murdering his page, stealing a spoon at dinner, smoking in the railway, lying in bed till twelve, or anything whatever. Suppose, for instance, he declares that *a* murdered his "buttons." In answer to questions, he says, that *a* did it last night, in the coal-cellar, at 11.25 P.M.; he knows the time, because he heard a scream at that time by the Horse Guards clock, which he saw by moonlight, across two miles of houses, with a telescope, bought in Cochin-China. When asked by *a* why he, *a*, murdered the boy, *A* replies that it was partly from general blood-thirstiness, partly for the sake of the buttons.

a. What did I do with the buttons? *A*. Sold them.

a. To whom? *A*. To the Emperor of France.

a. When? what for? *A*. At seven this morning—to make bullets of.

a. Who told you? *A*. The Emperor himself.

a. When did you see him?—&c.

Or again, when *b* is examining:—

b. Where was the body found? *A*. In the canal.

b. How do you know I killed him in the coal-cellar? *A*. The knife was found there.

b. Who found it? *A*. I did.

b. How did you get into my coal-cellar? *A*. Crept in.

b. What for? *A*. To steal coals.—&c.

Presently, in the course of the game:—

c. (asks *D*). Did he struggle much when I killed him? *D*. No.

c. What did he say? *D*. "Take care of my wife and children."

c. (asks *E*). How did they identify the body? *E* (remembering that the buttons had been cut off). Because your knife was found sticking in him.

All *a*'s side at once shout for a blot, since *E* had said before (or *A*, who is identical with *E*, had said) that he himself had found the knife in the coal-cellar. *E* justifies himself by urging that *a* had used two knives; but the judge thinks the excuse poor, and awards a blot for three. The last answer is disallowed.

Possibly, again, *b* may ascertain from *C* that the struggle lasted three-quarters of an hour in solemn silence; and then may appeal for a blot, because *D* had mentioned his dying words. *C* gets out of it by saying that this was when the struggle was over, and the judge lets it pass. Again, perhaps, *a* asks *B* by what light he killed him; and is told that it was by a moderator lamp which he took down with him. *B* next replies that he took it down at 11.25, priding himself on the accuracy with which he has followed *A*'s statement. A blot is called for, because *A* said that after the long dying struggle the scream was heard at 11.25 by the Horse Guards. *B* explains that, on this particular night, the Horse Guards clock had been stopped by order of the Commander-in-Chief, because his youngest child had got the measles. The judge allows a blot for one.

The above suggestions will probably be enough to explain the game. They, no doubt, wear a childish appearance in print; but almost all the humorous fancy which is the zest of such a game must appear childish if coldly written down. After the quarter of an hour, *A* sets up his *alibi*, saying, for example, that he was at his club—over the fire—reading—with Jones and Brown—reading Froude's History—the tenth volume. *A* or *B* or *C* may ask *a* or *b*, how

it was that they were doing so, when ten volumes are not yet published? The reply will be, that they are published, the day before yesterday, and so on; falsehood being, in "Ural Mountains," rather a virtue than a vice.

Having explained the principles of the game, it might now be sufficient to commend it to an enlightened public; but for the sake of candour a postscript appears necessary. The account above given of the origin of the game is purely and utterly fabulous. There is no Orula tribe of Kafirs; there never was such a person as Sir Frederick Manson; there was no British expedition in 1853. The game has not been played for a hundred years; it has only been played once since the Creation. It originated in the brain of two ordinary persons, the writer of this article and another, who are not foreign travellers nor African barbarians, but individuals chiefly occupied in calm study, and more given, generally speaking, to work than to play. Observing with pain the distressed state of our country for the want of quiet, social amusement, we determined to remedy the defect, and invent the Game of the Future. We set to work in a truly workmanlike manner. As Edgar Poe declared that he had composed the "Raven" by working from first principles, building up a gradual structure on mere naked theory, so we decided that we would do. We meditated profoundly on the subject of games, and laid down, one by one, certain canons for our guidance, adding each new one as it suggested itself, and shaping our ideas of the game according to them. The following is—we are now speaking *bonâ fide*—the order in which they occurred to us, as we wrote them down at the time; and when the "Ural Mountains" has been established for centuries as the national English amusement, the statement will no doubt possess an historical interest. In the first place we settled that we would exclude physical materials, in order to make the game universal. This was Canon 1. Canon 2 was, that there must be two sides, as in all the really good games. Canon 3. Some of the persons playing must have more share in the game than others. The reasons of this are many and obvious. 4. There must be a *score* of some kind kept. These canons were obtained, it may be observed, chiefly by an induction, separation, and collection of all the best points of other games, partly from consideration of human nature. 5. There ought to be, in the Ideal Game, no distinction of sexes, which always breeds some awkwardness, or some vulgarity. 6. There must be no writing—no poetry—no display of knowledge. 7. On the whole we decided, this being a social game, that question and answer ought to be brought in. But the game must not depend on mere words. 8. Chance must be an element. 9. It will, probably, be most successful if some relation of life is introduced, by way of parody or otherwise; we thought of three, viz. that of king and court, army and generals, judge and jury. 10. Perhaps, let it have some hard names, as in "squails;" though this is almost unworthy of the Game of the Future. 11. There should be progress in the game by a series of separate efforts, a distinct advance, step by step; perhaps alternately. 12. There should be something in it involving the possibility of dispute. 13. The question arises now, How is each side to add one to its score? Two methods chiefly suggested themselves; by guessing some puzzle right, or by some fault, *e.g.* self-contradiction, of the other side. We thought the latter the best. 14. There must be not only the play of fancy, but some absurdity and incongruity as well.

Such were the laws which we conceived necessary for a perfect game. They were distinctly laid down, in the above order, before the game above-described shaped itself finally, after some days of consideration. It is now offered to England. The Anglo-Saxon race will receive it with eagerness, and will hand it down as an heir-loom to ages. If it should indeed fail, it will only be a fresh proof of the weakness of the deductive method; if it succeed, the world will not be slow to recognize the Creative Might of Genius.

E. E. B.
H. S.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF TRIAL BY JURY IN BRITAIN.

BY THE REV. W. BARNES,
AUTHOR OF "POEMS IN THE DORSETSHIRE DIALECT," &c.

Trial by Jury seems to have been a true and most early law of the social life of the Britons, and therefore of Britain, and to have been practised by the Celtic people, as by many other kindreds of men, in their times of free tribeship.

In the earliest forms of men-gatherings, a father was the law-head of his house, and therefore the law-head of his sons, and even of their children, and of all the souls—men, women, children, and war-slaves—who were under his múnd or protection. Thence were formed patriarchal tribes, and afterwards greater chief-led tribes, which our forefathers in early times called *cin*, the head of which was the *cining* (our *king* or *kin*-head), as the head of the Arab tribe is the Shaïkh; of the Tartar, the Khan; of the African, the Gerad, Sultan, and others. That of the Britons was called the Pencenedl, or tribe-head; and that of the Israelites the Goel, or Goel-hadum, the redeemer of blood.

In this kind of tribeship the more usual law is that, if a man of a tribe A slay a man of the tribe B, there must be a clearing by the tribe B of the blood of their slain tribesman, and that, until there be such a clearing of his blood, it lingers as a stain on his tribe or himself. The Arabic word "thar" for the taking of blood for blood, means *a cleansing;* and in the Œdipus Tyrannus, l. 313, there was a stain (*μίασμα*) from a slain man; and (line 255) his murder ought not to be left uncleansed (*ἀκάθαρτον*).

The rudest form of the law of blood-clearing is, that any man of the tribe B may slay any man of the tribe A; which, I believe, is the law of blood among the tribes of Australia.

This may seem to us a very rude and unfair law, as we should rather hold to the more righteous one of the Judge of all the earth, that the soul that sinneth it should die. But yet, in practice if not in law, great tribes, such as highly cultivated nations, will sometimes act on the barbarous rule; for it was said by some men, a little before the taking of Pekin, that the English would show little quarter to the Chinese, owing to their putting to death some of the English prisoners who had fallen into their hands; or, to put it more in the form of the barbarous rule, that, as some Chinese had slain some Englishmen, so other Englishmen would therefore slay other Chinese—a form of blood-clearing which, as long as there are wars, will be, and very likely must be, taken up, whether at Pekin, at the Peiho, in India, or elsewhere.

The next step in the law of blood-clearing is that the man-slayer shall be slain only by a kinsman of the slain, as was the rule of the Goel, or redeemer of blood by the Divine law, which declared that the sinning man only should die, and should die only by the protector of the lost life, and that the slayer of his neighbour unawares should be shielded in a city of refuge.

The next state of the law of blood is a usage that, for the sparing of blood-shed, a compensation in goods shall be given by the kin of the slayer to the kindred of the slain; and then a setting forth, such as there was in the Saxon-English and British laws, of the law-worth of man's life or limb, which life-worth or limbworth was called by the Britons *galánas*, and by the English *geald*.

While tribes are asunder and even rather free of each other, the law seems to try, with greater or less might, to obtain

blood-money, instead of blood itself. A writer on some African tribes says:— "In most cases war arises from blood-"feuds, when a member of one clan "kills the subject of another, and will "not pay the recognized valuation "(geald) of the party injured, or allow "himself to be given up to the venge-"ance of the family which has sustained "the loss. In such cases as these whole "tribes voluntarily march out to avenge "the deed by forcibly taking as many "cattle from the aggressor as the mar-"ket valuation may amount to;" so that even this violence is a measured one.

In Arabia, "If a man commit homi-"cide, the Cadi endeavours to prevail "upon the family of the victim to accept "a compensation in money or in kind "(geald), the amount being regulated "according to custom in different tribes," as it was regulated in Britain by law. Should the offer of blood-money be refused, the "thar" comes into operation; and any person within the "khomse," or the fifth degree of blood of the homicide, may be legally killed by any one within the same degree of consanguinity to the victim. The law holds between distinct tribes as well as between families. Hence an Arab is mostly unwilling to tell a stranger his own name, or that of his tribe or his father, lest there should be "thar" between them; and in most encampments there are found refugees, who have left their tribe on account of some homicide. In case, after a murder, a man within the "thar" takes to flight, the law allows him a scope of three days and four hours from the hands of any pursuer; and, if such a man does not embody himself in another tribe, he will sometimes wander from tent to tent, or even rove through towns and villages, with a chain round his neck, and in rags, begging contributions to make up the blood-money.

When kins or tribes are gathered into a kingdom, the kingdom's law will begin to restrain the law of blood-clearing, which is then taken up by the State, or made to yield to the law of geald. Thus, among the Israelites the early blood-law was restrained by the Divine law of the Goolah, or redeemership of blood.

The Goel, or redeemer of blood (a type of Christ), was the eldest of the firstborn sons of the kin, and it belonged to his office (1.) to redeem lands which had been alienated from the kin. (See Ruth, ii. and iv.) (2.) to redeem his kinsmen from slavery; and (3.) to right their wrongs, and take the life of any shedder of their life-blood.

There was not under the Mosaic law any hired executioner, such as the man whom we call by the horrid name of Jack Ketch—which Ketch means *choker*—but the law gave over the murderer to the Goel of the dead, as it gives him into the hands of our sheriff. This should be borne in mind by readers of the Bible, since it tells of many takings of life by Goels, in such a way that, if the Goolah be not understood, the Goels will seem to be acting only with bloodthirstiness; whereas they were fulfilling an office which they could no more shun than a sheriff of a county can shun his sad office on the scaffold.

We have a markworthy case of this kind in Judges, viii. 18, &c., where Gideon takes Zeba and Zalmunna, who had slain his brothers at Tabor, and said to them, "If ye had saved them alive I would not slay you," and seemed sorry that they must die. "And he "said unto Jether his *firstborn*, Up, and "slay them. But the youth drew not his "sword: for he feared, because he was "yet a youth." Now, why did Gideon, in the full strength of his manhood, defer the office of justice to his little boy? Because that boy was the Goel of his kin, and as such the protector even of his own father. He was his father's firstborn; and that Gideon could not be a Goel is clear from vi. 15, where he says, "I am the *least* (the small one or youngest) in my father's house."

From the law of Goolah we can also understand how it was that in many cases fathers were as nobodies as law guardians of their own children; how it was that so little was made of Rebek-

kah's father Bethuel, and how high over him was holden her brother Laban, in the case of her marriage; and why Jacob (Gen. c. xxxiii.), who was not a Goel, on hearing of the dishonouring of Dinah, held his peace until his sons, one of whom was a first-born, came home; and why the sons of Jacob, not he himself, answered Shechem and Hamor, and told them that in such and such cases they would give their daughters unto them, or otherwise they would take their daughter and they would be gone; and why Reuben (a first-born), finding that Joseph was not in the pit, rent his clothes and uttered that wail, which is in Hebrew so touching from its sounds, "The child is not, and *I*, whither shall *I* go?"

Having thus perceived the steps by which the law at last settled the giving of compensation in goods, for blood, we will next inquire who were to pay the geald or galánas. With the Britons the galánas was to be paid by the kinsmen of the slayer or wrong-doer, out to the fifth degree of kindred.

For our authorities as to ancient British law we have the Law Triads, and the so-called Laws of Hywel Dda, which are really the Laws of Hywel Dda and others (Cyfreithieu Hywel Dda ac eraill). The laws state that one of those others was Moelmud, who lived before the birth of Christ, and was the first who made good laws in this island, and that his laws had holden down to the time of Hywel Dda, who changed some of the old ones and made others—though the new ones, as is clear from the older law triads, could not have been great constitutional ones. It has been the fashion to doubt the truth of the old Welsh writings; but I can only say that the more I can understand them the brighter they make to me the truth of other ancient writings on Britain, Latin or English.

Now there is a markworthy coincidence in the law of blood-clearing with the Britons, as it is given in the Law Triads and the Laws of Hywel Dda, and the law of the same among the Arabs. With the Arabs any man within the khomse (an Arabic word meaning *fifth*), or fifth degree of kindred of the slayer, may be killed for his crime; whence we may infer that a man of wider kindred than the fifth is bloodguiltless. So the British laws ask, "Is there a case in which a father is bound to pay galánas and his son is not?" and the answer is, (Oes. Gorchaw) "Yes, a Gorchaw;" that is, a fifth-blooded kinsman, "is bound to pay galánas and his son is not."

We need not hence believe that the Britons got their law of the Gorchaw from that of the khomse of the East; for, if we were to hold their practice of blood-clearing, we should most likely learn by experience that it ought not to reach beyond the fifth blood.

We now come to another important inquiry. How was it to be tried whether a reputed slayer was or was not guilty of the blood which was required at his hands, and whether, therefore, his kin was bound to pay his galánas or not? A charge is not always a conviction, and a belief may not be truth.

Among the Britons the accusation, whether it were one of murder, of debt, of theft, or of other wrong, was to be tried by the reputed wrong-doer's kinsmen, those who were bound to right his wrongs—wrongs done and wrongs borne; and *this was the rise of our Jury.*

"If a debtor," says British law, "shall "have denied a bondsman (mach), let "him be *cleared* by the oath of himself "and six men, the nearest to his own "state (nesaf ei werth), his peers, four "from his father's kindred, and two of "his mother's." Elsewhere, "They "must be of the same kindred to the "debtor as those who would take or "pay his galánas."

If a man denied a contract he was to be cleared in the same way, by the oaths of four men of his father's kin and two of his mother's kin; and so strict was the law that a man was to be tried by his kinsmen or peers, that it declares that, if a plaintiff should challenge one of these oathsmen, no ground of outcasting him would be good but that of a want of kindred (namyn na hanfo o'i genedl, unless the not being of his kin)—

the very ground on which, with us, a juryman could not be challenged, though by British law even seven brothers of the accused might be on the jury.

One of the law triads says the case of a son imputed to a man—false affiliation—may be denied three ways:—

1. By the reputed father.
2. If he were dead, by the pencenedl.
3. If there were then none, by fifty men of the kin.

Another triad, which speaks of false affiliation, gives us some insight into a kind of *habeas corpus* law, which the Britons then held.

"The three plagues of a kin are:—

"1. To breed up the child of a lord" (whatever it was, I know not).

"2. To bring a child falsely to a kin.

"3. Gwarchadw pen raith"—to keep in custody the head-swearer, whom I take to be the man clearing himself by the oaths of his kin, who swore that they believed to be true the oath of the man at the bar.

In this case, the verdict was to be, as with us, that of the whole jury, and not of a part of them; for the law declares, "If one of the oathsmen will "not swear this oath, the oaths of the "others are of no weight."

But there was another lower oath, in which two-thirds of the jury would give a verdict, that the oathsman believed to be likely (not true) that which the accused had sworn.

For suits as to goods for the value of 20 ceiniaug (silver pennies), there should be five oathsmen;

60 ceiniang	12
120	24
A pound	48
For less than a man-load .	3
For a horse-load	10

For theft, the oathsmen were to be, as with us, twelve—six men of mark, and six men of no mark.

The Saxon-English law of wrongs, both of life and goods, was like that of the Britons, save that the oathsmen were not needfully of a man's kindred, though they were to be his fellow-hundreds-men, bound to stand by his rights and wrongs. The reason of the difference between the British and the English law is clear. The English settled here, as our people now settle in Australia—men from sundry parts of their fatherland, side by side; and therefore they could not have kept up tribeship, and they took, instead of it, their boroughship—which boroughship consisted in a making-up of social tribes on neighbourhood, instead of kindred on blood.

"They should reckon," says English law, "ten men together (a tithing), "and the eldest should hold the nine to "their duties;" and they were to keep the geald's money, and know what they paid and took for geald.

And yet the Saxon-English held, as nearly as they could, to the kindred-geald, since, if a man should accuse another, and say he was homicide, he must clear himself with his kindred (mid his magan), who must bear or make good his wrong. So, if a slayer fled from the land, his kinsmen were to pay half his blood-money; and, if a man fought with another, and killed him, his mother's kin paid one-third of his geald, his hundreds-men one-third, and for a third he fled.

The number of oathsmen was, in many cases of life, the same with the Old English as it is with us, and was with the Britons—twelve; and they held the rule that a man was to be tried by his peers. A thane accused of manslaughter must clear himself with twelve king's thanes; or, if he were a thane of lower rank than a king's thane, he must clear himself with eleven of his equals (his gelicene, his likes, answering to the wording of the British law, nesaf ei werth, nearest to his own state), and with one king's thane. Now, was this system of wergeald, and trial by jury, the work of the English-Saxons, either here or in the North? Or was it an earlier law of the Britons, taken up from them by the Saxon-English in Britain? We do not find the law of jury with wergeald in the old laws of our elder brethren, the Frisians, from whom our forefathers came; and that the Britons did not take it from the

English, we may cite as one witness among many, Innes's "Scotland in the Middle Ages." In explaining the old Scotch laws of the rating of goods for the sake of galánas, or geald, and of a man's clearing of himself by the oathsmen, who were bound to swear for him that they believed him guilty, Mr. Innes tells us they were called the laws of the "Brets and Scots"—the Brets being the North Britons or Picts, and the Scots the other Celtic race, the Highlanders or Irish. He adds that these laws were proscribed as barbarous by Edward I., in 1305. Mr. Innes observes that there is nothing said in these laws of witnesses; but, by the laws of Hywel Dda, oathsmen might be witnesses.

In the run of time, the tribeship of the Britons was broken up, and the bonds of English boroughship, of hundreds, and tithings, were loosened; and the kindred oathsmen of the Welsh, and of the Brets and Scots, and of the English fellowship, became a panel of twelve freemen. Formerly there was a panel, as there must have been with the Britons, for every single case; but, by the 3 Geo. II., it was enacted that there should be one panel, of from forty-eight to seventy-two men, for all cases of an assize.

Anciently, the English law kept so near to the British that the jury must be fellow-hundreds-men of the accused. But, under Edward III., six, and then, under Elizabeth, only two, were to be of his hundred; and, lastly, under George II., all of them might be from other hundreds than that of the prisoner on trial.

The assessment of the geald on the hundred was brought down to late times. We may find a hint of it in old editions of the book of that everlasting old master of commercial arithmetic, Walkingame, who, telling his disciples that a robbery has been committed on the highway, and that an assessment for the geald has been made on the hundred, requires them, by way of exercise, to assign, by a given scale, the shares of the geald to the several towns, parishes, and hamlets.

Now, what is the difference between our juries, and those of Britain in early times of the Britons and Saxon-English? The difference is that *their* juries were for the clearing of a man, and not for the finding him guilty; for, *unless he could clear himself by their oaths, he was guilty by the accusation.* All the oathsmen were of his kin, or his boroughship; and, if all of them, not most of them, could not clear him by their verdict, then he was guilty. Our juries, on the other hand, seem called either to clear or to convict a man, and are not to be of his kin or kith. Yet, in doctrine, if not in practice, we hold so much of the law of kinship as to allow that a man should be tried by his peers, and that, if a foreigner be tried by our laws, he should have a *medietas linguæ*, a half of his speech, or six of the jury foreigners.

Whatever changes we have made in trial by jury, and in whatever cases we have cast it aside, we shall most likely be ready to believe that we have done wisely; and, at all events, the dust of the Britons that sleeps on our hills, wherever the farmer or the antiquary will leave it alone, cannot rise to gainsay us. It seems, however, to have been a good, as it was a great, maxim of their law, that a man should not be tried by his foes, or by men of a hostile class. To this doctrine we shall most likely all assent. What hope is there for lambs as tried by the wolf; or, if the cat had wings, what would become of the sparrows? It may be thought that the kindred of a man among the Britons would always clear him for their own sakes; and yet we hold, with them, that a man should be tried by his peers. Who are meant by his peers? Who were meant by a man's peers with the Britons and Saxon-English, we see by their laws. A Welshman was to be tried by his kindred, and an Englishman with his likes (mid his gelícena); and both by those men who would have to take amends or make amends for their wrongs. This form of trial answered for hundreds of years; and, if it be said that those

men revered an oath more than we do, I am as sorry as unwilling to allow it. Alas! for our civilization, ay, and our religion, if such was the truth! I believe the Britons and our forefathers thought—as, with all our crimes and perjuries, *we* should most likely believe—that there will be at least one good conscience among twelve men; and, as a man could not be cleared but by a verdict of the whole jury, the whole jury were found to do justice. And, if an accused man was convicted of a crime by twelve of his own kin, how trustworthily fair was his conviction; while a verdict of guiltiness from a jury of foes, or of a foe-class, would rarely be received as justice by a man's kindred or friends.

The rule, therefore, that a man should be tried by his peers, as it is a rule of English common law, is still a good one, and our safeguard. No man should be tried by a jury of the class against whom alone he can do his crime. If, in America, for example, a man under an accusation of helping a slave to escape, is tried by a jury of slave-owners, he is not tried by the common law of our race. So neither would it be by the mind of English law that a man, for an uproar in a strike, should be tried by a jury of masters in his craft, or that a master, for a like breach of the peace, should be tried by twelve of his men on strike.

A nobleman is not to be tried by commoners. Good! and a commoner ought not to be tried by noblemen. And yet, if a noble magistrate on the bench convicts a man without a jury, as he is jury as well as judge, he so far violates the common law of the land. If it be answered that a man of higher rank ought not to be tried by a lower one, but that a man of low state should be tried by his betters, I answer that such is not the mind of English common law; and, as far as it may be statute law, it seems to me to be a stroke for oligarchy or despotism. The cry of the Britons is, let a man be tried by men (nesaf ei werth), nearest his own state, and of old English law, by (his gelícena) his likes.

Holding this view of English law, I may be told, as I have already been told, that I must allow that robbers or thieves ought to be tried by a jury of robbers or thieves. No such thing. Robbers and thieves are not a lawful class of the community. Their very being as such a class is forbidden by the law; and we can never impute to the law a willingness that a man should be tried by a class to which it forbids the very act of being.

The peace-men do not seem to me to be unreasonable in their wish to have the acts of kings or States tried by a jury of kings or States as arbitrators. If we *could* get a good and fully received law of nations by which any tyrant or wrong-doer among his neighbours should be bound to abide by the award of six, if not twelve, good sovereigns, or "his likes," it seems that it would be the height of civilization, though, even then, as a man convicted of crime is not fit for a juryman, so a king whose tyranny has bred an insurrection in his own land might not be qualified for the jury-box of crowned heads.

Some have thought that our juries are taken from men of too little school knowledge, if not of too low an understanding. I am not of that opinion. The jury are judges of fact, and not of law; and plain men of common understanding are not often very bad judges of such facts as come into the trials of their own peers. Their ignorance may be only of the technicalities of law forms and law words; and charges of incompetency may be made against a jury by a single writer in a newspaper, whose one opinion is to be taken as of more weight than that of twelve hearers and watchers of the prisoners, of the witnesses, and of the whole trial.

Such a man, moreover, may think, in his eagerness to get a so-deemed bad man out of the community, that the office of a jury is to convict a prisoner; whereas the old, and, I think, the true view of their office seems to have been, that the man would be convicted by the accusation, unless the jury could, with a good conscience, clear him from it. The

British law cries of the accused and the accusation, let him *deny* it (*gwadded*) with so many men; and the voice of the Saxon-English is, "Let him clear, or cleanse himself (becaenne hine), if he can," and again, "Let him clear himself" (ladige hine). And the judge, even yet, tells the jury that, if they have any doubt of the prisoner's guilt, they are to give him the benefit of it. The question, therefore, for a juryman seems to be, "Can I with a good conscience clear the prisoner?" not, "Can I fairly convict him?" It is better that a guilty man should once in a long time be wrongfully freed, than that every man's life or freedom should be at the mercy of any tool of a faction.

Magna Charta declares that no free man shall be taken or imprisoned unless by a lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. These words seem clear enough, and yet they are to me very far from clear; for, if a man is not to be imprisoned without a trial by his peers, Magna Charta is lost in our imprisonments from the juryless courts of magistracy. We have here no Magna Charta, and no such safeguard of our freedom; but we have King John again in all his might. "Ay," it may be answered, "but Magna Charta says that a man is to be tried by the judgment of his peers, *or the law of the land;* and now, by the statute law, which is the law of the land, a man may be imprisoned without trial by jury." Well then, Magna Charta was not *tam Magna* after all; for it only declared that a man should not be imprisoned without trial by his peers, until he should be so imprisoned. But does "the law of the land," in Magna Charta, mean statute-law, or the common law of England's freedom? That is what I want to know.

In the code of British law there certainly was statute-law which was not called the law of the land. Hywel's code is in three parts:—

1. Laws of the court.
2. Laws of the land (Cyfraith y Wlad).
3. Arfer:—customs or forms of trial.

And again, Chap. I. is headed, Laws of Women, as it contains Laws for the Rights and Protection of Women; and that those statute-laws were not deemed laws of the land is clear, inasmuch as the first words of the second chapter are, "Here begin the Laws of the Land" (Cyfreithieu y Wlad).

Then again, on the other side, on looking into the laws of our elder brethren, the Frisians, I find it declared that the law of the land, "Dat Landriucht," takes in both the canon law (Paws riucht), and the civil law (Keyser's riucht); so that, as I cannot learn what is the law of the land, I know not whether we have the safeguard of Magna Charta, or have it not.

Those who would write down either juries, or the verdicts of the whole rather than of a majority, as a clumsy hindrance to justice, may want to find convicted the rogue whom they have already convicted in their own minds, and they may yearn for any trial gear that would most quickly and surely work out their own wills; but the truth is that, if conviction were the aim of a trial, there would be no need of jury or judge. A man is holden to be guilty by his accusation and commitment for trial; for on what other ground than that of guilt can a man be taken out of his English freedom, and cast into a jail? Leave him to the prosecutor's accusation, and he will convict him. Leave the state-prisoner to the tyrant, and he will find him guilty. But no. The prosecutor holds that the accused is guilty; but the law, though it allows him to be taken for trial, still holds that he is guiltless till he has been convicted by his peers, and brings those peers to clear him, if they can, with a good conscience, from the prosecutor's accusation. So much the more foolish, some may answer, when we know all the while the villain is guilty; and for rogues, such as we know him to be, summary conviction is much better than the clumsy machinery of a trial by jury. In answer to such an opinion I will tell a fable. A man had a good axe and a long lathe; and, when he wanted

to chop up some small wood for nickies, as we call them in the West—some little bundles of wood for lighting fires—he said to himself, "What a clumsy tool is this for chopping nickies!" and he gave away his axe for a small bill-hook; and, on wanting to turn some nicknacks, he gave away his great clumsy lathe, as he called it, for a little table machine; but, a month afterwards, he wanted to fell a tree, and to turn some banisters, and he thought, "Oh, hang it! I wish I had my axe and "big lathe. I might have chopped "nickies with my axe, and might have "turned my nicknacks with my long "lathe, better than I can fell a tree with "this little bill-hook, or turn banisters "on nine inches of lathe-bed." Trial by jury, the axe and the long lathe, may be rather heavy for some little jobs of justice; but never mind; keep it for great ones. Men want a machinery that will save a Naboth's vineyard and life from a Jezebel; helpless right from great might.

A writer on Turkey has given some notes on summary punishments or convictions of Mohammedan law. A baker, at Constantinople, he tells us, was standing at the door of his shop with a friend from the provinces, and saw coming to his house the inspector of weights. He at once fled, lest that judge, jury, and officer, should nail his ear to the door-post. His loaves were found short of weight, and what could be clearer than that the only man in the shop should be its owner? *He* must be the guilty baker, and *his* ear was nailed to the door. There is a political maxim in Turkey that irksome legality is less good than quick injustice, because the fear and awe which so rigid a manner of proceeding infuses into the hearts of the people make them ready to obey the most irrational commands.

Men are of two opinions whether it would be best that a verdict should be taken as good from a majority of a jury as well as of a one-minded one. I would not, however, even with Paley, give up our law of a one-minded jury for that of a majority. Hampden was tried by twelve judges, who were, *de facto*, a jury; and eight gave a verdict against him, while four deemed him in the right. If the law of one-mindedness had holden over the twelve judges, as it holds over twelve jurymen, he might have won his suit against the king, and the constitution might have been preserved without the civil war and Cromwell's military despotism. Again, juries of a few-voiced verdict would be more easily packed, or tampered with by strong minds among themselves, than could our juries of one-voiced verdicts; and the latter gives less might to the mighty side when that side is to be feared. Farther, a few-voiced verdict would be far less satisfactory than a full-voiced one to men at the bar, and all their friends, and, in political trials, to friends of their cause. A man's friends would say, "Oh, yes, our father, or brother, or cousin, or friend, is convicted, forsooth, and how? Why, he is condemned to the gallows, or the prison, or to banishment, when five of the jury were convinced he was guiltless; and we know who turned the scale of opinion—two weakminded fellows who were biassed by others, his foes." To be constantly breeding dissatisfaction and disaffection to the laws would be a great evil; and, if writers now complain of the injustice of verdicts of one-minded juries, much more would they complain of verdicts of seven jurymen, when five were of their own opinion

"Nay, but," it has been said, "it is a great hindrance to justice when one stubborn juryman holds on his opinion against his eleven brethren, so that the jury is discharged without a verdict." Now the little evil and the great good of this case has been most nicely hit by a writer in the *Illustrated Times* of the 23d of March, 1861. The judge had discharged a jury, (though not from a want of onemindedness,) and, as it was, says the writer, there was no trial; consequently they (the prisoners) might again be placed at the bar—nay more, the jury may be again discharged, and the same course be adopted during the lives of the parties. There is something gratifying in this

capability of the law to grapple with such cases. Had the prisoners been acquitted, they could not again be tried for the same offence.

Some have begun to write down grand juries as a clumsy machinery, and a needless call on men's time. They are, however, a great safeguard against the evil of malicious or tyrannical indictments, as is shown by their manifold cases of No Bill; and they fulfil some share of the office of the British and Saxon-English jury.

It might still be good that we should have trial by jury in *all* criminal cases; and we might have it for light cases in lower hundred courts or district courts, with six, if not twelve, jurymen—as the Britons had for light cases fewer than twelve oathsmen, and as the Hindoos have, I think, village juries of five men. Six plain good men might be paid each half-a-crown or more for their day out of the court fees, might sit under a magistrate as judge, and might form a court which, for some squabbles, might act as a court of arbitration.

THE SHADOWS.

My little boy, with pale, round cheeks,
And large, brown, dreamy eyes,
Not often, little wisehead, speaks,
But yet will make replies.

His sister, always glad to show
Her knowledge, for its praise,
Said yesterday: "God's here, you know;
"He's everywhere, always.

"He's in this room." His large, brown eyes
Went wandering round for God;
In vain he looks, in vain he tries,
His wits are all abroad.

"He is not here, mamma? No, no;
"I do not see Him at all.
"He's not the shadows, is He?" So
His doubtful accents fall—

Fall on my heart like precious seed,
Grow up to flowers of love;
For as my child, in love and need,
Am I to Him above.

How oft before the vapours break,
And day begins to be,
In our dim-lighted rooms we take
The shadows, Lord, for Thee.

While every shadow lying there,
Slow remnant of the night,
Is but an aching, longing prayer,
For Thee, O Lord, the light.

George Mac Donald.

STRAY NOTES OF NATURAL HISTORY FROM THE CONTINENT.

BY CORNWALL SIMEON.

It is but a few years since steam established its dominion on the great high-road between Havre and Paris, and the horses which, harnessed to *malle poste* or diligence, could hardly fail to attract the attention of the traveller who entered France by that route, yielded to their more powerful rival. A very striking team it was, behind which he found himself on taking his seat in the diligence in those bygone days. Probably few things which during his stay in France may have attracted his notice as more or less different in their form, arrangement, or management, from those which would have served similar purposes in his own country, will have left a more lasting impression on his mind. Though gainers by the change which has taken place, it is almost a matter of regret that there, or elsewhere, we can never expect to see the like again. It must be still familiar to many readers; yet, as from its very age it may savour of novelty to some, the former will, perhaps, forgive a short sketch of it.

It consisted of seven white horses, not large, but compactly made, active fellows, probably standing about fifteen hands and an inch in height, and matching so nearly, in general shape as well as in colour, as to render the *tout ensemble* eminently symmetrical. In looking them over, the principal points which at once struck one were the massiveness of their crests, the lurking devil in their eye, their round, full quarters, and their knot-tied tails. They were harnessed four and three; four as leaders, and three at wheel, one of the latter doing duty as the δεξιοστῖρος mentioned by Herodotus.

To us, accustomed as we were but to comparatively light coaches and lighter mails, with four-horse teams, such a one as that which I have just attempted to describe, appeared at first sight to possess an amount of strength more than adequate to any work which they could possibly have to do. But a cursory examination of the ponderous and unwieldy machine, called a diligence, which they were required to draw, would be quite sufficient to convince one that, if it were tolerably well loaded, the horses had their work fully cut out, particularly if the pace expected of them were taken into consideration, it being equal generally, with stoppages (about which the *conducteur* took his time), to about eight miles an hour.

The diligence was ordinarily constructed to hold (besides *conducteur* and driver) at least eighteen passengers. In addition to these, the luggage, a miscellaneous collection of goods, containing many objects which would, with us, have been considered too heavy or bulky for a coach, and been forwarded by waggon or canal, was stowed away in a high, roomy, loft-like place communicating with the *banquette* in front. It almost invariably also carried its live stock, in the person of a Pomeranian dog, black-eyed, black-nosed, with the curliest of tails, and whitest of coats, who had the run of the whole top of the diligence amongst the luggage, with free access to his master in the *banquette*, where he usually kept him company, when it was not otherwise occupied. He completed the cargo—ostensibly at least; for the *conducteur* was not above occasionally accommodating, in excess of his regular load, a short-stager or two, who stowed themselves away, as best they might, in, or behind, the *banquette*. Such was the load, weighing not much, if at all, under six tons, which these teams had to draw at the rate above mentioned; and well they did it.

The harness was, in appearance, of the roughest, being of untanned leather, with rope traces; and the bloused and saboted driver—to call him coachman

would convey an erroneous impression —who was changed, with his horses, at every stage, undistinguishable in dress and appearance from an ordinary labourer. Whatever they may have been, however, in the outer man, they undoubtedly drove remarkably well; the horses, indeed (a great proof of good driving), apparently requiring next to no management. It was a remarkable sight to see this particular team of seven "tooled" through the narrow streets and round the sharp corners of Rouen on a market day, when densely crowded with booths and stalls. The quickness and activity displayed by the horses individually was, too, astonishing; so much greater than could have been expected from their "stocky" forms. I remember seeing a leader come completely down while the team was descending a long incline at a sharp trot, and recover himself without injury before there was time for him to be dragged.

The change was always a lively sight; for, at a meeting of fourteen such horses, it was scarcely to be expected but that some freak of temper, or ebullition of wilfulness, would occur, more entertaining to the passengers than soothing to the temper of the ostler, judging from the very particular and energetic manner in which he anathematised them—"*Sacré b— de crapaud vert*," being, for instance, an endearing expression I have heard made use of under the circumstances. I once saw a tremendous fight between two of these horses, a near-leader and an off-wheeler, when just taken out of the diligence after rather a long stage—having been prepared for it by the *conducteur*, who told me that those two horses, when measures were not taken to prevent them, were always certain to have a battle. On this occasion they were left to themselves when unharnessed (I think to prove the correctness of the *conducteur's* assertion), and in a moment they were at it, the leader turning round and fixing the wheeler by the neck in the most determined and savage manner. The stable-helpers succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in parting them, before either had received much damage; but the *conducteur* told me he fully believed they would never rest satisfied till they had succeeded in obtaining a *combat à l'outrance*, and the victor only came alive out of it.

The days of such teams are gone, never to return; but the colour which characterized them in the north of France stills forms a conspicuous feature in the horses throughout that part of the country, including Paris, where, while taking refuge from a shower of rain under an arch in the Rue de Rivoli, last spring, I had the curiosity to count those which passed, and found the numbers to be a hundred of white and grey to seventy-four of other colours. In the Bois de Boulogne the relative numbers would probably show a considerable difference; so large a proportion of the horses used for riding (or their parents) being imported from England, while those used for purposes of draught are still mainly recruited from the northern breeding grounds. As one proceeds southwards, towards Italy, the colour of the horses may be observed to undergo a gradual change, becoming darker and darker, brown being that prevailing amongst those along the district of the Rhone (where, owing to their natural development being generally interfered with, they also lose in great measure the roundness and symmetry of form which distinguishes them in the north), while in the neighbourhood of Rome the majority are absolutely black.

It is certainly somewhat singular that, while the colour of the horses becomes thus darker as one draws southwards, the reverse is the case with regard to cattle; which, being mostly of the darker shades in the northern districts of France, are found gradually lighter and lighter as one gains a more southern latitude, until, in Central Italy, they are, almost universally, of a very light, delicate dun.

Ordinarily, whether as regards animals in a natural state, or those bred under the immediate eye of man, it will, I think, be found that the prevalent breed or variety is that which has proved itself, for some reason or other, best suited to the peculiarities of the dis-

trict or the climate. Now, considering how large a proportion of the horses in the north, and of the cattle in the south, are light-coloured, it may fairly be supposed (if there be any truth in the above theory) that the prevalence of the lighter shades are, in both instances (to some extent at any rate), attributable to the influence of climate, or perhaps a combination of other local circumstances. Why these, whatever they may be, should have a diametrically opposite effect on the two species of animals, it would be difficult to hazard a plausible conjecture.

Striking as is the delicate pure hue of the cattle of Central and Southern Italy, it is far from constituting their only, or chief attraction; so admirably does it harmonize with their other general characteristics. So nearly approaching to perfection indeed are a very large proportion, both as to individual "points" and in the *tout ensemble*, that one finds oneself gazing on them with quite as much admiration, when familiarised to them by a prolonged residence, as when looking for the first time on their symmetrical, yet massive forms. Where can be seen a more picturesque sight than a pair of these magnificent oxen, dragging with bent heads, and paces as certain as they are slow, a load of hay up some broken and precipitous road, or in a state of repose, sleeping or chewing the cud in the Forum, each pair by their empty waggon, while waiting to return after the day's market to their homes in the Campagna?

Apart from general shape, the four features to which they principally owe the extreme picturesqueness of their forms, are the slightness of their bone, the delicacy and smallness of their muzzles, the great size and length of their wide-spreading and finely-tapering horns, and their round, black, contemplative eyes. No one, I am persuaded, who has not seen animals of this or similar breeds, can realize the character of expression with which Homer designed to invest the high divinity Juno, in distinguishing her as βοῶπις. At any rate I think it may be conceded that Dr. Samuel Clarke, S.T.P., had but an imperfect notion of the fulness of the meaning conveyed by the epithet, when he translated it "*magnos oculos habens.*"

It is curious to turn from these noble beasts to their ungainly congeners, the buffaloes, with their uncouth forms, their coarse heads and limbs, their small, inexpressive eyes, and their stunted and deformed-looking horns. Of all the beasts which man has made subservient to his use for purposes of draught, there is perhaps none which looks so little at home in shafts, or generally so little fitted for his work. One was some years ago to be occasionally seen about the streets of Oxford, harnessed with a cow; and it would have been almost a matter of impossibility to produce any animal more entirely out of his place, or miserable-looking, than he appeared under the circumstances. To be seen perfectly at their ease, and in the fulness of enjoyment, they should be sought during the heat of summer in such localities as the Pontine marshes, where, in a deep canal, twenty or thirty may be seen lying (or rather half standing, half supported by the water), with their bodies completely submerged and their heads thrown back, so that no part of them is visible but the eyes, nose, and mouth, with the flat facial line which connects them, the herd showing no more than so many bits of dry wood floating on the surface.

He who has seen them thus

> "wallowing
> Through the hot summer day,"

will but need to be reminded of the derivation of their name, to acknowledge the appositeness of their distinctive title, as emphatically *the Bœuf à l'eau.*

It is scarcely possible that the traveller, by whom the stir of animal life about him does not pass unnoticed, or indeed any one not absolutely deaf to the musical hum of birds (which seems to pervade the atmosphere of our rural districts to such an extent as to be almost mechanically and unconsciously

accepted as a necessary adjunct to it), can fail to remark the singular absence of his winged friends in the other parts of Europe (with rare exceptions), and particularly in France and Italy. Let him wander as he will through the orchards and cornfields of Normandy or Brittany, the vineyards of Languedoc, the orange-gardens and olive-groves of the Riviera, or the myrtle-clad slopes of Southern Italy, the same dreary want of indigenous birds perpetually makes itself felt. In France not only the eye and the ear have at length had cause to regret this dearth of birds—they might have long pleaded for them in vain—but they have happily enlisted in their favour an advocate infinitely more sensitive and acute than either, and whose voice is so powerful, that he is not likely to raise it in vain—that of the Pocket; it appearing, by a report recently presented to the Legislative Assembly, that a late failure in the crops was mainly attributable to the attacks of insects, which the destruction of their enemies, the birds, had allowed to increase to an alarming extent.

It will be interesting to watch how far legislative interference in their favour, which may result from this report, will be effective in increasing their now scanty numbers, and to what extent their increase, if it be so far effectual, will answer the ultimate purpose for which it was designed.

Judging from the specimens which are often to be found exposed for sale in the markets, it would appear that neither in France nor Italy are the people very particular as to the description of birds which are put into requisition for the table, anything from a hawk to a robin doing duty as *gibier*. My knowledge of ornithology saved me (for instance) at Tonnères from making an essay upon a magpie, which had been served up to me as a young pigeon.

Fancying, as soon as I saw it, that there was something rather unusual about its general appearance, I was induced to examine one of its feet, which had not been removed, but tucked in under the body. This, as I rather expected, instead of the short hind claw of the pigeon, exhibited the longer one which forms a distinguishing feature in the magpie; the other showed a similar result. On this I summoned the waiter, and asked him of what kind he might consider the bird in question to be.

"*Vraiment, Monsieur,*" was his answer, "*je ne pourrois pas vous dire, mais je vous assure que c'est excellent.*"

Having then suggested that, unless I was greatly mistaken, it was a magpie, he replied—

"*Mais, mon Dieu, Monsieur, je n'en sais rien; on m'a dit que c'était un pigeon. Mais, quel que ce soit, je vous assure que vous le trouverez excellent.*"

By far the larger proportion of the birds that are at present seen during the summer months in France and Italy, are of the migratory class; the loudest and most noticeable in song being the nightingale and white-throat, the former of which I heard in full song (on the road between Venice and Verona) on the 28th of last June, long after the usual warble of this species ordinarily gives place to the chirrup and grating "purr," which succeeds it at nesting time. Of other birds, in Rome at any rate, the little wren, whose insignificance is, I suppose, his protection, is alone in full force. Creeping along the orange and lemon-covered walls of the garden, he pours forth his cheery, thrilling song, with a volume which I have certainly never heard equalled in this country, and which seems quite out of proportion to his tiny form. While I was visiting one afternoon the church of the S^ta^ Maria degli Angeli, one of the largest within the walls of Rome, I was astonished at hearing it perfectly *filled* by the voice of one of these little choristers, who, resting a moment on a projecting cornice from his busy labours, gave out what might well have been fancied his earnest melody of praise and thankfulness.

In the streets of Florence may be (or might have been a short time ago) not unfrequently seen a lad whose business it was to come in from the country with

living small birds for sale. Instead of bringing them in cages, after the ordinary custom, he made them find their own locomotive power, driving them on in a flock before him like geese or turkeys. When I saw him, the convoy under his charge consisted of some twenty or thirty wagtails, which, with their wings slightly clipped, ran along cheerily before him, beguiling the time by striking at flies, or examining the ground in search of other food, while he brought up the rear with a small ragtopped stick. While I was watching their proceedings, two heavily-laden vetturino carriages, which had just started, drawn by four horses each, thundered up the street with a great flanking and cracking of whips, charging directly through his small *protégés*, who scuttled away helter-skelter in every direction as fast as their legs and limited power of wing permitted them, scattered to all appearance in utter confusion. From the indifference with which their conductor viewed the dispersion of his convoy, it might have been thought that he deemed any attempt on his part to reassemble them would have been labour entirely thrown away, and that he gave them up for lost, so hopelessly did they seem to be dispersed. The carriages had, however, passed on but a few yards, when, one dropping down from the pavement on one side, one running in from another, the birds began gradually to draw together again of their own accord, and in a minute or two were all pursuing their course again up the centre of the street, hunting for flies, and flirting their tails as gaily as if they had had no cause for alarm.

There is perhaps no bird which, to the mind of any one who has formerly tasted the delights of the soft Italian evenings, recals more freshly and vividly the memories of those bygone days, and is reheard with a warmer welcome, than the little scops eared Owl (*Scops Aldrovande*). Although, from having occasionally lost his way, and been blown over to this country, he has established his claim to a place among British birds, yet, to be found "at home," he must be sought amongst the outskirts of Italian or Spanish towns, where, as soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon, half-awakening from his long day-sleep, and sitting ensconced in the dense foliage of one of the formal round-headed acacias, which almost invariably afford shade to the public walks and squares of these towns, he breaks the silence of the still evening with his single, unvarying, flute-like note. This, most nearly approaching to "G natural" (above the "middle C") in music, may be said to bear much the same relation to that of the large Brown Owl's cry, as a Devonshire man's pronunciation of the word "who," is to that pronounced in the more generally accepted manner. This note he repeats at such brief and regular intervals, that, considering the shortness of the summer-nights, and that his days are consumed in sleep, one is somewhat at a loss to understand how he can find time for the ordinary purposes of life.

He may not unfrequently be seen, poor little fellow, blinking on a stand outside a poultry-dealer's door, in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon (where a very miscellaneous collection of birds is often exposed for sale), the destined employment of his captivity being, suspended in a tree, near which his owner lies concealed, to attract small birds (who are always ready to mob and bully an owl of any kind) within reach of his fowling-piece; a style of *chasse*, one would imagine, scarcely more remunerative than interesting—but there is no accounting for tastes.

A little tinkling glass-bell-like sound, proceeding from an alder or mulberry-tree, may not improbably be ascribed by the person hearing it for the first time to a bird; nor will it be so easy a matter as might be imagined to prove to his satisfaction that the contrary is the case. Should he approach with his ordinary step the tree from which it proceeds, it at once ceases, not to be recommenced until he has again retired so far as to assure the performer that he may do so without compromising his safety. Let him try it once more, making his approaches with his lightest and most

careful step, and, if possible, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and the musical unknown. Should he thus succeed in surprising him, he will see perched up aloft there a little green frog, with a square bull-dog-shaped head, and quick, black, intelligent eye, whose puffed throat, moving with the modulations of his song, as though water were trickling down it, announces plainly that he is the vocalist, to whose amorous or contented mood it is to be ascribed.

They are often kept in confinement, in which state (merely in a glass, covered with muslin) they will survive a long while; the only food they seem to require or care for being house-flies, which they display extraordinary quickness in seizing and swallowing. The instant one is put in under the muslin cover, a small bright eye scans it for a moment; there is a dart from below, and the fly has disappeared; the whole process being so rapid that the eye can hardly follow it.

Talking of flies, would that all the powers to which they are welcome as food, or unwelcome as company, would join in annihilating them at once and for ever! Had I my choice as between them, midges, gnats, fleas, and other strange bedfellows with which travelling (as well as poverty, according to the old proverb) is calculated to make one acquainted, the one on whom I should first pass extreme sentence would be the common House-fly. In bed or out, sleeping or waking, in hot or cool climates, as soon as summer brings them forth, there they are, ever present, ever ready to renew their intolerable persecutions. After suffering from their attacks for some months, one is really almost tempted to consider Domitian a benefactor to his species, or, at any rate, to fancy that the author of "Busy, curious, thirsty fly, etc." if he did not write it in a spirit of bitter mockery, would never have given utterance to a piece of such maudlin sentimentality if he had not been indued with a skin of more than ordinary thickness, or been fortunate enough to live in a country where they confined their visitations to the sugar-basin and cream-jug.

Were they to limit themselves to one feeding-ground, and simple downright biting, one might, perhaps, sleep through it and forgive them; but who can endure the determined, pertinacious attacks of a regular man-eating fly? Watch one, as with eager, hurried pace, and wings nervously raised and half quivering with excitement, he approaches the face of a person enjoying (perhaps after a disturbed night) the quiet sleep of the early morning. Of a flea's presence he would probably be unconscious till he awakened; the step of a gnat is so light, and his bite so gradual, that, should his humming not have disturbed the sleeper, he, while enjoying his meal, would have left his victim in undisturbed enjoyment of his sleep; he "lives and lets live." But otherwise is it with the fly; he feeds as he goes, and the titillatory powers of his six feet and extended sucker, would be together too much for the skins of reapers, thick even in proportion to the proverbial hardness of their *ilia*. Again and again may the hand, half in sleep, be raised to brush away the intruder; no sooner have the muscles once more become relaxed, and the hand has sunk inactive after a vain attempt to scratch the face he has left, than he renews his attack, to be again driven off by the disturbed slumberer. Again and again will he return with undiminished pertinacity, only giving up the attempt when his victim, at length, resigning himself to his fate, relinquishes further sleep as hopelessly unattainable, and betakes himself to the active business of the day. Of a truth, no more appropriate or suggestive title could have been devised for the arch-enemy, or one breathing a deeper hatred for the accursed insect, than that of "Beelzebub," "the Lord of Flies," the prince of torturers.

In mentioning the fly as nearly ubiquitous, I am bound to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Venice as a singular exception. Whether it be always so, I cannot undertake to say, but las

summer, at any rate, during a stay of more than a week at the very hottest period of the year, in a situation apparently favourable to them, not a single one did I ever see in-doors or out.

Though it is impossible to render oneself entirely proof against the annoyances of these tormentors, yet, by a very simple expedient, a person may be enabled in great measure to set them at defiance, and travel in comparative comfort, as far as they are concerned; it being merely a square yard (or rather less) of light mosquito net. It occupies a very small compass when doubled up, and can just lie under the pillow if required for service in the morning, or be carried in the pocket should a *siesta* be deemed advisable while travelling, or during the heat of the midday halt. The comfort of life depends, to say the least of it, fully as much on little, as great things; and this, though apparently a mere trifle, contributes towards it, *experto crede*, fully its share.

What gnats, fleas, and midges feed upon, when what we consider their ordinary food is unattainable, has always been to me a mystery nearly as difficult to solve as the question how the number of attorneys and beer-shops in some small country-towns can possibly be supported. Gnats are found swarming in out-houses, where they have no visible means of subsistence. A person stepping into a deserted hut will sometimes come out with the legs of his trousers blackened with fleas; while midges, which may seem through many days of cold or stormy weather to be utterly extinct, suddenly issue forth on a warm afternoon in countless clouds, assailing the unfortunate sportsman with the appetites of giants refreshed with sleep.

Although I believe the contrary to be the case as regards mosquitos and midges, yet there can be no doubt that people who live in a country infested by fleas become acclimatized to them, and thus almost totally disregard their attacks. They resign themselves to their presence as a necessity (scarcely as a necessary evil), and cease to trouble themselves about them in any way whatever. To how great an extent this is carried, the following incident will convey some idea. A waiter, who had brought something to my breakfast table (at one of the best hotels in Naples), seeing a flea taking his morning stroll on the tablecloth, took him up gently with his finger and thumb, and put him, without killing him, on the floor. This rather exciting my surprise, I said to him, What, don't you kill the fleas when you catch them? "*Ah, no, Signore,*" said he, "*que fare; la vita è breve.*" By which, whether he meant that his life was too short to be always at the trouble of killing fleas, or that of the flea was naturally so short that it would be a shame to curtail it, he left me, as I leave the reader, to judge.

RIFLE-SHOOTING AND DRILL: THE CRISIS OF VOLUNTEERING.[1]

THE three publications the titles of which we subjoin represent, in various ways, the existing state of what is now felt to be a great national interest.

In the *Proceedings of the National Rifle Association* for 1861 we have the last statistics of the British art of rifle-shooting. A little while ago there was no such art among us. Our soldiers had their muskets, and our sportsmen had their guns; but for the population at large the sight of a firearm, except in the window of a gunmaker's shop, was a rare thing, and the notion of ever possessing one, or being

[1] Proceedings of the National Rifle Association. 1861.

Field Exercise and Evolutions of Infantry, as revised by Her Majesty's Command. 1862.

Pencil-notes on Drill, or, Notes on the Field Exercise; originally drawn up for the Use of the Officers and Serjeants of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. By Captain S. Flood Page, Adjutant of the London Scottish, and late Adjutant of the City of Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1862.

in the habit of using one, an absurdity. Almost in an instant this state of things was changed. By a mere stroke of the pen on the part of Authority at a suitable moment, there was effected perhaps the most important, and certainly the most sudden, change in the system of our national manners which this generation has seen. It became lawful, and was even declared desirable by the Crown, that all over England and Scotland the inhabitants should form themselves, in a regular manner, into companies and regiments of Volunteer soldiers. It seemed that a strong demand for this change, as a matter of necessity and right, was already pent up in the national breast; for the response was immediate. Our streets in cities and towns, our village-greens and commons, burst at once into a bloom of uniforms —light-grey, dark-grey, dark-green, red, and so on—worn by men who had never worn uniform before, and had thought to descend into their graves without ever having done such a thing. It was not merely our very young men, in quest of novelty, excitement, and exercise, that so appeared as Volunteers, but our men also of more staid age and habits in even greater proportion—men who almost reluctantly incurred the trouble of thus personally showing how heartily they approved of the movement, and who for some time spent no end of half-crowns in cabs, out of sheer horror at being seen in their uniforms, and only gradually learnt to walk in them unabashed. Among the mixed motives that drew the Volunteers together there was none that was not innocent; most were laudable; and at the heart of all, we believe, to give dignity and endurance to the others, was a conviction entertained by thousands that in the Volunteer System a noble addition had been made, not a bit too soon, to the institutions of the freest country in the world, and that, in personally supporting it, one would be exercising a real privilege, and discharging a real duty.

Well, the thing succeeded; the Volunteer system did become an institution of the country; and there arose our now established toast at public dinners, of "The Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers." And, as the Volunteer system burst out of the prior state of public feeling, so out of the Volunteer System burst the new British Art of Rifle-Shooting. In due time, when our effective Volunteers had, in the course of their drill, learnt the manual and platoon exercises, and so got accustomed to the feel and the weight of that awful thing, the rifle, a considerable proportion of them, not unwilling to know more of the creature, were passed in squads through Position Drill, and so made free of the Rifle-ground, where they could satisfy themselves of her more dangerous capabilities, and of their own fitness to have such a pet. On raw spring mornings, in fine summer afternoons, and at other times and seasons, men would be gathered together in tens or scores, in waste out-of-the-way places, like conventicles of Covenanters, or troopers in search of such, save that their occupation was in gazing at white targets, with black spots in the middle of them, placed against distant banks of earth. Some of these assembled aspirants were confident in their former experience as shots against birds and hares; others were very much in doubt what would happen when it came to their turn to step out, and whether, when the rifle was at their shoulder, and they had to pull the trigger, it might not be best to shut their eyes and bid the world farewell. Miraculous it was, but the fact, that many of these utter novices did as well as the experienced shots, or even better. A centre, perhaps, for the first shot at a hundred and fifty yards made one think that possibly after all there was a lurking faculty of shooting in one, if it could be brought out; or, at all events, the respectable achievement of promotion to the Second Class on the first day out, put one in heart. And so out of the crowds who went so far, and who, contracting a natural affection for the creature that had wakened in them such sensations on the first day's real acquaintance, took her home and cleaned her and oiled her and put her carefully in a

corner, many went to the butts again and again, and, through difficulties of wind and sun and all sorts of botheration, won their First Class, or even attained the honour of being Marksmen. And still the attractions of Rifle-Shooting as an amusement and an exercise continue undiminished; and the numbers of those who, to their own surprise, betake themselves to this amusement increase steadily; and in every district over the country the "crack crack" of practice in the Rifle-ground has become a sound familiar to the natives. The very language and thought of the nation have been affected by the prevalence of the new pastime. Travelling in railway carriages, plain passengers of purely commercial mind find themselves bewildered with talk going on all round them of outers and centres and bull's eyes; friends will sit together by the half-hour recounting their splendid scores, exulting in their yesterday's three centres running at five hundred, and, in fact, running the risk of lying and boasting awfully before they are aware of it; and already a whole host of images, metaphors, and turns of thinking, drawn from the circumstance of the Rifle-ground, has become imbedded in our conversation and literature.

From the very first it was highly desirable that direction and organization should be given by some central management to an enthusiasm so widely spread, and a form of pastime so popular and important; and from the very first such direction and organization were admirably given by the National Rifle Association. Under the auspices of this body there was brought together at Wimbledon in 1860 that great Congress of the picked shots of the whole land which resulted in the recognition of young Ross as Champion Shot or Rifleman Laureate. Then, after much work in the interim, came the second year's Demonstration and Congress, when Jopling was the man. It is the proceedings of this last meeting, together with all the related Statistics of British Rifle-Shooting during the year 1861, and the names and scores of hundreds of prizemen and competitors, that the Association have now published. May the publication be as annual as the Almanack! The Wimbledon meeting of this year—the year of the new International Exhibition—ought to be the grandest and most successful of any yet. Already, in this second year's Report of the Association, there is proof that the national skill in the use of the Rifle has improved as well as extended itself—that Great Britain has now as good a little army of Rifle Shots as there is in the world, and could, on occasion, protect her inland hedgerows, or tuft her line of sea-downs and cliffs, with choice marksmen, the white puffs from whose rifles would be the calm sign of sure bullets and be followed by the leap of death.

At the same time never was truer word spoken than that of Colonel M'Murdo the other day, when he impressed upon one of the best shooting regiments in our whole Volunteer force, that Rifle-shooting, dissociated from Drill, or not resting on Drill as a solid and permanent basis, would really be little more than the amusement which its votaries find it, and an agreeable periodical indulgence in cracks and puffs of smoke. The regiment to which he said this, we believe, is itself a well-drilled one; and he intended his advice for Volunteers all over the country. For Volunteering is now at its critical stage amongst us. The first novelty of the thing is over, and it remains to be seen whether it will be kept up. Colonel M'Murdo himself was hopeful on this point; and his information that, by the last returns, the Volunteer force was larger than ever—amounting, we believe, now to some 170,000 men—was very gratifying. But, on general grounds, as well as from the experience of some particular corps, there is an anxiety in some quarters as to the prospects of Volunteering in the year now begun. In other words, a question now going among those who are interested in Volunteering is, "Will the men still come to their Drill?"

To begin a thing of this sort, and afterwards to give it up, except for very urgent reasons, is what every man of

ordinary self-respect ought to think disgraceful. To set one's hand to the plough and then to turn back argues, in whatever matter it may be seen, a weakish sort of human nature. Perseverance in a matter once undertaken—even passive continuance in a routine of occupations once begun—is a mark of moral strength, and brings things wonderfully into order and conformity. If one were to appoint a commission to select for any important national purpose 20,000 men of such approved fibre that reliance could be placed upon them without farther inquiry, it might not be the worst plan for the commission simply to get together the names of the Volunteers that have been most regular at parade and drill. There is stuff in these men, there is tenacity; they don't chase butterflies. And, curiously enough, it is exactly these men—the men who might most speciously plead some of the reasons assigned for being less regular at drill than at first—that never think of pleading them. What is the most frequent reason assigned for neglect of drill by those who do neglect it, and from the operation of which on the large scale some expect that our so stable Volunteer System will dissolve or become honeycombed like the Bridge of Mirza's Vision? It is that, Drill being already learnt, it will keep, and that it is unnecessary to go through irksome work over and over again. Commanders of Volunteer Regiments are bound to catch the real meaning that there may be in this complaint—in the first place, not to make more frequent calls of the men together than are necessary to keep them efficient; and, in the second place, to devise such variations and higher developments of Volunteer work, in the shape of occasional outings, skirmishing practice, meetings for shooting, brigadings with other corps, &c., as may rouse fresh interest. But it is not the steady men, who know their ordinary drill best, that think they are perfect in it; and it is enough to see a late absentee from drill once more in the ranks, to have proof that the arts of wheeling, keeping the touch, making a smart present, and the like, won't remain long in one's system if they are not occasionally brushed up. Already, we believe, an amount of knowledge of drill *has* been diffused throughout the community which, if our Volunteer Service were to be dissolved to-morrow, would be a permanent possession, or tradition, of some use. But it is not to-morrow, nor next day, nor any day within as far a vista of the future as the eye can range along, that the Volunteer System, which we have established with such pains, can safely be permitted to fall into dissolution. No! in the interests of peace, as well as those of persistency and honour, it is not so. True, the exact combination of European affairs on the spur of which the Volunteer System formed itself exists no longer. We are at peace with the world. Among all the storm-clouds floating about the horizon none seems at this moment being blown Britainwards. But was the institution of the Volunteer System a mere performance of panic, the uselessness of which has been demonstrated? On the contrary, does not every man know that, in a complex way, the institution of the British Volunteer System told rapidly and electrically on all the international relations of Britain—on the one hand rectifying a thousand little defects and mistakes of foreign opinion with respect to us, on the other discharging some semblance of pusillanimity out of our national tone and bearing—and that now, if we are in an unusually good position, our having the rudiments of a defensive Volunteer army at the core of our empire has had something to do with it. But, farther, the present state of our relations may not endure very long. Not more changeable is the meteorology of the heavens than has been the political atmosphere of the world since 1848. The cycle of changes then begun is not at an end; equilibrium is still unattained. According to all analogy of history, no such large and important organization was ever spontaneously formed by a nation as this Volunteer System, without its pointing

to something, without its being a real presentiment, without a necessity for it lying in wait somewhere or other among the intricate channels and shoals of future time. And what though, as we devoutly hope, this necessity, this moment of pre-established explosion, should be far, far off—far beyond our days, and deep in those other days when the grass shall be growing over us? A fundamental institution in a country has been well defined as "anything which is worthy to be delivered over to posterity." Our British Volunteer System is such a fundamental institution. It is our part to maintain it; which, being practically interpreted, means, for every Volunteer individually, that then and then only is he entitled to withdraw from the ranks when, having learnt his drill himself as well as he can, he has found at least one recruit to take his place, and to be left as his substitute. Indeed, two or three recruits so left ought to be the price of every discharge just at present—until (and this is our real safeguard) Drill has become so irrevocably a part of our School system for the young, that all the youth of the country shall form a force ready-made when required.

Whatever may be said as to there being no particular necessity for continued drill of the elementary kind for the men, the same certainly cannot be said concerning the officers and serjeants. A highly creditable amount of proficiency in their duties may, indeed, be already reported as having been attained by many officers and serjeants of Volunteers; and, in cases which must have come under the notice of most, it has been a matter of surprise what real natural aptitude has been shown by civilian officers for a kind of work which, considered merely as an intellectual and mechanical exercise, is full of beauty and interest—a more serious and more manly chess. But, on the whole, we cannot yet cease to fear that, if our Volunteer System were practically tested, the training of the officers would be found, as in America, to be the point of weakness. The minimum of proficiency to be aimed at in this matter certainly is that each subaltern in every company should be able to drill the company, or to take the captain's place while it is being drilled, and that every captain of a company should be able to drill the battalion. How far we are from this state of things let the consciences of officers as regards themselves, as well as their observation of others, declare. When by chance an unexperienced subaltern commands at company drill, what perverse appearances he will make at the wrong flank, what bogglings at the formation of subdivisions on the march, what frantic efforts to retrieve himself by the wrong word of command! And if captains do not equally expose their inexperience, it is because they are usually confined to the duties they have habitually practised. The remedy is practice, repeated practice, nothing but practice—practice of the subalterns in all posts in and with their companies; practice of the captains, where possible, in drilling the battalion. Nothing but actually *doing* the work will effectually teach it; and, though the rare meetings of the Volunteers for drill must necessarily place their officers at a disadvantage in this respect in comparison with the regular officers, as much as possible should be done, at these meetings, to share the opportunities of experience equally. There is, indeed, the *Field Exercise* to refer to and study at home—that noble little Red Book, of which a new and much improved edition has just been published for 1862, and from which, pored over till its accurate details become luminous, so much, not only of Drill, but of the art and machinery of war, may be gradually learnt. But officers may read the Red Book till their eyes ache; unless they actually *do* the work, and perseveringly go through the necessary probation of errors and shamefacedness till they learn to do it rightly, they will never be proficient. To the use of the Red Book, too, and of such practice as they can get, there may be admirable supplementary helps. Captain Flood Page's *Pencil Notes on Drill*, which we have associated with the Red Book at the commence-

ment of these remarks, will be found exceedingly useful. Captain Page's name and antecedents are a guarantee for this. At the last Wimbledon meeting his activity, his power of administering and directing, and of keeping a huge complication of matters well in hand, elicited general admiration; and his experience as the adjutant successively of two great Volunteer Corps has qualified him to know exactly where Volunteers, and especially Volunteer officers and serjeants, are apt to be at fault, and to point out the matters on which their attention should be concentrated. His little work is a kind of comment, with interspersed remarks of his own, on the Red Book, singling out the salient points which officers and serjeants have to bear in mind, laying stress upon what is most essential for Volunteers, and recommending the different portions of Drill to their intelligence by suitable explanations. Having actually been used as Lectures for the instruction of the officers and serjeants of Lord Elcho's Corps, the adaptation of the Notes to the exigencies of Volunteers may be considered as having been practically ascertained.

PASSING EVENTS.—BREAKING THE BLOCKADE.

Parliament has met, but seldom has a Parliament met with so little animation. The death of a noble Prince and the great war among our kinsmen in the New World cast a gloom upon the nation at large, which has been communicated to its representatives. Nor does there seem to be much prospect of a lively session. The ministerial programme is not much better than a joke. Lord Palmerston re-appears upon the political stage, much as he left it, with an air of imperturbable serenity, and a profound conviction of the importance of a reform in the transfer of land. Lord Derby, with remarkable magnanimity, announces that he will not offer any unnecessary hindrance to the passing of ministerial measures which have never been brought forward, and that he will do all he can "to spare Her Majesty one "additional pang of the affliction that "presses so heavily upon her." With probably still greater annoyance, Mr. Disraeli, in the Lower House, finds himself under the distressing necessity of acquiescing in the general policy pursued by the present occupants of the Treasury Benches. The enthusiasm, which is the reward of Lord Palmerston's judicious conduct in the *Trent* affair, very probably may effervesce during the slow months which must elapse before the halcyon days of vacation time return. But it is sufficient for a few weeks to cover the short-comings of the ministerial Bill of Fare. The Government, moreover, are evidently prepared to make a political Jonah of Mr. Lowe and to abandon his revised code, should the wise alterations in the original draft not be sufficient to satisfy all opponents. Even if the country clergymen follow the advice of Ahitophel, and give themselves up to a little pro-Tory agitation, the only result will be that the new Minute will go overboard. No Cabinet, indeed, can ever calculate on a quiet time of it which has to ferry Mr. Gladstone and his budgets across the stream. But the great question of the paper duties is dead and buried, and the discussion on the financial proposition of the year will be conducted in all likelihood more impartially than usual. This spring Lord Palmerston's Cabinet is still quieter than usual, and has determined to do anything sooner than disturb Camarina. There are no Government measures, good or bad, to criticise. Mr. Disraeli and his friends will, no doubt, betake themselves to their annual task of rope-making, but this year they are compelled to find their own sand.

Upon the subject of the American blockade, which is the one subject up-

permost in all minds, Her Majesty's speech, like the speech of her imperial ally, was significantly reticent. But the Southern commissioners on this side of the Atlantic are not inactive. In Paris Mr. Slidell is said to have had an interview with the Emperor himself, and to have come away from the European Delphi highly edified and enlightened by the ambiguous responses of the Oracle. In England his colleagues have been pushing their negotiations in all quarters. Cotton is a powerful god; and, though at the critical emergency it turns out that Mr. Bright is not after all its chief prophet, it is clear that the commercial divinity has determined votaries. So vigorous have been their measures, and so uneasy had the public mind become, that Earl Russell's moderate speech was a relief even to the commercial world, the wisest portion of whom are sane enough to know that breaking the blockade would be equivalent to refusing cotton from India in the wild hope of an impossible supply from America. Though private pressure will be put upon the Government, it is probable that the Conservatives will never make recognition of the South or breach of the blockade a party cry. In the first place, though they would be glad to see the South recognised, they do not care to incur the moral odium of pressing the recognition. In the second place, the blockade, if broken, can only be broken by asserting the universal validity of the principle of effective blockades. This principle would hardly sound well in the mouths of a party, whose spokesman,—Lord Malmesbury, —regrets the concessions which were made to neutrals in the Congress of Paris, and hints—in a tone worthy only of Mr. Seward—that national interests may yet require us to violate our solemn agreements.

It is an unfortunate thing that the portion of international law which relates to the right of blockade should be in such an unsatisfactory condition. The Congress of 1856 simply bound the great European powers to the admission that a blockade, to be legitimate, must be "effective." To that convention America was not, it is true, a party. But as far as the question of blockade goes, she cannot lawfully avail herself of the plea that she has never subscribed. What the Congress of Paris sanctioned by express agreement, America, by her Secretaries of State and her Ministers, since 1789, has been accustomed to assert as a sacred principle of international right. Her general policy has led her invariably to maintain in the interest of neutrals the now acknowledged theory that a blockade, when it ceases to be effective, ceases also to be legitimate. The question, however, is not set at rest by the fact that the United States, as regards blockade, may be treated as if they had signed the articles of 1856. The doubt still remains—what is meant by the word "effective?" The plenipotentiaries who met at Paris felt, we may assume, a difficulty which has figured so prominently in the international history of the last century, and left undefined what it was impossible for them to agree in defining. We have nothing to go upon but the antagonistic pretensions of the various Governments and the various lawyers of the world, each of whom naturally advocates that particular doctrine which is most to the advantage of his respective country. France and French jurisconsults since 1780 maintain that a blockading force must be stationed off the invested port near enough to command its entrance. It has been, on the other hand, the wish of England to extend the definition so far as to allow of a blockade by a "cruising" as well as by an anchored and an "attacking" squadron. The other naval powers of the world, as a rule, have either accepted the French interpretation entire, or at least inclined towards it. Great Britain—the greatest of belligerents—has been considered unwilling to resign the privilege of using an objectionable system of blockade. The rest of Europe, and America to boot, identifying their cause with the cause of neutrals, have thrown themselves into the other scale. At the present crisis, when the question of "effective blockades" is once more be-

fore the world, it is well to see what is and what ought to be the recognised theory of nations in this respect.

In 1780 the "armed neutralities," with France and Russia at their head, for their mutual benefit and the benefit of all neutrals, agreed by a number of conventions,—the language of all of which was virtually the same,—that the practice of this country with respect to blockades ought to be modified and limited. Grotius had rested the right of blockade upon the mere principle that a neutral power has no right to interfere with the investment of a beleaguered port; hinting in language unmistakeable, though obscure, that a blockade was by sea what a siege was on the land. He had not laid down the unseemly doctrine that commerce between a neutral and the enemy is to be intercepted whenever it can be intercepted thoroughly: nor would it have been possible for the great advocate of the *mare liberum* and the opponent of Selden to take a line so narrow and untenable. Bynkershoek himself, whose doctrine is often harsher than the doctrine of the mild Grotius, understood and appreciated the principle as expounded by his master: and though belligerents, sometimes from insolence and sometimes from imperious necessity, have pretended to excommunicate their enemies from the pale of commercial intercourse, there have always been found plenty to defend and to establish the truth that blockade is only to be justified when it is used as part of a military plan. The definition given by the conventions of 1780 of a blockaded port was an attempt to put down for ever paper blockades,—a species of warfare designed rather to harass an enemy's trade than to occupy his ports. It runs in most instances and in effect as follows:—A blockaded port is "celui où par la disposition "de la nation attaquante il se trouve "des vaisseaux *arrêtés et suffisamment* "*proches* pour qu'il y ait un danger "évident à tenter d'y entrer."

According to the laws of nations, as thus expounded by an *ex parte* declaration, the blockading vessels must be present and close to the blockaded port. No official notice would be sufficient to close a harbour until it was *ipso facto* closed by an investing fleet, nor would the sending of a few cruisers to a hostile coast give a colour of legality to a fictitious and illegal measure. On this interpretation, even after the most authoritative warning from the belligerent Government, ships might still set sail for the besieged territory to satisfy themselves that the blockade was indeed a reality and not an empty threat. If stress of weather compelled the blockaders to intermit their watch, according to some continental interpreters the neutral trading vessels might take advantage of the opportunity to slip in: according to others the daring attempt would be justified by success and by success alone. But at all events, the definition required the absolute presence of the belligerent vessels in close proximity to the blockaded spot. Though the rules were laxer, yet the spirit was still the same as the spirit of the old treaties, which stipulated that ten, twenty, or half a dozen vessels, as the case might be, should be necessary to blockade the mouth of a harbour or a port.

The history of the opposition offered by England to the above theory is well known. In the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1801, which was designed to abrogate the conventions of the "armed neutralities," both English statesmen and foreign jurisconsults have seen a triumph of reactionary principles of blockade. The new definition imposed by Great Britain on her reluctant antagonist was as follows:—"Celui où il y a par la disposi-"tion de la puissance qui l'attaque avec "des vaisseux arrêtés *ou* suffisamment "proches un danger évident d'y entrer." There is but the change of a little conjunction, but the change is an important one. Lord Grenville, in his great speech of 1801, acknowledges that, by this "minute change" of a word, the framers of the convention intended to establish, in their full extent, the principles which Great Britain always had maintained on

the question of maritime blockade—principles which the article as it stood in the neutral conventions was intended completely to subvert. In the debate, of which Lord Grenville's speech forms part, the English Lord Chancellor pronounces a grave opinion that the "minute change" was sufficient to effect its object; nor can foreign jurisconsults be justly blamed for laying stress on an alteration which was confessedly designed to be unsatisfactory to the Continent. By it the stricter law is rejected, which would have made for ever impossible a "blockade by cruisers;" still more, a "paper blockade" itself; and have prevented the unseemly contest of five years later, between England and France, as to which could injure most illegally the commerce of its rival and enemy. Napoleon's Berlin decree of 1806 was, beyond all question, a flagrant violation of theories, for which France herself had contended, and which are now recognised by all civilized nations. It was itself a "*blocus de cabinet*" of a most futile and illusory nature. But the Berlin decree was not entirely unprovoked. In the preceding May the English Cabinet had proclaimed the blockade of 300 marine leagues of coast, stretching from the mouths of the Elbe to Brest; and though nominal orders were given simultaneously to make the blockade effective, Napoleon with reason complained, that 300 marine leagues of coast could not have been blockaded by our then available forces, even had orders been given several months before. As the Berlin decree professed in its preamble to be a retaliation for the Elbe and Brest blockade, the subsequent famous "Orders in Council" professed to be justified by the intolerable Berlin decree. Both nations have to blush for the miserable war of "paper blockades" of that date. Instead of heaping reproaches on one another, it would be better if writers in England and in France agreed to forget and to forgive a series of illegalities so disastrous and so unprecedented.

It would be unjust and inaccurate to suppose that English law justifies the delusive fiction styled a "*blocus de cabinet*," or "paper blockade." All that our doctrine of blockade can be charged with is that, started from obscure principles, it notoriously justifies "blockade by cruisers," (thus incidentally opening the door to many abuses), and lays down certain arbitrary rules which, though less important, are still vexatious enough to neutral commerce. English lawyers, for example, have been in the habit of considering that a diplomatic notice of blockade is a genuine part of the ceremony, and, at least, establishes a *primâ facie* presumption in favour of its validity. Vessels starting after such public notice for the beleaguered port, unless they are vessels coming from a very distant country, by the very fact of starting are held to violate the blockade. A storm may drive off the blockaders, or they may retire to provision or refit their ships, without the right of neutrals to enter being thereby revived. Such regulations are not in accordance with either the theory or the practice of most other nations. Diplomatic notice of blockade the French regard in its true light, as an international courtesy which neither dispenses with the fullest proof of the effectiveness of the operation, nor with *special* notice to the neutral ships that approach the blockading fleet. In their war with the Argentine Republic, the French Cabinet acted on this principle, and released a vessel captured by a French man-of-war, without a special warning. Count Molé, in his despatch of 20th October, 1838, writes as follows:—"M. N. confond ici deux choses "très distinctes: la notification diplo- "matique qui doit être faite du blocus "aux puissances neutres, et l'avis que les "commandants des vaisseaux employés "à le maintenir sont toujours tenus de "donner aux navires qui se présentent "sur les lieux. Il paraît croire que "l'accomplissement de la première for- "malité dispense nécessairement de la "seconde, qui deviendrait ensuite super- "flue. . . . Une telle manière de penser "est contraire aux principes ordinaires "du droit maritime." The French treaties concluded recently with Brazil,

Bolivia, Texas, Venezuela, and the Republic of the Equator, ranging over a period from 1828 to 1843, contain instructions couched in the same spirit. There can be no reasonable doubt that, in respect of blockade "by cruisers," of diplomatic "notice," of "special notice," and of other details branching out of this part of the question, England may be broadly said to be at variance with the rest of the naval world.[1]

Having hitherto been the advocates of belligerent as well as neutral rights; —having—as we do not doubt, in the absence of evidence to the contrary— even so late as the Congress of 1856 refused to allow the difficulty to be settled in the interest of neutral powers, England cannot now, with seemliness, insist on forcing down the throat of America an interpretation of the law of blockade against which we have always openly or tacitly protested. We may take it for granted that the American blockade is nothing much better and nothing much worse than a blockade by "cruisers." For a blockade by cruisers it is tolerably effective. In estimating its efficiency allowance must indeed be made for the many ships which would break the blockade, were they not unwilling to run a risk, which for anything they know may be a slight one. Yet, without doubt, the large ports along the coast, and most of the creeks that communicate with them, are closed virtually to general commerce; and if they are not hermetically sealed, it does not lie in our mouths to be too inquisitive or strict. America certainly ought to do more than cruise off the Southern coast if she wishes to be consistent with herself. Her own official documents are a testimony against her. On July 5th, 1799, Mr. King, United States' Envoy at London, writes thus to Mr. Pickering, Secretary of State:—"My "object has been to prove that there can "be no effectual blockade, without a "competent force stationed or present "at or near the entrance of the blockaded port." On May 23d, 1799, Mr. King warns Lord Grenville that "the "presence of a blockading force is es"sential to constitute a blockade." On February 4th, 1844, Mr. Smith, Secretary of State, informed Commodore Preble, then blockading Tripoli, that "the trade of neutrals in articles not "contraband cannot be rightfully ob"structed to any port, not actually "blockaded by a force so disposed be"fore it as to create an evident danger "of entering it." This doctrine, proclaimed by the United States so early in their national career, they have never abandoned until now. They are unwise to abandon it even under the pressure of a gigantic civil war. But if America cannot properly defend her "blockade by cruisers," neither can we demur to it, unless its defectiveness be more glaring than it has been shown to be. Doubtless there are Admiralty decisions to the effect that an occasional cruiser appearing off a port does not constitute a blockade, any more than one swallow makes a summer. Still, we have contended too stoutly against the views of the "armed neutrals" to permit of our forming ourselves, in company with France, into that thing so hateful to us of old—"an armed neutrality." Lord Malmesbury and the Tory organs find themselves in a dilemma. They are anxious to precipitate the separation of North and South, but they are equally anxious that we should relax nothing of our old belligerent theories. We do not agree with them. For the present, we ought not to bear ourselves impatiently towards an exaggerated doctrine which in other days we refused distinctly to sacrifice, when it was to our benefit to retain it. But, for the future, warned by this experience, let us accept a wider view of blockades and the rights of neutrals in general. The true theory of blockade has not yet been advocated in England; but, as it is one which is

[1] The Danish Government's definition, according to its order of 1st May, 1848, steers midway between the definitions of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1801 and of the armed neutralities of 1780; and is,—"est regardé "commé port bloqué celui devant lequel un "ou plusieurs vaisseaux de guerre sont station"nés de manière que nul batiment ne puisse "entrer ni sortir sans un danger évident "d'être amené."

for the interests of civilization and commerce, it must also, we venture to think, in spite of Lord Malmesbury, be one for the advantage of ourselves.

The deep sea—we submit with all deference to received opinions—is, indeed, what foreign writers seek to make it, the neutral highway of all nations. It cannot be occupied or conquered, because human science, as yet, is unable to appropriate and farm it, though the day, perhaps, may come when man's labour will make vast portions of the now barren sea productive as a garden. But by a justifiable fiction of international jurisprudence, the waters within a certain distance of the coast are regarded as subject to the dominion of man. A naval force which invests a port or territory conquers and takes possession of the jurisdictional waters of the coast in the name of the belligerent sovereign, so far as the investment reaches. The new sovereign acquires thereby a right of sovereignty within the limits of the conquered waves. In virtue of this right he may prohibit neutral transit, or impose on it such regulations as he chooses; but, the blockading force once gone, the waters revert to their original owners, and the natural privilege of neutral intercourse revives. For a blockade can only be, at best, a temporary interruption of the ordinary and natural right of neutrals to trade with all the world. With the traffic that comes and goes on the broad and free ocean the blockaders have no authority to interfere. Their right is confined to the occupation of such waters as it is possible for man to occupy and make his own. A blockade is a naval investiture and siege carried on within these latter. During siege, the necessities of war compel the suspension of all communication with the beleaguered spot; and those who choose to attempt to raise the siege by traversing the conquered strip of waters must take the consequences. "They are of the party of the "enemy," says Grotius, "who supply "him with what is necessary in war;" and it is impossible to say that communication with the outer world may not be a necessity to a besieged town. The neutral who gratuitously violates the cordon of blockade may be considered as having gratuitously interfered in the hostilities to befriend the besieged.

We have said that a blockading force takes possession of the blockaded waters so far as the possession reaches. How far over the jurisdictional waters of the invested territory does the blockading fleet extend the dominion of its flag? The whole question of the effectiveness of blockades seems to depend upon the answer. No satisfactory reply, however, is returned by most writers on the subject of blockade. Some French authorities contend that a fleet can only take possession of the stretch of water within gunshot of its artillery. We cannot accept so strict a limitation. The narrow theory in question rests, no doubt, upon the analogy of the international rule, that the dominion of the sovereign of the shore extends no further than gunshot from the shore itself. *Finitur dominium terræ ubi finitur armorum vis.* But the analogy must not be taken to be more exact than it really is. A stationary fort, or a battery mounted on the land, may justly be said to dominate those waters only which are within range of its cannon. But a ship is a floating, not a stationary battery, and its motive power must be taken into consideration when we wish to measure its possible dominion. Doubtless we may accept the maxim, *Finitur dominium ubi finitur armorum vis.* The error lies in supposing that the offensive power of a man-of-war is as limited as the offensive power of a fort upon the shore. The introduction of the use of steam into the royal navies of the world renders the distinction between floating and stationary dominion still more important. A vessel which attempts to break blockade cannot be said to be safe from the cannon of an armed cruiser, because at the moment of the attempt the cruiser is not within gunshot. Allowance must be made for the celerity with which the guardian of the blockade can sail down and cover the entrance of the blockaded port.

No rigid law, indeed, can be laid down by which to measure the necessary range; but it is a range which, in each particular case, may easily be ascertained. The question should never be whether, looking to the vague possibility of capture from a force which infests the adjacent ocean, a ship can venture to approach the mainland with the idea of attempting to break blockade. The true test is whether, in view of the force that is besieging the very spot, a vessel may hope to run for land without the reasonable certainty of being intercepted. If, indeed, the right of blockade is to be permitted to base itself on the monstrous assumption that belligerents may lawfully interfere with neutral traffic wherever they are strong enough to do so, it is difficult to say where a line can be drawn between a blockade that is effective and one which is the reverse. But a belligerent has no right to infest the seas, under the pretence of blockading the contiguous mainland. One foreign writer, and one only, Lucchesi Palli, has ever maintained seriously the proposition put forward by Napoleon I. in the preamble of his Berlin decree, that none but strong places or fortresses can properly be subjects of blockade. The notion is a blunder, for if it were well-founded a belligerent might disarm his enemy's fleet by dismantling all his own defences. But, blunder as it is, it points to a just conception of the basis of the true theory. It is possible, certainly, to blockade coasts as well as harbours, because the blockade of a coast may have its military uses as well as any other; and no objection can be taken to the Anglo-French proclamation of 1854, which recognises coasts as fit subjects for the exercise of this belligerent privilege. But blockade, to be justifiable at all, should be a military operation, and not merely an annoyance done to commerce.

Commerce is free to all, and on the belligerent who disturbs it lies the onus of showing that he disturbs it lawfully. If blockade is a temporary interference with the natural right of neutrals, and rests on a *de facto* occupation, no unnecessary latitude can legally be allowed it. *Tantum occupanti jus conceditur quatenus occupat.* Beyond the strictest limits of occupation the *status ante* revives, nor is the presumption in favour of blockade, but of liberty of commerce with the shore. If this be so (and we submit that it is so), a ship is fully at liberty, even after official notice of blockade, to visit the blockaded spot, and to assure herself that the official notice is not an idle menace. Lord Stowell's suggestion that the notice of a foreign Government is presumptive evidence of the fact which it asserts, will not satisfy this generation. Nor until special notice and warning from the blockading fleet should a vessel so approaching be seized and carried into port for punishment. In all these branches of the subject the law, as advocated by continental jurists, seems more unexceptionable than that put forward by our own.

But it is not merely because the theory of blockade, which is above suggested, can be grounded on intelligible legal maxims that its claims to consideration mainly rest. International law cannot be deemed to be a Divine revelation descended straight from heaven. It is, at best, a system passing through a very empirical phase, and built up by applying to the intercourse of a so-called family of nations abstract ideas which have been obtained from generalizing on phenomena of totally different kind. A doctrine of blockade more congenial to neutral commerce is chiefly to be advocated because the change would be a benefit to the world, and in particular a benefit to ourselves. Our statesmen have remembered long enough that England, when she is at war, is the greatest of belligerents. It is time they should remember also, that when she is at peace she is the greatest of neutrals. The interests of the most important trading nation of the age cannot really be at variance with the interests of neutral commerce. The abolishing of privateers was a piece of international legislation which the Congress of Paris carried out in the interests of universal trade; but no country more benefited

by the concession than our own. The *Golden Maritime Law* which should guide us, both as to blockades and as to privateers, may be thus laid down. England's interest is, that each nation's power of inflicting damage on its enemies' trade, should be in exact proportion to the regular force which it can bring to bear in war-time on a given spot. Irregular warfare may be, perhaps, for the benefit of those whose naval power is less overwhelming than ours. But England is chiefly concerned to see that the greatest possible advantage shall be reserved for the country that has the most considerable fleet. To limit as narrowly as possible the right of blockade; to put an end, if possible, to "blockade by cruisers;" and to insist upon the doctrine of blockade by an investing force, is a policy which would increase rather than diminish our naval predominance. It is astonishing that this truth should not be more generally seen. If the Continent in its wisdom were to so state further, and to urge that no port should be held to be blockaded off where less than a dozen or even twenty ships were stationed, we should gain, not lose, by the proposition. We can better spare twenty ships than anybody else for the purpose. We should be better off than other maritime powers in proportion to the facility with which we could detach the requisite number of vessels on such a service. The result would be that the privilege of blockading would virtually pass altogether into English, and into French hands.

If the American civil war teach us to examine the principles on which blockade should rest, and to abolish "blockade by cruisers," it will have taught us a valuable lesson. The day will perhaps come when all of us will acknowledge—what in our opinion is certain—that by enforcing strictness of blockade, and by admitting the inviolability of enemies' private property at sea, as we have admitted that of neutral property at sea, England and civilization will both be gainers. We are far from approving of intervention in favour of the South. Evidence is wanting to show that the blockade of the South coast is so completely a paper blockade as to justify us in protesting against it; and we are not the proper people, nor is this the proper time perhaps, to raise the question. A great deal of denunciation has indeed been expended on the sinking of a stone fleet at the mouth of Charleston harbour. If the harbour was thereby destroyed or permanently injured, the measure would be a barbarous one, against which all Europe might consistently and properly protest. But engineers know that it is extremely difficult to block up a channel by sinking obstructions at its mouth. In all probability, the bottom off Charleston harbour is composed of alluvial soil. The action of the outward current in such case will scoop out the bed of sand or mud from beneath the sunken ships. It is likely (judging from what is usually the case with wrecks) that they will in time disappear entirely, and even the very weight of stone which they carry will increase the rapidity of their disappearance. If this view be correct, the sinking of the stones is not an outrage on the law of nations, though it is a severe and unusual measure. We are not of the number of those who think that America's difficulty is England's opportunity. It would be both unjust and unwise to interfere unnecessarily with the naval operations of the North; and a cogent case for interference has not yet been established, either in respect of the stone fleet or of the blockade. But should the question of effective blockades be raised at all, we trust it will not be dismissed again until it has been more satisfactorily settled.

The war itself progresses—slowly, but surely—towards its turning-point. General Maclellan's plan of campaign has apparently been conceived on a scale proportioned to the vastness of the contest. The defeat and death of Zollicoeffer at Somerset, and the landing of the Burnside expedition, have been two heavy blows dealt at almost the same moment to the Confederate cause and to the spirits of its supporters. We may

look for a series of victories still more considerable than those which have recently been gained. The new Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, brings to bear upon the conduct of the war an honest and industrious mind; and, at all events, the loss of Mr. Cameron will be a gain that must be felt. It is true that specie payments have been suspended, and that the national exchequer is empty. In a smaller country which was taxed already as far as it could bear, the suspension of specie payments would be a serious matter. But it is very different in the case of a nation which populates a continent, and whose central government has hitherto drawn from the population a revenue suited only to a peace establishment. The national treasury is empty thus early in the war, not because the North is exhausted, but because taxation in the North has not been, and cannot easily be put on a war footing. A Government loan, or heavy taxation, would have been the natural method of supplying the deficiency. Unfortunately Government credit is always at a discount in the commercial world of America, owing to the fact that repudiation is at all times possible, and heavy taxation is never welcome to free and enlightened citizens. In such a case, the suspension of specie payments is simply equivalent to contracting a forced loan. The measure may be unconstitutional, or, as it is called by English writers, profligate; but it does not prove that the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. If America can support a war by taxation, she can also support depreciation of the currency within reasonable limits. Commercial confidence is not a bit more likely to be disturbed by the idea that Government will go on issuing paper money too long, than it would in any case be by the idea that Government might some day refuse to pay Government debts; and it would certainly seem that the American currency can well afford to take its chance of depreciation, if commercial confidence is not shaken by wanton extravagance. On the one hand, the war suspends to a great extent the foreign trade, which is ordinarily conducted without any important transfer of specie. On the other hand, the war converts into combatants an important part, and reduces to idleness a still larger part of the population, none of whom, accordingly, pay in productive labour or in manufactures for the subsistence and the supplies which they require. The result is that more specie payments are necessary than would be necessary in a time of peace. There is a dearth in the country, not so much of wealth as of a circulating medium. The gold is drifting westwards, into the pockets of the western agriculturists. It is at a premium near to the seaboard, because there is not enough of it in the manufacturing States for purposes of internal exchange, and because the supply of it was only adapted to the requirements of a period at which a great deal of national trade was carried on without the assistance of a circulating medium at all. Whatever the significance of the financial state in which the Cabinet of Washington finds itself, the South is in a still sorrier plight. Nor do the Southerners appear to support their condition with cheerfulness. The tone of the Richmond press is extremely remarkable. The Confederate journals write in a spirit of discontent and despair of the prospects of successful resistance. It is reasonable to suppose that there is a large Union party in the South, as there seem to be Southern sympathisers even in the Northern capital. A few more Southern reverses, and their voices will be doubtless heard. Hitherto we have had little more than the prelude to the real contest. It is true that the North have undertaken to re-conquer a country as large almost as a continent. But it is also true that it is as easy to conceive of the conquest of the South as of any terms of peace which can be acceptable to both sides at once. What frontier line can possibly be devised to satisfy both belligerents? There are some quarrels which must apparently be fought out, because a compromise would be in reality a victory for one of the two combatants.

ROYAL DEATHS.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PRINCE. 1817—1861.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The first lesson we try to teach our little ones in the nursery is, that there is no royal road to learning; the lesson we preach to children of a larger growth is, that there is no royal road to happiness. In vain! Still do the busy childish brains weave for themselves pictures of princes and princesses in golden crowns and glittering raiment; still does the maturer mind dream with a half-repining sigh of those lilies in the garden of Life, who "neither toil nor spin;" whose days are days of pleasantness, and their paths paths of peace; who reap where they have not sowed; and to whom the delights of existence offer themselves without struggle or sacrifice.

Seldom does the converse of this proposition force itself on our notice; seldom does the often-preached equality of human trial become so apparent that those who run may read the lesson. But when it does come, it comes with the storm of sorrow: in the cloud and the lightning.

Death is the same in itself to all mankind, and the spectacle is always solemn and admonishing; but Divine Providence, sometimes in the course of ages, sets it forth in such strong contrast to all that is held great and good to the human being in possession and expectation, that the most careless heart is shocked into contemplation."

Such a lesson has lately been read to us. The grief, the unutterable grief, of the highest lady of our land has passed with an electric thrill to the meanest of her subjects. Hearts ache and eyes fill with tears at the bare image of her sorrow; and to the younger of the generation, now in its noon, the blow that has smitten the royal wife and mother seems without example!

It has nevertheless its parallel—a parallel so close in all its details of suffering, that the wonder rather is, how such events, happening within the memory of living men, and having filled so many with wonder and anguish, should fade like a dream, and vanish like a sound.

The death of the Princess Charlotte is vaguely accepted by the rising generation as a national loss that was greatly lamented; but it is to be doubted if the record of her brief life has obtained a visible standing place amongst us, even since the revival of its main incidents by the publication of gossiping memoirs of the period. They, however, who recollect these incidents, know how close is the resemblance between the blow which shattered the happy home of Claremont in November, 1817, and that calamity which has lately made desolate the royal halls of Windsor and cast a gloom over the English Christmas of 1861. It is because this parallel lies on the dim border land which divides our own times from the region of written history, that we would briefly recapitulate a story which, if invented, would have seemed a most touching romance, and, being suffered, was a miserable reality.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., was born on the 7th of January, 1796; an English princess, but with much German blood in her veins; of that House of Brunswick which claims descent from Albert Azo, Marquess of Tuscany, who, in 1040, married the heiress of the first Welphs or Guelphs, Earls of Altorf in Swabia. The offspring of alienated parents, Princess Charlotte's childhood was disturbed by domestic feuds and anxieties, of which she could have no comprehension; and her youth was made at once restless and dull by the consequences of these

quarrels, and the jealousy which her father early conceived of the political importance of his heiress. Her candid, impulsive nature was manifested even as a child, and won the love of those around her. Bishop Porteus records with delight how the little princess, then but five years of age, on being told that, when she went to bathe at Southend in Essex, she would be in his diocese, dropped on her knees before him and begged his blessing; "which," says the good prelate, "I gave with all my heart, and many secret prayers." The reverential child grew into a pious woman, impulsive to the last, but gifted with a keen intelligence and a noble cordial nature, which combined to steer her past many a shoal, and which gave her, in spite of occasional rashness, power to choose wisely and well who should be intimate among her few companions, her scanty stock of friends; among the most distinguished of whom was Miss Mercer Elphinstone, Baroness Keith and Nairne, wife of our present French Ambassador, Count de Flahaut.

She was but eleven, when an inquiry, miscalled the "Delicate Investigation," was made as to the conduct of her mother, the Princess of Wales; and though that inquiry ended temporarily in favour of the party accused, though hard swearing failed to satisfy Ministers that the false profligate husband had a wife as profligate as other ladies who were his habitual associates, though she was reinstated and received by good old George the Third, still the event disturbed all the relations subsisting between mother and child, and was the first assault in that "war to the knife" which could have but one termination between a man without honour and a woman without dignity, even had she been a better woman than she was.

Perhaps no part of Princess Charlotte's character is more touching than the efforts she made to offer a divided duty to both her parents—the pity and the love with which she yearned to her mother, and the submission she trained her naturally impatient spirit to show to her father.

Her personal appearance and attractions are thus described by a contemporary writer:—"In person she was neither "too tall nor short, about the middle "size, rather inclining to *enbonpoint;* "but not so much as to impair the symmetry of her form. Her complexion "was beautifully fair, her arms delicately rounded, and her head finely "placed. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in her look. She "had a full intelligent eye; and when "she was engaged in conversation, much "liveliness appeared in the expression "of her countenance. She had very "little of the vanity which is said to be "peculiar to her sex—that of exterior "ornament and dress; she never indulged in it either before or after her "marriage. She aimed at little beyond "neatness; there was no incumbering "superfluity of jewels to be seen upon "her person: in short, nothing that "distinguished her from one of the female nobility in splendour of apparel. "Always elegant, modest, and refined, "she had nothing of fashionable life "about her; but a lofty and generous "sense of the duties imposed upon "her by her elevated rank. She was "an excellent musician; she performed "on the harp, the piano, and the guitar, "with uncommon skill. Her voice "was not powerful, but sweet, and "scientifically modulated: she had a "most accurate ear, and a brilliant exe"cution. She spoke French, German, "Italian, and Spanish, with considerable "fluency; and her accomplishments "comprehended not only the poetry and "classical writers of her own country, "but a considerable acquaintance with "ancient literature. Warmth of feeling, "great elevation of spirit, and openness "of heart, marked her conduct through "life: she was justly beloved by all who "had the good fortune to know her; and "when she found herself blessed with "the husband of her choice (and that "choice still reflects great honour upon "her memory), she more than once "declared that she was the happiest "woman in her grandfather's kingdom."

Such was the Princess Charlotte of

England, then the apparent heiress of the throne of these realms; and perhaps the description of the husband she selected cannot be better placed than immediately under her own picture. Few will read it and not also think of the Prince Consort, his nephew, so lately taken from us!

"In his early youth, this prince manifested an excellent understanding, and a tender and benevolent heart. As he advanced in years he displayed a strong attachment to literary and scientific pursuits, and even at that time all his actions were marked with dignified gravity and unusual moderation. His propensity to study was seconded by the efforts of an excellent instructor; and, as he remained a stranger to all those dissipations with which persons of his age and rank are commonly indulged, his attainments, so early as his fifteenth year, were very extensive. His extraordinary capacity particularly unfolded itself in the study of the languages, history, mathematics, botany, drawing, and music; he sang beautifully, and had one of the finest tenor voices in the world."

The convulsion which, in 1806, shook the north of Germany had been attended with consequences peculiarly calamitous to the House of Coburg. In the autumn of that year, when the French approached the Saxon frontiers, Duke Francis, who was in very ill health, retired with his consort from Coburg to Saalfeld; and Prince Leopold, then but fifteen years old, was the companion and support of his infirm father. The French appeared before Saalfeld; the castle was stormed; and the ducal family exposed to all the dangers and horrors of that disastrous battle, which cost Prince Lewis-Ferdinand of Prussia his life. This was more than the constitution of Duke Francis, already so much impaired by disease, was capable of supporting; he sank under the accumulation of misfortunes, and died in the beginning of December. Bonaparte then seized the Coburg possessions, which were not restored till the peace of Tilsit.

The vicissitudes to which Leopold's house was exposed from French hostility seem only to have contributed to preserve the purity of his morals; and they certainly had a most powerful influence in the development of that rare moderation, that ardent love of justice, and that manly firmness, which were the predominant traits in his character.

In his campaigns, and in the field of battle, where all false greatness disappears, Leopold gave the most undeniable proofs of courage, and of that clear intelligence and unshaken fortitude which are essential in a warrior and a prince. If we add that this young warrior was of most admirable personal beauty, though of a somewhat dark and melancholy countenance, Princess Charlotte's choice will not appear extraordinary.

When the princess, in 1814, attained the age of eighteen, the Prince Regent, anxious to obtain for her a suitable alliance, fixed upon the Prince of Orange. After some serious negotiations, however, the match was broken off. The reason assigned in Parliament was the objection entertained by the princess to a residence in Holland; the reasons assigned by her friends were Russian intrigues, and her own distaste for her young suitor. That he did not regard her with similar indifference, is proved by the fact that, when he was obliged to return her miniature with other presents, he secretly caused a copy to be taken, which is still preserved in the Palace in the Wood, at the Hague.

She had already at this time made acquaintance with the Prince Leopold; but, the Regent disapproving of the degree of welcome she seemed willing to accord him, the prince returned to the Continent. Displeased with the failure of the Orange match, and suspicious of the influence of those around his daughter, the Regent planned and executed a kind of domestic *coup d'état*, changing at once all the ladies of her household. The Princess Charlotte, startled and irritated by this exercise of power, which she conceived to be the forerunner of yet greater severity, hastily fled her home at Warwick House,

and went, in a hackney-coach, to the residence of her mother, at Connaught Place; whence she was reconducted, in the dawn of a summer's morning, by the Duke of York and other great personages. The measures of the Prince Regent towards his daughter caused an unfavourable impression; and in the House of Lords the Duke of Sussex demanded of Lord Liverpool explanations as to the position of the princess and the degree of freedom which she enjoyed. The minister somewhat haughtily replied, that the Regent was the father of her royal highness, and that, as such, he had a right to adopt what measures he pleased with respect to her. Two months after these disputed arrangements the Princess of Wales left England, taking a tender and, as it proved, a final farewell of her daughter. During the summer the health of the Princess Charlotte visibly failed, nor can it be doubted that, like many a humbler heroine, she was secretly pining for the object of her own preference. Her love for young Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had been love at first sight, but it was one of those cases in which a sudden choice has been amply justified by subsequent happiness. The physicians prescribed sea-bathing and change of air, and the patient went to Weymouth; whence she returned in improved health, and appeared in May, 1815, at the Queen's drawing-room.

The Regent, in the course of this year, became convinced that his daughter was not to be weaned from her choice, and at length, in February, 1816, despatched a messenger to Berlin to invite Prince Leopold's return to England. On the 21st of that month he landed at Dover, amidst the acclamations of the people, who were already aware of the feelings of their beloved princess. On his arrival at the Clarendon Hotel he was waited upon by Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and the next day, by special invitation, he joined the Regent at Brighton. On the 10th of March the consent of H. R. H. was announced to the Privy Council convened there; on the 14th, to both Houses of Parliament; and on the 15th the House of Commons voted the royal pair 60,000*l.* a year and a splendid outfit. They were married on the evening of the 2d of May, at Buckingham House, the prince wearing the uniform of an English general, and his beautiful bride a dress of silver lama, with a wreath of rosebuds and leaves, in brilliants, round her head; and a little before midnight the newly-wedded pair arrived at Oatlands Park, lent them by the Duke of York; now a popular hotel. Camelford House had been allotted to them in London; a confined and inconvenient residence, which in the autumn of that year they gladly left for Claremont, a home of their own selection, purchased for them by Parliament. Here they lived a retired life, congenial to their tastes and mutual love—a life in all respects the exact parallel of the pure domestic existence of our Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. They were never separated, except when the Prince went out to take the exercise of shooting in the morning; and during his absence it was the constant custom of the Princess Charlotte, with her own hands to take the prince's linen out of the drawer, to air it, to fold his cravat, and see that hot water was ready for his use; and even to prepare some little refreshment, such as she judged he would like, against his return. In their social walks, whether in the village or the garden, they generally walked arm in arm; and if they stopped to rest, whether in the arbour or the alcove—in the words of Watts—

> "There they would sit, and pass the hour,
> And pity kingdoms and their kings,
> And smile at all their shining things,
> Their toys of state, and images of power."

When the weather or other circumstances kept them within doors, their employment was chiefly reading. Both took delight in studying the history and constitution of the country of which she might naturally expect to be one day the sovereign. In this study she is understood strongly to have imbibed those liberal principles which

raised her family to the throne, and on which alone it can be properly supported. History was varied with poetry or miscellaneous subjects; and the princess appears to have taken peculiar pleasure in perfecting the prince in a complete and critical knowledge of the English language, which he spoke accurately, with more distinctness and deliberation than is usual with us.

The Royal couple left Brighton and the brilliant festivities of the Regent's Pavilion in order to keep Prince Leopold's birthday in their tranquil home. On the birthday of the princess herself (the last that she was permitted to see), the humble inhabitants of Esher illuminated their village abodes in her honour. She kept that day by distributing a hundred pounds in charity, and passed most days in familiar intercourse with her poorer neighbours, while her wayward mother wandered to and fro on the Continent, seeking to fill the void of her wasted life with vulgar pleasures, and the profligacy of her father's tawdry court roused a just indignation among all the better thinking of his people. In illustration of the perfect matrimonial happiness of the young couple is recorded the gentle clerical jest of their chaplain, Dr. Short, who sent them a flitch of bacon on their marriage anniversary, suggestive of Dunmow and its time-hallowed custom. Little they thought that no other anniversary would find them together to share earthly joy or earthly sorrow. That pleasant May went by, and pleasant June, and the autumn found them still living the same life of serene contentment: doing good; striving by employment to lessen the depression of trade, and by charity to counteract the effect of "famine-prices" consequent on the failure of the harvest. Tranquil, happy, hopeful, loving—a model home! The year before, they had been in London; at the famous "Nuptial Drawing-room," held in their honour, attended by nearly three thousand persons, many of whom, despairing of getting early to their carriages, walked on the grass-plot in the palace yard, "such splendid dresses parading in the open air as probably never had been beheld there before." They had attended theatres and operas in state, and heard the exulting cheers of a welcoming people. They had been called upon to receive and answer loyal addresses, amongst which was the memorable address of congratulation from the county of Kent, "signed by five thousand persons and measuring twenty yards." But this year all was different. The princess "was taking care of herself:" waiting for another precious life; waiting for the seal and fruition of love; waiting for her baby: all England waiting and hoping with her: the busy nurse gossiping and wondering at the love and simple habits of the royal pair: and the pair themselves taking their quiet walks and drives together; visiting the farm and overlooking improvements; till the last Sabbath the princess was permitted to see rose in brightness over Claremont, and late on Monday messengers were despatched in various directions to summon the proper officers of state to be present at the birth of a royal infant.

That infant was born DEAD! Every effort was made to restore it to life, but in vain. The young wife and new-made mother humbly said, "It is God's will" when the news was broken to her; and the young husband ejaculated with a sigh, "Thank heaven, the princess is safe!" But soon a dreadful change became apparent: the nurse who had left the room in obedience to her kindly order, "Pray go and get your supper, you must be quite exhausted; Leopold will take care of me meanwhile," was recalled by Prince Leopold, saying he did not think the princess quite so well; and in another hour the blue eyes, so full of vivacity and tenderness, fixed a dying gaze on her husband's face, and the hand pledged to him at the altar lay cold and stiff within his own.

The impression made on a people prepared only for exultation may be gathered from the accounts of the time.

"We were in the most awful suspense about the dreadful news," says one, writing from Bristol, "till the arrival

of the London mail. I was on the Exchange when it approached: the sound of the horn seemed to strike terror into every soul. A great crowd was collected, who then instantly rushed round the mail, inquiring of the guard if the news were true? He replied, 'Both are dead.'—'BOTH are dead,' was reverberated by the crowd, and the flash spread like lightning. Dejection marked every countenance; and, I think it is not too much to say, that 'tears gushed into every eye.'"

Then came the wail of sorrow from a whole nation in bereavement: and the bulletins of a forgotten anguish appeared, as others have appeared this melancholy winter:—

"CLAREMONT, *Nov.* 7.

"The Prince Leopold has had a bad "night, but is more composed this "morning."

"CLAREMONT, *Nov.* 8.

"The Prince has had some sleep in "the night, and is as well as can be "expected this morning."

"CLAREMONT, *Nov.* 9.

"The Prince Leopold had a calm "night, and is, this morning, rather "better than yesterday."

On the twelfth, however, it was announced that His Serene Highness's indisposition hourly increased, that he refused consolation, and suffered no one to approach him. He passed all his time absorbed in thought, and seemed absent to everything, except such objects as recalled to memory his departed consort. The most inconsiderable articles once possessed by her were endeared to him by recollection. The bonnet and cloak, which she wore in their last excursion, were kept constantly before his eyes. They were hung by her hands upon a screen in the sitting parlour, and there they remained; the prince positively forbidding any person whatever either to remove or even to touch them. Her watch still hung where she herself had placed it, while yet time was measured to her by earthly computation.

The savage and heathen ceremony of embalming, which was performed on the princess's body, greatly shocked and agitated the widowed husband, and was severely commented on by a portion of the press.

The time of the funeral was then fixed: the day "announced for the interment was one of most solemn and devout observance, not only throughout the vast Metropolis, and amongst all sects and denominations of Christians, but throughout the whole realm of Britain.

"No awful ceremony of this kind, on the demise of any of our rulers, or of any branches of their illustrious families, was ever, we believe, marked by so general and unequivocal a testimony of unfeigned sorrow and regret. The parochial churches and the different chapels, both of the Establishment and of Dissenters, covered their pulpits, desks, and galleries, with the emblems of mourning. The shops were shut, ordinary business suspended, and most private houses had their window shutters entirely closed. All that custom ordains as the signs of external sorrow, prevailed in the public streets, in the parks, and in the most retired and obscure parts of the Metropolis. Among the inferior classes, there were few who could find the means of procuring any black, that did not do so. The charity children wore signs of mourning. The Courts of Law, the Custom House, the Public Offices, the Royal Exchange, &c., were closed. Orders were sent to all the dockyards, to prohibit the usual transaction of business. British vessels, and those of all other nations, hoisted their colours only half-mast high; and on the river Thames, and at the different sea-ports, minute-guns were fired all night. Even the gambling-houses, which were at that time a disgrace to our nobility and to the national legislature, thought it necessary to suspend their debasing work on the day of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte: the master of one of the most famous of these infamous houses of ruinous resort, issuing the following order:

"'Gentlemen are informed, that, in consequence of this being the day appointed for the burial of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, as a proper mark of respect to her beloved memory, play will not begin till to-morrow at ten o'clock.'

"The tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's, accompanied by the bells of all the other churches, excited much feeling in the evening, among the mourning crowds assembled on Blackfriars-bridge; the solemn effect being increased by the stillness of the river, and by the soft clearness of the moonlight. At the gay watering-places baths, libraries, and shops were shut, and the promenades deserted. Ships of all nations, American, French, Russian, Danish, Swedish, &c. joined in paying the last tribute of respect to departed greatness, by having their flags in mourning. In the evening, at the hour when it was understood the body of our lamented Princess would be consigned to the everlasting silence of the tomb, minute guns were fired from the piers. The silence and beauty of the night, broken only by that sound and the distant roll of the waves breaking on the shore, added sublimity, if possible, to the solemnity of the occasion.

"The removal of the bodies of the Princess and the Royal Infant from Claremont was fixed for six o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 18th. At the appointed time, the coffin, containing the corpse of the infant, and the urn, were brought out and placed in a mourning coach; which Sir Robert Gardiner and Colonel Addenbroke entered. The hearse then drove up; and the state-coffin, containing the remains of the Princess, borne by ten men, was brought out and placed within it. Before half-past six o'clock the procession began to move, preceded by upwards of thirty horsemen, three a-breast, in full mourning; the whole attended by a party of the 10th dragoons. Great numbers of horsemen and pedestrians followed, and the bells of the churches in the towns and villages through which it passed tolled incessantly. The roads were thronged with weeping spectators, and every house was closed. The funeral procession arrived at Windsor shortly after midnight, at a slow foot-pace, and without flambeaux, or any other lights.

"The corpse of the infant, and the urn, were immediately conveyed to St. George's Chapel, and there received by the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Hobart. The body and the urn were then gradually lowered by a windlass into the royal cemetery; where two of the yeomen descended to receive them. They were deposited temporarily on a shelf, previously to their being placed on the coffin of the Princess. No service took place; and the most awful stillness was preserved throughout. The hearse then proceeded into the front court of the Lower Lodge, where the body of the Princess Charlotte was placed under a canopy prepared for its reception.

"The rooms that the corpse passed through were covered in every part, walls, ceiling, and floor, with black cloth; a a large black velvet pall lay on the coffin, with a broad white border, reaching to the ground. Over the coffin was placed a canopy, with plumes, shadowing the Princess's coronet, and against the wall was a large escutcheon of Her Royal Highness's arms, emblazoned on satin.

"During the whole route from Esher, it had been a fine night, and the moon shone brightly all the way from Claremont till the procession reached the town of Windsor; when, in a most remarkable manner, the sky became overcast, the moon was hidden with clouds, and darkness ensued:—this sudden change visibly affected thousands of spectators, and seemed to spread an additional and unexpected gloom over the scene of sorrow.

"Shortly after eight o'clock, on Wednesday evening, the mournful cavalcade proceeded to the last abode of departed Royalty. When the procession arrived in the choir, a solemn and mournful silence prevailed. The choristers began to chant the solemn service of "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" the canopy followed, moving at a very slow pace: under this

was the Royal coffin, enveloped by the magnificent pall, which was supported by four Baronesses. Prince Leopold followed the corpse as chief mourner; his appearance created the utmost interest—he made evident efforts to preserve calmness and fortitude, but frequently burst into a flood of tears. His Serene Highness walked along with unsteady steps, and took the seat provided for him at the head of the coffin. During the whole time of the funeral service, he preserved one fixed but downcast look towards the coffin of his beloved wife; and never once raised his eyes to the congregation. The Royal Dukes, who sat or stood beside him, watched with much solicitude, as if they were afraid he would sink under his affliction. His distress, however, was tolerably subdued till the moment when the coffin was gradually lowered into the grave; at this awful crisis he was alarmingly moved, though by a strong effort he seemed almost to conquer even this emotion.

"The music was the same as is usually performed at public funerals in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, with the addition of Dr. Blake's favourite anthem, from the 16th Psalm: 'I have set God always before me.' The body being lowered into the vault, and the mourners standing around, the burial service was completed. Sir Isaac Heard, Knight-Garter, Principal King of Arms, then proclaimed the style of Her late Royal Highness in the usual form. In delivering this, Sir Isaac was deeply affected. His voice faltered, and he wept; at that moment there was not, perhaps, a dry eye in the Chapel.

"The melancholy solemnity was terminated about eleven o'clock, but the Chapel and the avenues were not completely cleared until after twelve. The whole town of Windsor was full of bustle and confusion. The carriage-ways were all blocked up with vehicles of every description, and the footpaths were impassable for the multitude of spectators. Prince Leopold was supposed to have returned to Claremont almost immediately after the mournful ceremonial; but it is certain that, an hour after the other mourners were withdrawn, His Serene Highness was found in the vault of death, weeping over the dear remains of his beloved Charlotte; and that it was only by a friendly violence that he could be removed. When removed from the vault, and requested to pass the rest of the night at Windsor, His Serene Highness declared his determination of immediately setting out for Claremont, saying, 'I must return to-night, or I shall never return!'"

Deep was the sympathy felt for him. Deep the compassion bestowed on that object of a royal woman's love, summoned from a foreign land by love itself to a destiny as bright as earth could offer; and when from every pulpit in the kingdom came solemn and affecting words, such as have lately been preached to us, and men and women wept alike for the dead, that Chief Mourner was not forgotten. Eloquently was it shown how the distinctions of rank and wealth vanish in these seasons of overwhelming sorrow, till there rises in the darkness and desolation of human grandeur, that meek angelic visitant, the pity of the poor; and the words then spoken of Prince Leopold may take their place by recent inquiries from lowly lips, how our Queen was bearing her sorrow. "There is not," said the preacher, "a "peasant in our land who is not touched "to the very heart when he thinks of the "unhappy stranger who is now spend-"ing his days in grief and his nights "in sleeplessness; as he mourns alone "in his darkened chamber, and refuses "to be comforted; as he turns in vain for "rest to his troubled feelings, and cannot "find it; as he gazes on the memorials of "an affection that blessed the brightest, "happiest, shortest year of his existence."

We have given in appendix, for the curious in such matters, the texts of some of the numberless sermons to which the occasion gave birth: nor were there wanting discourses similar to some that have lately been vehemently criticised, arguing that this Royal death was a visitation on England for National Sin;

one of which was boldly published with a titlepage with a black-edged border, "The REAL, or MORAL CAUSE of the Princess Charlotte's Death!"

Lastly came the discussion who should fill the gap; and lists were published of probable and possible successors in their legal order of succession—in which, strange to say, the wife of Jérome Bonaparte and his son Jerome Napoleon stand twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth in a list of 123; and a jealous commentator discussed whether the English people or Parliament would ever suffer any of the family of Bonaparte to ascend the English throne, "even if they had not the young Princes of Brunswick to look to," —and stated the watchful expectation with which the whole nation "looked to the result of the marriage of the Duke of Cambridge with a princess of the house of Hesse Darmstadt."

And then the sorrow lessened—as God has decreed all sorrow shall do, or human hearts would break under their burdens—and new marriages were made, and new hopes sprung up—amongst them the brightest and best in the person of our present gracious Monarch; leaving only of that other day of bitter weeping the memory of the purity of a royal home, which men beheld shining beyond the atmosphere of a vicious court, as revellers staggering home from a hot drunken carouse see the cold calm stars looking out of a serene heaven. Those who in piety or philosophy muse on God's mystery in the "taking away from the evil to come," may be struck by the picture of the blind, mad, good old king, unconscious of the sorrow that shook the land he ruled over like an earthquake. But doubly struck must they be with the image hidden, in the death-vault of Windsor, from the frivolous splendour and the fierce warfare of the Regent's court. Princess Charlotte died in November, 1817. In three short years from that time, the mother she had loved, sate vainly braving degradation in presence of the assembled peers of England: on her "trial" for a love intrigue with her courier. In three short years the father, who had seen his only child, and her child, go suddenly down into the grave, unawed and unchanged by that stroke, was spending 238,000*l.* on the fopperies of his coronation, and paying ten per cent. interest for the loan of additional jewels to make the crown of an hour sufficiently smart for him to wear. The pure young heart that had loved Leopold could not ache for a mother's disgrace. The simple and truly royal mind that found in the tranquil gardens of Claremont enough of beauty and glory—

"To lead from nature up to nature's God,"

was no longer witness to a father's folly. She died, and all England bemoaned her. She had no "Party" in the State; for party implies division, and the love she inspired was unanimous. The "Star of Brunswick" was lamented by Southey (then Poet Laureate), in touching verses; and she was bitterly lamented by a bereaved nation, not then so happy as to foresee that in another Princess of the same royal line, daughter to the Duke of Kent, and in another Coburg, the nation would grow to consider a faithful sense of duty, a fervent love for home ties, and a wise regard for the interests of a loyal people, the familiar and accustomed qualities of their rulers.

APPENDIX.

Texts of the most remarkable discourses preached on the occasion of the Princess Charlotte's death:—

In the new Gravel Pit Meeting-House, Hackney:—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7, 8.

At the Cathedral Church of Chester:—*Job* i. 21.

At the Church of Allhallows, Barking:—*Job* ix. 12.

At Bishop's Stortford, Herts:—1 *Peter* i. 24.

At Cheltenham:—*Rev.* i. 18.

At Carlow Church:—*John* xi. 35.

At the Church of St. Mary-le-bone:—*Heb.* xiii. 14.

At Limehouse:—*Isaiah* xxvi. 9.

At Glasgow:—*Isaiah* xxvi. 9.

At Bethnal Green :—*Job* xxxiv. 19, 20.

At Colchester :— 1 *Sam.* iii. 18.

At the Unitarian Chapel, Norfolk Street, Sheffield :—*Ezek.* xxiv. 16.

At Kettering :—*Psalm* lxxxii. 6, 7.

At Kettering :—2 *Chron.* xxxv. 24, 25.

At Bethel Chapel, Deptford :—*Jer.* ix. 20, 21.

At the Old Chapel, Cliff, Lewes, Sussex :—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7, 8.

At Monkwearmouth :—*Matt.* xxv. 13.

At the Church of Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire :—*Psalm* xxxix. 9.

At the Parish Church of Cople, Bedfordshire :—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7.

At Aston Sandford, Bucks :—*Micah* vi. 9.

At Peckham Chapel, Surrey :—*Jeremiah* viii. 14, 15, 16.

At St. Martin's Church, Leicester :—1 *Cor.* xv. 53.

Preached before the University of Cambridge :—1 *Cor.* vii. 29, 30.

Preached at Henone Chapel, Peckham, and at Salters' Hall, London :—*Lam.* v. 14, 15.

In the Church of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothen :—*Psalm* cxlvi. 3, 4, 5.

At the Baptist Chapel, Bradford, Yorkshire :—*Isaiah* xxii. 12.

At Acre Lane Chapel, Clapham :—*Isaiah* xi. 6, 7, 8.

At the Octagon Chapel, Taunton :—1 *Thess.* v. 2, 3, 4.

At the New Road Meeting House, St. George's-in-the-East :—*Jeremiah* ix. 21.

In the Church of Bredon, Worcester :—*Isaiah* xxvi. 9.

At the Unitarian Chapel, Hackney :—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7, 8.

At the Church of Kingstone, Kent :—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7, 8.

At New Brentford :—*Job* xxx. 23.

At the Independent Meeting House, St. Neot's :—*Jeremiah* ix. 21.

At the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, Westminster :—*Matthew* xxv. 13.

At the Independent Chapel, Blackburn :—1 *Cor.* vii. 29, 30, 31.

At the Gravel-Pit Meeting House, Hackney :—*Jeremiah* ix. 20, 21.

In the Parish Church of Chiswick, Middlesex :—*Amos* viii. 9, 10.

In the Baptist Meeting House, at Bow, Middlesex :—*Lam.* ii. 1.

By the Vicar of Cressing and Curate of Risenhall, Essex :—*James* iv. 13, 14.

At Worship Street, Finsbury Square :—*Eccles.* i. 1, 2.

At Walworth :—*Isaiah* xl. 6.

At the Baptist Meeting, Egle Street, Senden :—*Eccles.* viii. 8.

In Albion Chapel, Moorgate :—*Daniel* iv. 35.

At the New Meeting House, Birmingham :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

At the Church of Harrow-on-the-Hill :—2 *Samuel* xiv. 14.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square :—1 *Samuel* xx. 3.

At the Meeting House, Monkwell Street :—*Psalm* xxxix. 5.

At Salters' Hall, London, and at Plaistow, Essex :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

At Walthamstow, Essex :—2 *Samuel* i. 27.

At the Chapel, near Church Row, Hampstead :—*Eccles.* xii. 5.

At Baker Street Meeting, Enfield :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

At the Parish Church of Newbury :—*Gen.* xxx. 1.

At the Old Jewry Chapel in Jewry Street :—*Jer.* ix. 23.

In Wesley Chapel, Meadow Lane, Leeds :—1 *Tim.* vi. 15, 16.

At Fulneck :—*Ezekiel* vii. 27.

At the Synagogue, Denmark Court, Strand : *Eccles.* vii. 1, 2.

At the Chapel, Wallingford, Berks :—*Ezekiel* xxiv. 16.

At Hassey-Lane, Leicester :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

By the Rev. M. R. Whish :—*Micah* vi. 9.

At Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square :—*Gen.* xviii. 25.

At St. Mary's Church, Cambridge :—*Psalm* cxix. 71.

At the Parish Church of Haughton-le-Skerne, Durham :—*Job* xxxiv. 18, 19, 20.

In the Parish Church of Clembury, Salop :—*Eccles.* ix. 8.

At the Chapel of the East India College :—1 *Tim.* ii. 1, 2, 3.

At the Old Meeting-House, Birmingham :—*Psalm* v. 15, 16.

In the Garrison Chapel, Woolwich, and afterwards at Hilsea Barracks :—*Psalm* xc. 16.

At Bishop-Wearmouth :—*Jer.* iv. 10.

Sermon 2nd :—*Psalm* xc. 11, 12.

At Godstone, Surrey :—*Genesis* iii. 19.

At the Parish Church of Ripley, Yorkshire :—*Psalm* cii. 11, 12.

At the Parish Church of St. Mary, Islington :—*Job* xxxiv. 18, 19, 20.

At Chatteris :—*Rev.* xx. 11—15.

At Campden :—*Micah* vi. 9.

At Hadleigh, Suffolk :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

At Clapham :—*Micah* vi. 9.

At Romford :—*Micah* vi. 9.

At Hendon Square, Newcastle :—*Psalm* xxxix. 5.

At St. Leonard, Foster Lane :—1 *Pet.* i. 24.

At St. Pancras :—2 *Chronicles* xxxv. 24.

At Enfield :—*Lamentations* v. 15.

At Pimlico :—*Isaiah* xxvi. 20.

At Newington Chapel, Liverpool :—*Genesis* xxxv. 16—20.

At Ashford :—*Mark* v. 39.

At Kilkenny :—1 *Peter* i. 24, 25.

By Rev. C. F. Fenwick :—1 *Cor.* xv. 54.

At Glasgow :—*Ezekiel* xxiv. 16.

At Whitby :—*Luke* vii. 35.

At Rayleigh :—*Jeremiah* ix. 20, 21.

At Lancaster :—*Amos* viii. 9, 10.

At Over :—1 *Kings* xiv. 12, 13.

At Southminster :—*Deuteronomy* xxxii. 29.

At St. Andrew Undershaft :—*Psalm* cxlvi. 2, 3.

At St. Martin-in-the-Fields :—*Eccles.* vii. 1.

At Oundle :—*Matt.* vi. 10.

At Walbrook :—*Prov.* xxviii. 1.

At Episcopal Jews' Chapel, Bethnal Green:—*Rev.* iii. 19.

At St. Margaret's, Durham :—*Gen.* iii. 19.

At Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds :—1 *Cor.* vii. 31.

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne :—*Micah* vii. 9.

At Leeds :—*Jer.* xv. 9.

At Weston Green Chapel, near Claremont :—*Jer.* ix. 21.

At Mansfield :—*Lam.* v. 16, 17.

At Cheshunt :—1 *Cor.* xv. 53.

At Blenham :—*Genesis* xxiii. 6.

At Roman Catholic Chapel, Stonehouse :—*Genesis* iii. 19.

At Wisbeach :—*Jer.* viii. 15.

At Buckden :—*Eccles.* xii. 7, 8.

At Penzance :—*Eccles.* xii. 7.

At Burnham :—*Luke* vii. 12.

At Teston, Kent :—1 *Peter* i. 24.

At Cambridge :—2 *Samuel* i. 17.

At Shrewsbury :—1 *Peter* i. 24, 25.

At Yardley :—*Heb.* xiii. 14.

At Glasgow :—*Psalm* cxii. 6.

At the Scotch Church, Sunderland :—*Deut.* xxxii. 29.

Sermon 2nd :—*Matthew* xxvi. 42.

At Bradfield and North Walsham :—*Isaiah* xl. 6, 7, 8.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1862.

THREE WEEKS IN NEW YORK.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

ANY city in the world—Hull itself—would look charming to me after a dreary stormy voyage. Our passage was, I suppose, much as other passages are, of the water, watery. We had the stock experiences. We had a storm and got amongst the ice, and were enveloped in a fog. We sighted a ship or two; saw, or fancied we saw, a whale; and were visited by a sparrow in the middle of the Atlantic. These are the sole external incidents of the voyage I can call to mind. Of our internal life there is even less to say. We ate very plentifully, slept very long, and dozed constantly. We tried very hard to amuse ourselves, and failed lamentably. We told the same stock stories, heard the same stock songs, and played at the same stock games. Being at sea, we did as seamen do. We were first absurdly stiff, then unreasonably familiar, then personally offensive to each other, and finally quarrelsome. We had no ladies amongst us, but we talked as much gossip, and spread as much scandal about one another, as if we had been a crew of old maids. In short, we were very, very dull; and with this much of mention I am content to let my voyage float out of memory.

Still, apart from the charm of seeing land again, the approach through the Narrows into the land-locked bay of New York will remain in my mind as one of the loveliest scenes that I have ever looked upon. Out of the cold chill grey dawn, as I stood shivering on deck, watching for the first glimpses of the New World, the sun rose in a mass of fire, as I had last seen it rise, far away, across the Gulf of Spezia. The dim haze rolled away, and the sky grew clear and blue, like an Italian sky when the Tramontana wind is blowing from the north; and, were it not that the hill slopes, which hemmed in the bay on every side, were covered with white sparkling snow, and that one's fingers tingled with a chill numbing cold, I might have fancied myself back in Italy. But the brightness of the air and the glitter of the sunlight removed the depression which cold always exercises on one's mental faculties; and, even at the risk of frost-bitten toes, I lingered on deck to gaze upon the view. Past Sandy Hook Fort, where the stars and stripes were floating gaily, close beneath the wooded banks of Staten Island, where villas of wood, villas of stone, villas with Doric porticoes, Swiss cottages, and Italian mansions, seemed to succeed each other in a never ending panorama, we floated onwards, towards the low long black line, which marked the city of New York. The waters of the bay were calm and blue, like those of a southern sea; and against the banks great masses of snow-covered ice lay huddled closely, while loose blocks, sparkling in the sunlight, came floating past us seawards with the ebbing tide. The fairy pilot-boats with their snow-white sails shot across our path; vessels bearing the flag of every nation under

the sun were dropping down with the tide; English and French men-of-war lay anchored in the bay; and the strange American river steam-boats, which look as though in an access of sea sickness they had thrown their cabins inside out and turned their engines upside down, glided around us in every direction. So we steamed slowly on, till the island city—a sort of Venice without canals—lay before us, half hidden by the forest of masts which girds its shores, like a palisade, and we were on land at last.

It is not my purpose to describe New York, or its sights and curiosities. The description has been given a dozen times before, and probably better than I could do it. Then, too, New York, like all American cities, has one peculiarity, not altogether unpleasing to a somewhat "blasé" sightseer; and that is, that it has no sights to see. I believe there is a gallery somewhere in the city, and a public building or two which are supposed to possess architectural merits. There is the Croton aqueduct also, which is interesting to engineers. But I have not seen these sights, and have no intention of describing them; still less of visiting them. It is the social state of New York—the real capital of the United States—about which I have sought to pick up what information it has lain in my power to reach, and about which, I believe, the readers of *Macmillan* will feel much interest. I do not profess to give a complete and detailed account of the manners, politics, society, and religion of New York, done in three weeks' time; but even in twenty-one days, if you have your eyes about you and keep your ears open, you may learn a good deal worth learning; and it is the result of these impressions of mine—fugitive and disjointed, as they inevitably are—that I wish to convey to you.

First, however, let me say something about the outward look of the city. New York is not a show place, and has, architecturally, but little claim to distinction. The plan of the city is wonderfully simple; and it is this that makes the arithmetical nomenclature of the streets, which seems so barbarous to us in Europe, of such great practical convenience. If you suppose that the skeleton of a sole had a number of cross-bones parallel to the back-bone, you will have an exact idea of the plan of New York. The back-bone is the Broadway; the parallel cross-bones are the Avenues; and the bones at right angles to the back-bone are the Streets, numbered consecutively from the sole's mouth. The system is not perfect, because the streets in the old part of the city have names of their own; but still it is sufficiently so to enable any one to tell, given the name of a street, whereabouts it is situated. The lower end of the island, corresponding to the sole's mouth, is the commercial part, the "city" of New York. Broadway is the great thoroughfare, where all the chief stores and shops are situated; and Fifth Avenue, with the streets running across it, is the fashionable quarter—the "Belgravia" of the town. Across the middle of the island stretches the Central Park; and beyond that, towards the tail of the sole, are long straggling suburbs, which threaten, in ten years' time, if New York were to grow at its present rate, to cover the whole island of Manhattan. So much for the topography of New York. Its general effect is to me disappointing. Simple size is never very striking to any one accustomed to London; and, except in size, there is little to strike you here. Broadway is, or, rather, ought to be, a very fine street; and the single stores are as handsome as anything can be in the way of the shop-front order of architecture. But a marble-faced palace of six stories high has a cast-iron store with card-paper looking pillars on one side, and a two-storied red brick house on the other. There is no symmetry or harmony about the street; and, when I heard a candid Yankee describe it as "a 'one-horse' Boulevarde," I thought he had produced a description which could not be improved upon. Fifth Avenue is symmetrical enough—but its semi-detached stone mansions, handsome as they are, lack sufficient height to give grandeur to the street, while its monotony is

dreadful. The other fashionable streets are inferior editions of the Fifth Avenue, and impress me, as our own districts of Tyburnia and Belgravia always do, with two reflections—firstly, what an enormous amount of wealth there must be in a country where such vast numbers of people can afford to live in such houses; and, secondly, how little artistic taste there must be, where people with such incomes consent to live in houses of such architectural unattractiveness. The poorer streets, along the banks of the island, have no architectural pretensions, and bear a strong family resemblance to the Walworth Road or to Mile End Gate. The churches, with their tall taper steeples, relieve the uniformity of the city; but, like all our modern style of ecclesiastical architecture, they are not vast enough to be imposing. In fact, if you could transpose New York to England, it would be, externally, as uninteresting a city as Manchester. But here, in this bright clear air, there is a sort of French sparkle about the place which enlivens it strangely.

It is indoors, however, not out of doors, that the charm of New York is found. There is not much of luxury, in the French sense of the word—no lavish display of mirrors, and clocks, and pictures; but there is more comfort, more English luxury, about the dwelling-houses than I ever saw in England. All the domestic arrangements (to use a fine word for grog, hot water, &c.) are wonderfully perfect. Everything, even more than in England, seems adapted for a home life. From the severity of the winters, there can be little out-of-door life at this season of the year; but, under any circumstances, there appears to be not much of public life. For this reason, New York must be a dull place to a stranger without acquaintances. There are no cafés; and the nearest approach to them, the hotel bar-rooms, are not places where you can sit down, or find any amusement except that of drinking. So, in the hotels themselves, there is less society than I had expected from the accounts of other travellers. The public sitting-rooms appear to be little used, except to receive visitors; and at the *table d'hôte* there is an absence of general conversation, compared with a continental one. It is very contrary to English notions that a family should take up their residence at an hotel at all; but, granted this fact, American families live in an hotel much on the same footing as English ones would do under like circumstances—that is, they keep themselves to themselves, and see but little of their next-door neighbours.

But, in truth, everything here is so different from what one would expect it to be in theory. Under a democratic republic, where practically the suffrage is universal, one would expect that in all social matters the convenience and interests of the individual would be sacrificed to those of the public. The very contrary is the case. The principle of vested rights—the power of every individual to consult his own inclination, in defiance of his neighbour's convenience—is carried here to a perfect absurdity. Anybody may build his house after his own fancy, in total disregard of the architectural style of the houses by which it is surrounded. Anybody may stop his cart or carriage where he likes; and so I have seen Wall Street, in its busiest hours, blocked up by a stoppage, caused by some brewer's dray, which chose to stand still at the side of the narrow street. Anybody has a right to get into the cars or omnibuses, as long as he can squeeze his way in; and so the cars—in themselves the most comfortable conveyances I ever travelled in—are rendered at times almost insufferable, by the fact that the space between the seats is filled by extra passengers, standing on, or in dangerous proximity to, the toes of the seated travellers. The illustration, however, of this feeling, which most strikes a stranger, is the state of the public streets. It has been my fortune, or misfortune, in life, to ride over a good number of bad roads; but no road I have come across is to compare with Broadway during the late snows. When it froze hard at night, the street was a succession of *Montagnes Russes*, up

and down which the carriages slide wildly. Over the pavement lay a coating of some three or four feet of snow, indented with holes, and furrows, and ridges, of most alarming magnitude. Whenever there was a temporary thaw, this mass of ice and snow became a pond of slush—a very slough of despond. Without exaggeration, crossing the main streets was a work of danger. Falls of foot-passengers were things of constant occurrence, while the struggles of the horses to drag the carriages out of the ruts were really painful to witness. I believe the state of the streets was somewhat worse than usual this winter; but every year there is more or less of this sort of thing. The one cause of all this obstruction is that the contractor, who has undertaken to keep the streets clear, has failed to fulfil the spirit, if not the letter of his contract. Everybody grumbles—just as we do in London, when a gas company stops up the Strand for the sake of tinkering its pipes; but nobody proposes to interfere and insist on the nuisance being removed. The vested right of the individual contractor overrides the convenience of the public.

Another popular delusion too, in England, is, that New York is a sort of gingerbread and gilt city, and that, contrasted with an English city, there is a want of solidity about the place, materially as well as morally. On the contrary, I was never in a town where, externally, at any rate, show was so much sacrificed to solid comfort. The ferries, the cars, the railroads, and the houses are all arranged so as to give one substantial comfort without external decoration. As long as a contrivance serves its purpose, little care seems to be felt about how it looks. To economize labour and to avoid unnecessary outlay are the great objects of all American contrivances. It is indeed to this cause, more than to any abstract feeling of republican equality, that I attribute the absence of private cars on the railroads. The large public carriages carry as many passengers as three of our railroad carriages would do; and, with the bad gradients, and comparatively powerless engines of the American lines, such an advantage is of immense importance. In the same way, nobody attributes the absence of cabs in New York to any democratic objection to the use of private vehicles. The simple fact is that cabs do not pay, because the elaborate system of omnibuses and cars conveys passengers practically to all parts of the city, and the public does not care about paying extra for privacy.

Undoubtedly, out of doors, you see evidences of a public equality, or rather absence of inequality, among all classes, which cannot fail to strike an inhabitant of the Old World. In the street, the man in the hat and broadcloth coat, and the man in corduroys and jacket out at elbows, never get out of each other's way, or expect the other to make way for him. In the cars, ladies and washerwomen, working men and gentlemen, sit hustled together without the slightest sense of incongruity. In the shops, and from the servants, you meet with perfect civility, but with civility as to an equal, not to a superior. In the bar rooms, there is no distinction of customers; and, as long as you pay your way, and behave quietly, you are welcome, whatever your dress may be. No doubt, the cause of this general equality is the absence of the class brutalized by poverty, which you see in our great cities. There is a great deal of poverty in New York, and the Five Points quarter—the Seven Dials of the city—is, especially on a bitter winter's day, as miserable a haunt of vice and misery as it was ever my lot to witness in the Old World. Still, compared with the size of New York, this quarter is a very small one, and poverty here, bad as it is, is not hopeless poverty. The fleeting population of the "Five Points" is composed of the lowest and most shiftless of the foreign emigrants; and, in the course of a few years, they, or at any rate their children, move to other quarters, and become prosperous and respectable. There is, for an Anglo-Saxon population, very little drunkenness visible in the streets of New York; and, with regard to other forms of public

vice, it is not for an Englishman to speak severely. In the low quarters of the town, the "Lager Bier" saloons, with their windows crowded with wretched half-dressed women, are about the most shameless exhibition of open vice I have ever come across, even in England or Holland; and I am glad to say, that at last, under a republican, as opposed to a democratic legislature, the State government are taking means to suppress this public nuisance. But in the streets at night there are few of the scenes which habitually disgrace our own metropolis. From all these causes, and from the universal diffusion of education, there is no such thing, in our English sense of the word, as a mob in New York. The great order and quiet of the city is in itself remarkable. There are no soldiers about, as in a continental capital; and the policemen—nearly as fine a body of men, by the way, as our London Police—appear to devote their energies to keeping Broadway from being utterly jammed up by carts, and to helping ladies across that most treacherous of thoroughfares. The people seem instinctly to keep themselves in order. On only one occasion have I seen a crowd in New York, and that was on the occasion of a fire. It was towards midday, and, to my surprise, every clock in and about Wall Street, down which I was passing, began striking six slowly and solemnly, like our passing-bell in a country parish. I inquired the meaning of the circumstance from a passer-by, and was told it was the signal that a fire had broken out in the Sixth Ward. I turned in the direction pointed out, and soon a fire-engine rumbled past me, dragged by a string of men and boys, over the broken, uneven ground. Then in a few minutes more another, and another; and, by the time I had reached the scene of the fire, not a quarter of a mile off, half a dozen engines were at work, though I had heard the first signal given but a few minutes before. A store filled with kerozene oil had caught fire accidentally, and the volumes of flame, which shot out of the roof and windows, seemed to me to threaten the whole street with destruction. But the engines were too hard at work to give the fire a chance; the river lay fortunately near at hand, and there was a perfect crowd of volunteers ready to work the pumps with might and main. There was nobody to keep the dense throng of spectators, which crammed the streets, in order; but of themselves they obeyed the instructions of the firemen, and made way readily whenever space was required for the engines or the pipes to pass. The firemen themselves worked with a will, and were utterly regardless of danger. Some were dragging the water-pipes right under the walls of the burning house, which looked, every moment, as if they were going to fall; others were standing on the parapet of the flaming roof, hanging over the street in a way that made one dizzy to look at, and shouting out orders to the men below; others, again, were perched on ladders fixed against the house on fire, and cutting down the shutters with axes, in order to let out the flames. It was a service of real danger, and one poor fellow lost his life by falling from an engine; but one and all of these firemen were volunteers, who expected nothing for their services. The fire-engines are supplied by the State, and the whole expense and labour of the service are borne by the men themselves. At every engine-house a certain number of the men always remain, turn and turn about, in readiness; and, the moment the signal-bell is heard over the city, the members of the company leave their homes and their business, whatever it may be, to perform their duty as firemen. I have seen great fires in many European countries, but I never saw a fire extinguished so promptly, or so courageously, as by these volunteer firemen; and it would take a good deal of evidence to convince me that a city in which such an organization exists as that of the New York firemen can be demoralized by the lawlessness of an ignorant democracy.

It strikes me, however, that I have been describing what New York is *not*, rather than what it is. In plain truth,

the former is so much easier than the latter. If I were a French traveller, there would be a hundred things and phases of life here which would strike me as abnormal; but to me everything seems so provokingly like home, that I am obliged to resort to the old Cæsar and Pompey story, and say that England and America are very much alike, especially America. Statistics tell you that over one half of the population of New York was born out of America; but somehow the strong Anglo-Saxon kine seem to have swallowed up the lean foreign kine so completely that little trace is left of their existence. There are quarters in the town which Irish, French, and Germans, more especially frequent; but Ratcliffe Highway is more Irish, Whitechapel is more German, and Leicester Square is more French, than any corresponding district in New York. The German population evidently retains the strongest individuality of any foreign class; and the fancy for bright unharmonious colours, so common here among the women of the lower classes, coupled with the custom of wearing knitted woollen caps, instead of bonnets, gives rather a German look to the people in the poorer streets. There are several German theatres, too, in the city; but the Germans have tried in vain to obtain leave to open them on Sunday; and, indeed, the dulness of New York on Sunday is so unmistakeably British that it is hard to persuade oneself one is not in London or Glasgow.

Very English, too, to my mind, is the absence of external excitement about the war. The papers are full of nothing else. In society it is the one topic of thought and conversation. If you hear two people talking in the street, or at the church door as you come out from service, you will be sure to find they are speaking of the war. Still, with all this, the daily life goes on with little change. I have seen regiments marching through the streets, on their way to the seat of war, and only a few idlers were gathered to see them pass. Months ago, when the war first began, the same sight would have collected a dense crowd; but now the show time of the war has passed away, and it has become a matter of sober business. In many a house that I have been into, I have found the ladies busy in working for the army, as our ladies used to do in Crimean days; but there is little talk or fuss made about it. There are few balls or large parties this season, and the opera is not regularly open—partly because public feeling is against much gaiety; partly, and still more, because the wealthy classes have retrenched all superfluous expenditure, with a really wonderful unanimity. There is no want, however, of public amusements. On a fine day, the number of richly equipped sleighs you meet in every street is something astonishing, while, on Sunday, the whole population of the city seemed to drive out in sleighs to the skating on the Central Park. There is, no doubt, a great deal of mercantile distress, and the shopkeepers who depend on the sale of luxuries to the wealthy classes are in a poor way; but work is plentiful, and the distress, as yet, has not gone deep down. Be the cause what it may, there is less appearance of distress at this moment visible in New York than there has been for some months past in Salford or Manchester.

Of course, the present is not a very favourable time for seeing American society in its gayest aspect; and, with that almost morbid anxiety which Americans seem to feel about the opinion formed by foreigners as to their country, a regret is often expressed to me that I should see society here under so dull an aspect. Not so much from the letters of introduction which I brought, and still less from any merits of my own, but rather from a kind of innate civility, I have been received, as I believe any other educated Englishman would be, with a hospitable kindness of which I cannot speak too warmly. Shades of manner and expression and intonation are things about which it is very difficult to lay down any rule as to what is right or wrong. The Americans consider that they speak English better and more distinctly than we do ourselves; naturally enough, I do

not agree with them; but, when I come to give a reason for my preference, I can give none, except that their way of pronunciation is not our way. So it is with manners. It is not our custom to say, "I guess," instead of "I suppose;" and this is the only objection to the expression I can think of. If, as I believe, a kindly cordiality to strangers, a friendly "empressement" to make them feel at home, is one of the best proofs of good breeding, then there is no want of that in New York society. Its great defect appears to me to be a certain want of variety. Everybody, directly or indirectly, is connected with commerce, and, therefore, everybody knows about everybody else to an extent quite extraordinary to an Englishman. I had not been a week in New York before everybody in my hotel, from the strangers who sat beside me at dinner, to the black waiters, knew (how, it is a mystery to me still) that I was connected with pen and ink. On the second day after my arrival in New York, I took a walk with an old Southern friend of mine; and, next day, he was remonstrated with, because he had been walking with an Englishman whose sympathies were supposed to be in favour of the North. This knowledge of your neighbour's affairs is the rule, and not the exception. When I first arrived here, I was very shy of asking people if they knew old American acquaintances of mine I had met in Europe. I had a keen recollection of the absurdity of the question I have had so often asked me, in remote parts of the Continent, whether I knew Signor Smith, of London, or Herr Brown, of Liverpool, and feared to commit a like mistake. However, I soon found that the chances were that my former acquaintances were known to, if not known by, the acquaintances I made here. Society in New York is as numerous, and as much divided into sets, as that of any European city of like size; but the fact that the male portion is practically engaged in one pursuit makes people acquainted with each other's affairs to an unusual extent. There is no large wealthy idle class unconnected with commerce; and, indubitably, society, in the fashionable sense of the word, suffers in consequence. Any objection, however, to New York society, should be qualified by a grateful record of the lavish profusion and elegance of the refreshments offered you, and—pardon the order—of the extreme beauty of the young ladies. In no evening party I was ever present at have I seen so many beautiful girls as in a New York ball-room. There is a delicacy and refinement about their features, quite peculiar to this country; and, even if observation shows you that beauty here is short-lived, well, so are most good things in this bad world of ours.

Without admitting the exact truth of the trite saying, that in a free country the condition of the press is a correct index of its state of civilization, the "status" of the American press is one of the questions which most interest a traveller—especially one who, like myself, has known much of the press at home. In its broad characteristics, then, an American newspaper, like almost every other American institution, is fashioned after the English, not after the continental type. It resembles our newspapers in the immense amount of news given, in the great space occupied by advertisements, and in the fact that the leaders are practical comments, not abstract essays. Here, however, the resemblance between the American press and the London press pretty well ceases. An American paper is a sort of cross between a country newspaper and a penny paper. Reading is so universal an acquirement here that a far lower class reads the newspapers than is the case with us; and, therefore, the degree of education found in the newspaper-reading public is probably lower than in Britain. Moreover, an immense proportion of the papers sold here are sold by the street newsvendors. It is on this chance circulation that the newspapers mainly depend; and, out of a given number of copies sold, a very small percentage, indeed, is sold to regular subscribers. The inevitable consequence of such conditions is to

encourage that "sensation" system of newspaper headings and paragraphs which offends our taste so constantly. Again, all American papers — I am speaking of dailies—are principally local papers. New York is in no sense the capital of the United States in the way in which London and Paris are capitals in their countries. New York is the most important town in America, and, therefore, its papers have a wider circulation than those of any other town; and this is all. As you change your district you change your newspapers. The whole circulation of the *New York Herald*, in the South, previous to the secession, was not equal to its circulation in one ward of New York alone; and yet this was the only Northern paper which was read in the South at all. So, at Philadelphia, the reading-room of one of the principal hotels, where I am now writing, is filled with local papers, but has only one obscure New York print amongst its files, and I have not met with a copy of *Herald*, or *Tribune*, or *Times*, for sale in the streets. The New York press is the nearest approach to a metropolitan press that exists in America, but it is an approach only. The result of this is that the local press in America is very superior to ours, while the metropolitan press is inferior in the same proportion. Thus, when the low standard of the New York press is taken, not altogether without reason, as a proof of the absence of high mental culture in the United States, the relatively high standard of the local press ought fairly to be taken as evidence of the extent to which education is diffused.

Unfortunately, America is judged abroad by the New York press alone, and chiefly by the *New York Herald*. I believe myself, in spite of many assertions I have heard here to the contrary, that the *Herald* has the largest circulation of any New York paper. I have seen two people reading the *Herald* for one I have observed reading any other paper. Last week, when there was an enormous demand for newspapers, owing to the daily repeated news of the Federal victories, the *Herald* boasted that its average circulation was over 113,000. This does not strike me as enormous. For, if I remember rightly, the *Daily Telegraph* sold over 140,000 copies on the day after Prince Albert's death. Probably, with such an "extra" sale, the average daily sale of the *Herald* would be under 100,000. What the amount of its political influence may be it is more difficult to ascertain. Every educated American you speak to about it rejects with indignation the idea that it has any influence whatever; but still I find they all read it.

With all its faults, the *Herald* is the most readable of the New York papers. The *New York Times* appears to me a feebler edition of the *Herald*, without its "verve," and—as regards foreign affairs, though not as to home ones—quite as unscrupulous. The *Tribune* carries more weight by its individual opinion than any paper in the city. It is better written, better printed, and more carefully got up than any of its two cent. contemporaries. There is a kind of "doctrinaire" tone about its articles, which renders them somewhat heavy to digest; and, also, though its rivals abuse it constantly as a "nigger-worshipper," yet its utterances about slavery are hardly outspoken enough to give its writing the force which always accompanies the expression of strong convictions. The most lucrative part of its sale is derived from its weekly edition, of which it circulates nearly 200,000 in the Northern States. The most respectable-looking, to English eyes, of the New York papers, are the *Post*, of which Bryant is the editor, and the *World*, which is the organ of the mercantile community. But neither of these papers has a very extensive circulation.

There are many small peculiarities about the New York papers, which strike an English reader curiously. As I said before, if they like to call a leader an "editorial," to talk of letters being "mailed," instead of sent by mail, and to spell traveller with one l, all these are

matters of taste, about which there can be no dispute. But there is a carelessness about the writing, which, to me, is indefensible. Apparently, leaders are written without the proofs being revised. Constantly you come across sentences which do not construe; while clerical errors are allowed to pass, for not correcting which the reader of any respectable English paper would be dismissed at once. Then, again, all the news is broken up into short paragraphs, with appropriate headings in large capitals, in a way which, though convenient to a reader in a hurry, is fatal to good writing. The advertisements are arranged upon a starring system, with a diversity of type and variety of space which injure the appearance of the paper. The prominent words are reprinted perhaps a dozen times consecutively, to catch the reader's eye. The personal and matrimonial advertisements also are a source of constant amusement to a stranger. From a perusal of them, you would form a curious opinion as to the social state of New York, and, amongst other things, you would come to the conclusion, that it was the custom here, whenever a gay young Lothario met a soft-hearted Dulcinea in the streets, not to address her personally, but to insert an advertisement next day in the papers, expressive of admiration and the desire for further acquaintance. Let me say that, in all questionable advertisements, such as those of concert saloons, "where gen- "tlemen may indulge in intellectual con- "versation with 'pretty waiter girls,'" or of bachelors, "who require a genteel- "looking housekeeper of domestic habits, "weight not under 160 pounds," or of, widows "seeking a young husband of loving disposition," or others of an even less questionable kind, the *Herald* has a deserved and undisputed predominance. Still, it would be unjust to judge of the social condition of New York by such a test. And the *Tribune* is as free from objectionable advertisements as the most respectable of London newspapers. Take it altogether, the press of America is the press of a great and a free country.

Besides the papers I have mentioned, there are hosts of minor journals—evening ones, bi- and tri-weeklies, and so on—of more or less note. In every town too, almost in every village, there are local papers; and the American population might be defined, as a newspaper-reading population, *par excellence*. The cause of this demand for periodical reading is a fact, not, I think, sufficiently appreciated in Europe—that the American people is probably the best educated one, not excepting the Prussian, in the whole world. For years past, there has been a growing conviction in the minds of all the upper class of Americans, that the only condition on which a system of government, based like theirs on universal suffrage, could be maintained permanently, was that a large uneducated class should have no permanent existence in the State. In obedience to this conviction, a more or less perfect system of gratuitous education has been established throughout the whole of the Free States. In the Slave States no such system exists; and, therefore, it is in the South alone that such a thing as a mob, in the European signification of the phrase, exists at all; though, from the comparative smallness of the Southern cities and the thinness of the population, the Southern mob is not nearly so powerful a class as a similar body would be in the North.

The free schools which I visited in New York impressed me very favourably. The class-rooms are clean, convenient, and very plainly furnished. The instruction is entirely gratuitous—everything, down to the pens and ink, being provided by the State. Education is not compulsory; but the demand for it is so great that, practically, a very small proportion of the children in the city fail to receive regular instruction, and the school benches are always more than filled. Judging from the entry-books of the school I looked over, the social standing of the children's parents would embrace every class, from the professional man with limited means, to the common artizan. The sole practical qualification appeared to be that the child's parents must be able to afford it

a decent dress; and, in a city where rags are so uncommon as in New York, this qualification is nothing like so severe a one as it would be with us. The dresses of the pupils varied from silks and broadcloth to the commonest stuffs and velveteen—but they were all scrupulously clean. There is no religious instruction given, so that children of all sects come equally; but, at the commencement of the day's work, a few verses of the Bible are read, and, I believe, the Lord's Prayer is repeated. The teachers in all the classes, except two or three of the highest boys' classes, are women. All of them struck me as intelligent, and many were very pretty and ladylike. Their salaries vary from about 50*l.* to 100*l.*; and, as their work is finished by 3 P.M. the pay seems liberal enough. The average age of the girl-pupils is from seven to seventeen; that of the boys from seven to fifteen, after which the ablest boys are sent from the schools, to receive a classical education at the Free Academy. Reading, writing, ciphering, geography, grammar, history, book-keeping for the boys, and moral philosophy for the girls, were the staples of instruction: and I could not discover that any foreign language was ever attempted to be taught.

I came in to the classes as a casual visitor, and therefore saw the working of the system in its every-day aspect. The children apparently understood very well what they were taught. I know that I heard a number of those mysterious questions asked, about what the price of a silk dress would be, containing I am afraid to say how many yards and fractions of yards, supposing that three-elevenths and five-seventeenths of a foot of silk cost so much. I believe that the answer was given rightly, and I am sure that the children explained very distinctly why they gave the answer which they did give. What struck me most was the look of intelligence and the orderly behaviour of the children. In some classes there were nearly fifty children, and yet the one mistress appeared to have no difficulty in maintaining order, almost without punishment of any kind. The highest class of girls were engaged, when I was taken to their class-room, in the study of what was called intellectual philosophy, and were set, in my presence, to discuss the theme, whether the imagination can create, or only combine. I admit freely that they talked as much nonsense as any score of young ladies—or boys too, for that matter—always do, when they begin discussing the question of innate ideas; but they obviously knew and understood all the stock common-places and appropriate illustrations which it is proper to quote upon the subject. The teacher was obviously a strong abolitionist in her views, and propounded a question to her class, whether a New England minister, who preached pro-slavery doctrines, *could* be right subjectively. Nine-tenths of the class disposed of the question with more feeling than logic—by an enthusiastic negative. Indeed, the vote was unanimous, with the exception of one lazy, fat-looking girl, who had been amusing herself, during the discussion on innate ideas, by tickling her neighbour's neck with a pen, and who woke up at this question, with the remark, "Well, I guess he'd be about right anyhow." At these schools, by the way, coloured children are not admitted.

Besides the State schools, there are several free public schools, kept up by voluntary contributions. The Roman Catholics have large schools, to which they try very hard to attract the children of their own creed, as they look with great, and from their own point of view not unfounded, jealousy on the free schools. The "House of Industry" schools, too, at the Five Points, which I went over, are chiefly maintained by the Episcopalians, and seem to be a very useful institution. Situated in the very lowest quarter of New York, they are designed to educate children of a class too low to find admission elsewhere. They are, in truth, Ragged Schools; and, in order to induce the parents to let their children come, the school feeds them during school hours. In the classes I went through, there was scarcely a child born of

American parents. There were representatives of almost every foreign nation, but the majority were Germans, Irish, and Negroes; for the poor about the Five Points are too wretched to care for colour. Of course very little can be taught to such a class of children, but still they learn to read and write, and, for children, they sing beautifully. By these and similar schools, as far as I could learn, one half of the children of the "Arab" population in New York receive some kind of education, so that the proportion of the rising generation in this city which will grow up without any education is but small. In the other Free States, where there are not the great difficulties of an enormous city to contend with, the spread of education is even more universal than in New York.

To this free general education I attach extreme importance in relation to slavery. If, as seems probable, the North subjugates the South, I cannot believe that the next generation of the North (educated as it will be to an extent to which no generation in the States has been educated yet), will long submit to the stigma of slavery. Hereafter the North will have the power, and, I trust, will have the will also. There are already signs of a great change. In New York, the black population is relatively very small; and, from the connexion of the city with the South, its pro-slavery sympathies were stronger than those of any other Northern town; but, since the secession began, public feeling has changed. I was present the other night at a meeting in aid of the slaves deserted by their masters at Port Royal. The room was crowded. There were probably some three thousand well-dressed people present, who cheered enthusiastically every expression of abolition sentiment; but what struck me most was that, sitting amidst the crowd, were numbers of blackmen and women—a thing which a few years ago would not have been tolerated at a New York meeting. Again, abolition papers are now popular; abolition lectures are frequent; the negro Douglas can lecture in the city to crowded audiences; and modified abolitionism is the fashionable opinion of polite society. There are stern facts, too, to be quoted also, as well as sentiments. An American slaver-captain has just been hung in New York, after forty years virtual suspension of the law against the slave-trade, and any attempt to excite popular sympathy in his behalf failed signally. It would be well if our own politicians, who are so fond of demonstrating, on abstract grounds, that the war going on in the Union has no bearing on the question of slavery, could look more to facts and less to theories.

E. D.

WAITING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Post tempestatem tranquillitas.
Epitaph in Ely Cathedral.

They lie, with uplift hands, and feet
  Stretched like dead feet that walk no more,
And stony masks oft human sweet,
  As if the olden look each wore,
Familiar curves of lip and eye,
Were wrought by some fond memory.

All waiting: the new-coffined dead,
The handful of mere dust that lies
Sarcophagused in stone and lead
Under the weight of centuries:
Knight, cardinal, bishop, abbess mild,
With last week's buried year-old child.

After the tempest cometh peace,
After long travail sweet repose;
These folded palms, these feet that cease
From any motion, are but shows
Of—what? *What* rest? *How* rest they? *Where?*
The generations nought declare.

Dark grave, unto whose brink we come,
Drawn nearer by all nights and days;
Each after each, thy solemn gloom
Pierces with momentary gaze,
Then goes, unwilling or content,
The way that all his fathers went.

Is there no voice or guiding hand
Arising from the awful void,
To say, "Fear not the silent land;
Would He make ought to be destroyed?"
Would He? or can He? What know we
Of Him who is Infinity?

Strong Love, which taught us human love,
Helped us to follow through all spheres
Some soul that did sweet dead lips move,
Lived in dear eyes in smiles and tears,
Love—once so near our flesh allied,
That "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died;—

Eagle-eyed Faith that can see God,
In worlds without and heart within;
In sorrow by the smart o' the rod,
In guilt by the anguish of the sin;
In everything pure, holy, fair,
God saying to man's soul, "I am there;"—

These only, twin-archangels, stand
Above the abyss of common doom,
These only stretch the tender hand
To us descending to the tomb,
Thus making it a bed of rest
With spices and with odours drest.

So, like one weary and worn, who sinks
To sleep beneath long faithful eyes,
Who asks no word of love, but drinks
The silence which is paradise—
We only cry—"Keep angel-ward,
And give us good rest, O good Lord!"

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER LIV.

CHARLES MEETS HORNBY AT LAST.

Oh for the whispering woodlands of Devna! Oh for the quiet summer-evenings above the lakes, looking far away at the white-walled town on the distant shore! No more hare-shooting, no more turtle-catching, for you, my dear Charles. The allies had determined to take Sebastopol, and winter in the town. It was a very dull place, every one said; but there was a race-course, and there would be splendid boat-racing in the harbour. The country about the town was reported to be romantic, and there would be pleasant excursions in the winter to Simpheropol, a gayer town than Sebastopol, and where there was more society. They were not going to move till the spring, when they were to advance up the valley of the Dnieper to Moscow, while a flying column was to be sent to follow the course of the Don, cross to the Volga at Suratow, and so penetrate into the Ural Mountains and seize the gold mines, or do something of this sort; it was all laid out quite plain.

Now, don't call this *ex post facto* wisdom, but just try to remember what extravagant ideas every non-military man had that autumn about what our army would do. The minister of the King of the Dipsodes never laid down a more glorious campaign than we did. We have had our little lesson about that kind of amusement. There has been none of it in this American business, but our good friends the other side of the Atlantic are worse than they were in the time of the Pogram defiance. Either they don't file their newspapers, or else they console themselves by saying that they could have done it all if they had liked. It now becomes my duty to use all the resources of my art to describe Charles's emotions at the first sight of Sebastopol. Such an opportunity for the display of beautiful language should not be let slip. I could do it capitally by buying a copy of Mr. Russell's "War," or even by using the correspondence I have on the table before me. But I think you will agree with me that it is better left alone. One hardly likes to come into the field in that line after Russell.

Balaclava was not such a pleasant place as Devna. It was bare and rocky, and everything was in confusion, and the men were dying in heaps of cholera. The nights were beginning to grow chill, too, and Charles began to dream regularly, that he was sleeping on the bare hill-side, in a sharp frost, and that he was agonisingly cold about the small of his back. And the most singular thing was that he always woke and found his dream come true. At first he only used to dream this dream towards morning; but, as October began to creep on, he used to wake with it several times in the night, and at last hardly used to go to sleep at all for fear of dreaming it.

Were there no other dreams? No. No dreams, but one ever-present reality. A dull aching regret for a past for ever gone. A heavy deadly grief, lost for a time among the woods of Devna, but come back to him now amidst the cold, and the squalor, and the sickness of Balaclava. A brooding over missed opportunities, and the things that might have been. Sometimes a tangled puzzled train of thought as to how much of this ghastly misery was his own fault, and how much accident. And above all a growing desire for death, unknown before.

And all this time, behind the hill, the great guns, which had begun a fitful muttering when they first came there,

often dying off into silence, now day by day, as trench after trench was opened, grew louder and more continuous, till hearing and thought were deadened, and the soul was sick of their never-ceasing melancholy thunder.

And at six o'clock on the morning of the 17th, such an infernal din began as no man there had ever heard before, which grew louder and louder till nine, when it seemed impossible that the ear could bear the accumulation of sound, and then suddenly doubled, as the *Agamemnon* and the *Montebello*, followed by the fleets, steamed in and lay broadside-to under the forts. Four thousand pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world were doing their work over that hill, and the 140th stood dismounted and listened.

At ten o'clock the earth shook, and a column of smoke towered up in the air above the hill, and as it began to hang motionless the sound of it reached them. It was different from the noise of guns. It was something new and terrible. An angry hissing roar. An hour after they heard that twenty tons of powder were blown up in the French lines.

Soon after this, though, there was work to be done, and plenty of it. The wounded were being carried to the rear. Some cavalry were dismounted and told off for the work. Charles was one of them.

The wind had not yet sprung up, and all that Charles saw for the moment was a valley full of smoke, and fire, and sound. He caught a glimpse of the spars and funnel of a great liner above the smoke to the left; but directly after they were under fire, and the sickening day's work began.

Death and horror in every form, of course. The wounded lying about in heaps. Officers trying to compose their faces, and die like gentlemen. Old Indian soldiers dying grimly as they had lived, and lads, fresh from the plough last year, listed at the market-cross some unlucky Saturday, sitting up staring before them with a look of terror and wonder more sad to see than either. But everywhere all the day, where the shot screamed loudest, where the shell fell thickest, with his shako gone, with his ambrosial curls tangled with blood, with his splendid gaudy fripperies soiled with dust and sweat, was Hornby, the dandy, the fop, the dicer; doing the work of ten, carrying out the wounded in his arms, encouraging the dying, cheering on the living.

"I knew there was some stuff in him," said Charles, as he followed him into the Crown battery; just at that time the worst place of all, for *The Twelve Apostles* had begun dropping red-hot shot into it, and exploded some ammunition, and killed some men. And they had met a naval officer, known to Hornby, wounded, staggering to the rear, who said "that his brother was knocked over, and that they wanted to make out that he was dead, but he had only fainted." So they went back with him. The officer's brother was dead enough, poor fellow; but, as Charles and Hornby bent suddenly over him to look at him, their faces actually touched.

Hornby did not recognise him. He was in a state of excitement, and was thinking of no one less than Charles, and Charles's moustaches had altered him, as I said before. If their eyes had met I believe Hornby would have known him; but it was not to be till the 25th, and this was only the 17th. If Hornby could only have known him, if they could only have had ten minutes' talk together, Charles would have known all that we know about the previous marriage of his grandfather, and, if that conversation had taken place, he would have known more than any of them, for Hornby knew something which he thought of no importance, which was very important indeed. He knew where Ellen was.[1]

But Charles turned his face away, and the recognition never took place. Poor Charles said afterwards that it was

[1] You must send your memory back ten months to remember a very important circumstance about Ellen and the priest in the wood. That is not my fault. If the public choose to take eighteen months about reading a book which should be read in two days, I am not to blame.

all a piece of luck—that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." It is not the case. He turned away his eyes, and avoided the recognition. What he meant is this :—

As Hornby's face was touching his, and they were both bending over the dead man, whom they could hardly believe to be dead, the men behind them fired off the great Lancaster in the next one-gun battery. "Crack!" and they heard the shell go piff, piff, piff, piff, piff, and strike something. And then one man close to them cried out, "God Almighty!" and another cried "Christ!" as sailors will at such awful times ; and they both leapt to their feet. Above the smoke there hung, a hundred of feet in the air, a something like a vast black pine tree ; and, before they had time to realize what had happened, there was a horrible roar, and a concussion which made them stagger on their legs. A shell from the Lancaster had blown up the great redoubt in front of the Redan wall, and every Russian gun ceased firing. And above the sound of the Allied guns rose the cheering of our own men, sounding amidst the awful bass like the shrill treble of school-children at play.

Charles said afterwards that this glorious accident prevented their recognition. It is not true. He prevented it himself, and took the consequences. But Hornby recognised him on the 25th in this wise :—

The very first thing in the morning, they saw, on the hills to the right, Russian skirmishers creeping about towards them, apparently without an object. They had breakfast, and took no notice of them till about eight o'clock, when a great body of cavalry came slowly, regiment by regiment, from behind a hill near the Turks. Then gleaming batteries of artillery ; and, lastly, an endless column of grey infantry, which began to wheel into line. And when Charles had seen some five or six grey battalions come swinging out, the word was given to mount, and he saw no more, but contemplated the tails of horses. And at the same moment the guns began an irregular fire on their right.

Almost immediately the word was given to advance, which they did slowly. Charles could see Hornby just before him, in his old place, for they were in column. They crossed the plain, and went up the crest of the hill, halting on the high road. Here they sat for some time, and the more fortunate could see the battle raging below to the right. Our men seemed getting rather the worst of it.

They sat there about an hour and a half ; and all in a moment, before any one seemed to expect it, some guns opened on them from the right ; so close that it made their right ears tingle. A horse from the squadron in front of Charles bolted from the ranks, and nearly knocked down Hornby. The horse had need to bolt, for he carried a dead man, who in the last spasm had pulled him on his haunches, and struck his spurs deep into his sides.

Charles began to guess that they were "in for it" at last. He had no idea, of course, whether it was a great battle or a little one ; but he saw that the 140th had work before them. I, of course, have only to speak of what Charles saw with his own eyes, and what therefore bears upon the story I am telling you. That was the only man he saw killed at that time, though the whole brigade suffered rather heavily by the Russian cannonade at that spot.

Very shortly after this they were told to form line. Of course, when this manœuvre was accomplished, Charles had lost sight of Hornby. He was sorry for this. He would have liked to know where he was ; to help him, if possible, should anything happen to him ; but there was not much time to think of it, for directly after they moved forward at a canter. In the front line were the 11th Hussars and the 13th Light Dragoons, and in the second were the 140th Hussars, the 8th Hussars, and the 4th Dragoons. Charles could see thus much, now they were in line.

They went down hill, straight towards the guns, and almost at once the

shot from them began to tell. The men of the 11th and 13th began to fall terribly fast. The men in the second line, in which Charles was, were falling nearly as fast, but this he could not remark. He missed the man next him on the right, one of his favourite comrades, but it did not strike him that the poor fellow was cut in two by a shot. He kept on wishing that he could see Hornby. He judged that the affair was getting serious. He little knew what was to come.

He had his wish of seeing Hornby, for they were riding up hill into a narrowing valley, and it was impossible to keep line. They formed into column again, though men and horses were rolling over and over at every stride, and there was Hornby before him, sailing along as gallant and gay as ever. A fine beacon to lead a man to a glorious death.

And, almost the next moment, the batteries right and left opened on them. Those who were there engaged can give us very little idea of what followed in the next quarter of an hour. They were soon among guns—the very guns that had annoyed them from the first; and infantry beyond opened fire on them. There seems to have been a degree of confusion at this point. Charles, and two or three others known to him, were hunting some Russian artillerymen round their guns, for a minute or so. Hornby was among them. He saw also at this time his little friend the cornet, on foot, and rode to his assistance. He caught a riderless horse, and the cornet mounted. Then the word was given to get back again; I know not how; I have nothing to do with it. But, as they turned their faces to get out of this horrible hell, poor Charles gave a short, sharp scream, and bent down in his saddle over his horse's neck.

It was nothing. It was only as if one were to have twenty teeth pulled out at once. The pain was over in an instant. What a fool he was to cry out! The pain was gone again, and they were still under fire, and Hornby was before him.

How long? How many minutes, how many hours? His left arm was nearly dead, but he could hold his reins in a way, and rode hard after Hornby, from some wild instinct. The pain had stopped, but was coming on again as if ten thousand red-hot devils were pulling at his flesh, and twenty thousand were arriving each moment to help them.

His own friends were beside him again, and there was a rally and a charge. At what? he thought for an instant. At guns? No. At men this time, Russian hussars—right valiant fellows, too. He saw Hornby in the thick of the *mêlée*, with his sword flickering about his head like lightning. He could do but little himself; he rode at a Russian and unhorsed him; he remembers seeing the man go down, though whether he struck at him, or whether he went down by the mere superior weight of his horse, he cannot say. This I can say, though, that whatever he did, he did his duty as a valiant gentleman; I will go bail for that much.

They beat them back, and then turned. Then they turned again and beat them back once more. And then they turned and rode. For it was time. Charles lost sight of Hornby till the last, when some one caught his rein and turned his horse, and then he saw that they were getting into order again, and that Hornby was before him, reeling in his saddle.

As the noise of the battle grew fainter behind them, he looked round to see who was riding beside him, and holding him by the right arm. It was the little cornet. Charles wondered why he did so. "You're hard hit, Simpson," said the cornet. "Never mind. Keep your saddle a little longer. We shall be all right directly."

His faculties were perfectly acute, and, having thanked the cornet, he looked down and noticed that he was riding between him and a trooper, that his left arm was hanging numbed by his side, and that the trooper was guiding his horse. He saw that they had saved him, and even in his deadly agony he

was so far his own old courteous self, that he turned right and left to them and thanked for what they had done for him.

But he kept his eyes fixed on Hornby, for he saw that he was desperately hit, and he wanted to say one or two words to him before either of them died. Soon they were among English faces, and English cheers rang out in welcome to their return, but it was nothing to him; he kept his eye, which was growing dim, on Hornby, and, when he saw him fall off his saddle into the arms of a trooper, he dismounted too and staggered towards him.

The world seemed to go round and round, and he felt about him like a blind man. But he found Hornby some how. A doctor, all scarlet and gold, was bending over him, and Charles knelt down on the other side and looked into the dying man's face.

"Do you know me, lieutenant?" he said, speaking thick like a drunken man, but determined to hold out; "you know your old servant, don't you?"

Hornby smiled as he recognised him, and said, "Ravenshoe." But then his face grew anxious, and he said, "Why did you hide yourself from me? You have ruined everything."

He could get no further for a minute, and then he said—

"Take this from round my neck and carry it to her. Tell her that you saw me die, and that I was true to our compact. Tell her that my share of our purification was complete, for I followed duty to death, as I promised her. She has a long life of weary penance before her to fulfil our bargain. Say I should wish her to be happy, only that I know she cannot be. And also say that I see now, that there is something better and more desirable than what we call happiness. I don't know what it is, but I suspect it is what we call duty."

Here the doctor said, "They are at it again, and I must go with them. I can do no good here for the poor dear fellow. Take what he tells you off his neck, in my presence, and let me go."

The doctor did it himself. When the great heavy gold stock was unbuttoned, Hornby seemed to breathe more freely. The doctor found round his neck a gold chain, from which hung a photograph of Ellen, and a black cross. He gave them to Charles, and departed.

Once more Charles spoke to Hornby. He said, "Where shall I find her?"

Hornby said, "Why, at Hackney, to be sure; did you not know she was there?" And afterwards, at the very last, "Ravenshoe, I should have loved you; you are like her, my boy. Don't forget."

But Charles never heard that. They found Hornby dead and cold, with his head on Charles's lap, and Charles looked so like him that they said, "This man is dead too; let us bury him." But a skilful doctor there present, said, "This man is not dead, and will not die;" and he was right.

Oh, but the sabres bit deep that autumn afternoon! There were women in Minsk, in Moglef, in Tchernigof, in Jitemir, in Polimva, whose husbands were Hussars—and women in Taganrog, in Tcherkask, in Sanepta, which lies under the pleasant slate mountains, whose husbands and sons were Cossacks—who were made widows that day. For that day's work there was weeping in the reed-thatched hovels of the Don, and in the mud-built shanties of the Dnieper. For the 17th Lancers, the Scots Greys, the 1st Royals, and the 6th Enniskillens,—"these terrible beef-fed islanders" (to use the words of the *Northern Bee*)—were upon them; and Volhynia and Hampshire, Renfrewshire and Grodno, Podolia and Fermanagh, were mixed together in one common ruin.

Still, they say, the Princess Petrovitch, on certain days, leaves her carriage, and walks a mile through the snow, barefoot, into Alexandroski, in memory of her light-haired handsome young son, whom Hornby slew at Balaclava. And I myself know the place where Lady Allerton makes her pilgrimage for those two merry boys of hers who lie out on the Crimean hill. Alas! not side by side. Up and down in all weathers, along a certain gravel walk,

where the chalk brook, having flooded the park with its dammed-up waters, comes foaming and spouting over a cascade, and hurries past between the smooth-mown lawns of the pleasance. In the very place where she stood when the second letter came. And there, they say, she will walk, at times, until her beauty and her strength are gone, and her limbs refuse to carry her.

Karlin Karlinoff was herding strange-looking goats on the Suratow hill-side, which looks towards the melancholy Volga on one side, and the reedy Ural on the other, when the Pulk came back, and her son was not with them. Eliza Jones had got on her husband's smock frock, and was a-setting of beans, when the rector's wife came struggling over the heavy lands and water-furrows, and broke the news gently, and with many tears. Karlin Karlinoff drove her goats into the mud-walled yard that night, though the bittern in the melancholy fen may have been startled from his reeds by a cry more wild and doleful than his own; and Eliza Jones went on setting her beans, though they were watered with her tears.

What a strange wild business it was! The extreme east of Europe against the extreme west. Men without a word, an idea, a habit or a hope in common, thrown suddenly together, to fight and slay; and then to part, having learnt to respect one another better, in one year of war, than ever they had in a hundred years of peace. Since that year we have understood Eylau and Borodino, which battles were a puzzle to some of us before that time. The French did better than we, which was provoking, because the curs began to bark—Spanish curs, for instance; American curs; the lower sort of French cur; and the Irish curs, who have the strange habit of barking the louder the more they are laughed at, and who, now, being represented by about two hundred men among six million, have rather a hard time of it. They barked louder, of course, at the Indian mutiny. But they have all got their tails between their legs now, and are likely to keep them there. We have had our lesson. We have learnt that what our fathers told us was true—that we are the most powerful nation on the face of the earth.

This, you will see, bears all upon the story I am telling you. Well, in a sort of way. Though I do not exactly see how. I could find a reason, if you gave me time. If you gave me time, I could find a reason for anything. However, the result is this, that our poor Charles had been struck by a ball in the bone of his arm, and that the splinters were driven into the flesh, though the arm was not broken. It was a nasty business, said the doctors. All sorts of things might happen to him. Only one thing was certain, and that was that Charles Ravenshoe's career in the army was over for ever.

CHAPTER LV.

ARCHER'S PROPOSAL.

Six weeks had passed since the date of Captain Archer's letter before he presented himself in person at Casterton They were weary weeks enough to Mary, Lord Saltire, and Lady Ascot. Lady Ascot was staying on at Casterton as if permanently, at the earnest request of Lord and Lady Hainault; and she stayed on the more willingly that she and Mary might mingle their tears about Charles Ravenshoe, whom they were never to see again. The "previous marriage affair" had apparently fallen through utterly. All the advertisements, were they worded never so frantically, failed to raise to the surface the particular parish-clerk required; and Lady Ascot, after having propounded a grand scheme for personally inspecting every register in the United Kingdom, which was pooh-poohed by Lord Saltire, now gave up the matter as a bad job; and Lord Saltire himself began to be puzzled and uneasy, and once more to wonder whether or no Maria was not mistaken after all. Mackworth was still very ill, though slowly recovering. The younger Tiernay, who was nursing him, reported that his

head seemed entirely gone, although he began to eat voraciously, and, if encouraged, would take exercise. He would now walk far and fast, in silence, with the kind priest toiling after him. But his wilful feet always led him to the same spot. Whether they rambled in the park, whether they climbed the granite tors of the moor, or whether they followed the stream up through the woods, they always ended their walk at the same place—at the pool among the tumbled boulders, under the dark western headland, where Cuthbert's body had been found. And here the priest would sit looking seaward, as if his life and his intellect had come to a full stop here, and he was waiting patiently till a gleam of light should come from beyond.

William was at Ravenshoe, in full possession of the property. He had been born a gamekeeper's son, and brought up as a groom. He had now 10,000*l.* a year; and was going to marry the fisherman's daughter, his own true love, as beautiful, as sweet-tempered a girl as any in the three kingdoms. It was one of the most extraordinary rises in life that ever had taken place. Youth, health, and wealth—they must produce happiness. Why no, not exactly in his case. He believed Charles was dead, and he knew, if that was the case, that the property was his; but he was not happy. He could not help thinking about Charles. He knew he was dead and buried, of course; but still he could not help wishing that he would come back, and that things might be again as they had been before. It is not very easy to analyse the processes of the mind of a man brought up as William was. Let us suppose that, having been taught to love and admire Charles above all earthly persons, his mind was not strong enough to disabuse himself of the illusion. I suppose that your African gets fond of his fetish. I take it that, if you stole his miserable old wooden idol in the night, though it might be badly carved, and split all up the back by the sun, and put in its place an Old Chelsea shepherdess, he would lament his graven image, and probably break the fifty guineas' worth of china with his club. I know this, however, that William would have given up his ten thousand a year, and have trusted to his brother's generosity, if he could have seen him back again. In barbarous, out-of-the-way places, like the west of Devonshire, the feudal feeling between foster-brothers is still absurdly strong. It is very ridiculous, of course. Nothing can be more ridiculous or unnecessary than the lightning coming down the dining-room chimney and sending the fire-irons flying about the cat's ears. But there it is, and you must make the best of it.

We are now posted up well enough in the six weeks which preceded the arrival of the mysterious Archer. He deferred his arrival till his honeymoon was completed. His mysterious letter to Mary partly alluded to his approaching marriage with Jane Blockstrop—daughter of Lieutenant Blockstrop of the coastguard, and niece of Rear-Admiral Blockstrop, who, as Captain Blockstrop, had the *Tartar* on the Australian station—and partly to something else. We shall see what directly. For, when Mary came down to see him in the drawing-room, there was with him, besides his wife, whom he introduced at once, a very tall and handsome young man, whom he presented to her as her cousin, George Corby.

Did Charles turn in his pallet at Scutari? Did he turn over and stare at the man in the next bed, who lay so deadly still, and who was gone when he woke on the weary morrow?

There was no mystery about George Corby's appearance. When Mary's father, Captain Corby, had gone to India, his younger brother, George's father, had gone to Australia. This younger brother was a somewhat peevish, selfish man, and was not on the best of terms with Captain Corby. He heard, of course, of the wreck of the *Warren Hastings*, and the loss of his brother. He also informed himself that his niece was saved, and was the protected favourite of the Ravenshoes. He had then said to himself, "I am needy. I have a rising family.

She is better off than I can make her. Let her stay there." And so he let her stay there, keeping himself, however, to do him justice, pretty well informed of her position. He had made the acquaintance of Captain Archer, of Melbourne, on his first voyage to that port, in the end of 1852; laid the whole matter before him, and begged him not to break it to her at present. Captain Archer had readily promised to say nothing, for he saw Mary the lady of a great house, with every prospect, as he thought, of marrying the heir. But when he saw Mary, after the break-up, in Grosvenor Square, a nursery governess, he felt that he ought to speak, and set sail from the port of London with a full determination of giving a piece of his mind to her uncle, should he hesitate to acknowledge her. He had no need to say much. Mr. Corby, though a selfish, was not an unkind man, by any means. And, besides, he was now very wealthy, and perfectly able to provide for his niece. So, when Archer had finished his story, he merely said, "I suppose I had better send over George to see if he will fall in love with her. That will be the best thing, I take it. She must not be a governess to those swells. They might slight her or insult her. Take George over for me, will you, my dear soul, and see how it is likely to go. At all events, bring her back to me. Possibly I may not have done my duty by her."

George was called in from the rocking-chair in the verandah to receive instructions. He was, so his father told him, to go to Europe with Captain Archer, and, as Captain Archer was going to get married and miss a voyage, he might stay till he came back. First and foremost, he was to avail himself of his letters of introduction, and get into the good society that his father was able to command for him. Under this head of instruction he was to dance as much as possible, and to ride to the fox-hounds, taking care not to get too near to the hounds, or to rush at his fences like a madman, as all Australians did. Secondly, he was, if possible, to fall in love with his cousin Mary Corby, marry her, bring her back, and reside *pro tem.* at Tooralloolyballycomefoozleah, which station should be swept and garnished for his reception, until the new house at the Juggerugabugjug crossing-place was finished. Thirdly, he might run across to the Saxony ram sales, and, if he saw anything reasonable, buy, but be careful of pink ears, for they wouldn't stand the Grampian frosts. Fourthly, he was not to smoke without changing his coat, or to eat the sugar when any one was looking. Fifthly, he was to look out for a stud horse, and might go as far as five hundred. Such a horse as Allow Me, Ask Mamma, or Pam's Mixture would do.[1] And so on, like the directions of the Aulic Council to Archduke Charles. He was not to go expressly to Durham; but, if he found himself in that part of the world, he might get a short-horned bull. He need not go to Scotland unless he liked; but, if he did, he might buy a couple of collies, &c. &c.

George attended the ram sales in Saxony, and just ran on to Vienna, thinking, with the philosophy of an Australian, that, if he *did* fall in love with his cousin, he might not care to travel far from her, and that therefore she might "keep." However, he came at last, when Archer had finished his honeymoon; and there he was in the drawing-room at Casterton.

Mary was not so very much surprised when it was all put before her. She had said to Charles, in old times, "I know I have relations somewhere; when I am rich they will acknowledge me;" and, just for one instant, the suspicion crossed her mind that her relations might have heard of the fortune Lord Saltire had left her. It was unjust and impossible, and in an instant she felt

[1] These names actually occur, side by side, in my newspaper (*The Field*) to which I referred for three names. They are in training by Henry Hall, whoever he may be, at Hambleton, in Yorkshire. The low slanginess of everything connected with the turf is beginning to show itself everywhere, even in the silly senseless names they give their horses. The noble old sport is on its last legs. When the few great high-minded men who are keeping things straight are gone, it will be little better than bull-fighting.

it to be so. Possibly the consciousness of her injustice made her reception of her cousin somewhat warmer.

He was certainly very handsome and very charming. He had been brought up by his father the most punctilious dandy in the southern hemisphere, and thrown from a boy among the best society in the colony; so he was quite able to make himself at home everywhere. If there was a fault in his manner, it was that there was just a shade too much lazy ease in the presence of ladies. One has seen that lately, however, in other young gentlemen, not educated in the bush, to a greater extent; so we must not be hard upon him. When Lady Hainault and Lady Ascot heard that a cousin of Mary's had just turned up from the wilds of Australia, they looked at one another in astonishment, and agreed that he must be a wild man. But, when they had gone down and sat on him, as a committee of two, for an hour, they both pronounced him charming. And so he was.

Lord Hainault, on receiving this report, could do no less than ask him to stay a day or two. And so his luggage was sent for to Twyford, and the good Archer left, leaving him in possession.

Lord Saltire had been travelling round to all his estates. He had taken it into his head, about a month before this, that it was time that he should get into one of his great houses, and die there. He told Lady Ascot so, and advised her to come with him; but she still held on by Lord Charles Herries' children and Mary, and said she would wait. So he had gone away, with no one but his confidential servant. He had gone to Cottingdean first, which stands on the banks of the Wannet, at the foot of the North Hampshire mountains.

Well, Cottingdean did seem at first sight a noble lair for an old lion to crawl away and die in. There was a great mile-long elm avenue, carried, utterly regardless of economy, over the flat valley, across the innumerable branches of the river; and at the last the trees ran up over the first great heave of the chalk hill: and above the topmost boughs of those which stood in the valley, above the highest spire of the tallest poplar in the water-meadow, the old gray house hung aloft, a long irregular façade of stone. Behind were dark woods, and above all a pearl-green line of down.

But Cottingdean wouldn't do. His lordship's man Simpson knew it wouldn't do from the first. There were draughts in Cottingdean, and doors that slammed in the night, and the armour in the great gallery used suddenly to go clank at all hours, in a terrible way. And the lady ancestress of the seventeenth century, who carried her head in a plate before her, used to stump upstairs and downstairs from twelve o'clock till one, when she was punctually relieved from duty by the wicked old ancestor of the sixteenth century, who opened the cellar door and came rattling his sword against the banisters up all the stair-case till he got to the north-east tower, into which he went and slammed the door; and, when he had finished his business, came clanking down again, when he in turn was relieved by a οἱ πολλοὶ of ghosts, who walked till cockcrow. Simpson couldn't stand it. No more could Lord Saltire, though possibly for different reasons than Simpson's.

The first night at Cottingdean Lord Saltire had his writing-desk unpacked, and took therefrom a rusty key. He said to Simpson, "You know where I am going. If I am not back in half-an-hour, come after me." Simpson knew where he was going. Lord Barkham had been staying here at Cottingdean just before he went up to town and was killed in that unhappy duel. The old servants remembered that, when Lord Barkham went away that morning, he had taken the key of his room with him, and had said, in his merry way, that no one was to go in there till he came back the next week, for he had left all his love-letters about. Lord Saltire had got the key, and was going to open the room the first time for forty years.

What did the poor old man find there? Probably nothing more than

poor Barkham had said—some love-letters lying about. When the room was opened afterwards, by the new master of Cottingdean, we found only a boy's room, with fishing-rods and guns lying about. In one corner were a pair of muddy top-boots kicked off in a hurry, and the old groom remembered that Lord Barkham had been riding out the very morning he started for London. But, amidst the dust of forty years, we could plainly trace that some one had, comparatively recently, moved a chair up to the fire-place, and on the empty hearth there was a heap of the ashes of burnt paper.

Lord Saltire came back to Simpson just as his half-hour was over, and told him in confidence that the room he had been in was devilish draughty, and that he had caught cold in his ear. Cottingdean would not do after this. They departed next morning. They must try Marksworth.

Marksworth, Lord Saltire's north country place, is in Cumberland. If you are on the top of the coach, going northward, between Hiltonsbridge and Copley Beck, you can see it all the way for three miles or more, over the stone walls. The mountains are on your left; to the right are endless unbroken level woodlands; and, rising out of them, two miles off, is a great mass of gray building, from the centre of which rises a square Norman keep, ninety feet high, a beacon for miles even in that mountainous country. The Hilton and Copley Beck join in the park, which is twelve miles in circumference, and nearly all thick woodland. Beyond the great tower, between it and the further mountains, you catch a gleam of water. This is Marksmere, in which there are charr.

The draughts at Marksworth were colder and keener than the draughts at Cottingdean. Lord Saltire always hated the place; for the truth is this, that although Marksworth looked as if it had stood for eight hundred years, every stone in it had been set up by his father when he, Lord Saltire, was quite a big boy. It was beautifully done; it was splendidly and solidly built—probably the best-executed humbug in England; but it was not comfortable to live in. A nobleman of the nineteenth century, stricken in years, finds it difficult to accommodate himself in a house the windows of which are calculated to resist arrows. At the time of the Eglinton tournament, Lord Saltire challenged the whole Tory world in arms to attack Marksworth in the ante-gunpowder style of warfare, his Lordship providing eatables and liquor to besiegers and besieged, probably hoping that he might get it burnt down over his head, and have a decent excuse for rebuilding it in a more sensible style. The challenge was not accepted. "The trouble," said certain Tory noblemen, "of getting up the old tactics correctly would be very great; and the expense of having the old engines of war constructed would be enormous. Besides, it might come on to rain again, and spoil the whole affair."

Marksworth wouldn't do. And then Simpson suggested his lordship's town house in Curzon Street, and Lord Saltire said "Hey?" and Simpson repeated his suggestion, and Lord Saltire said "Hah!" As Charles's luck would have it, he liked the suggestion, and turned south, coming to Casterton on his way to London. He arrived at Casterton a few days after George Corby. When he alighted at the door, Lord Hainault ran down the steps to greet him, for this pair were very fond of one another. Lord Hainault, who was accused by some people of "priggishness," was certainly not priggish before Lord Saltire. He was genial and hearty. There was a crust on Lord Hainault. Because he had held his own to a certain extent among the clever commoners at the university, he fancied himself a little cleverer than he was. He in his heart thought more of his second, than Marston did of his double first, and possibly showed it among his equals. But before an acknowledged superior, like Lord Saltire, this never showed. When Lord Saltire talked wisely and shrewdly (and who could do so better than he?), he listened; when Lord Saltire was cross, he laughed. On this occasion Lord

Saltire was cross. He never was cross to any one but Lady Ascot, Lord Hainault, and Marston. He knew they liked it.

"Good Ged, Hainault," he began, "don't stand grinning there, and looking so abominably healthy and happy, or I will drive away again and go on to London. Nothing can be in worse taste than to look like that at a man whom you see is tired and cold and peevish. You have been out shooting, too. Don't deny it; you smell of gunpowder."

"Did you *never* shoot?" said Lord Hainault, laughing.

"I shot as long as I could walk, and therefore I have a right to nourish envy and all uncharitableness against those who can still do so. I wish you would be cross, Hainault. It is wretched manners not to be cross, when you see a man is trying to put you out of temper.

"And how *are* you, my dear lad?" continued Lord Saltire, when he had got hold of his arm. "How is Lady Ascot? and whom have you got here?"

"We are all very well," said Lord Hainault; "and we have got nobody."

"Well done," said Lord Saltire. "I thought I should have found the house smelling like a poulterer's shop on Guy Fawkes's day, in consequence of your having got together all the hawbucks in the country for pheasant-shooting. I'll go upstairs, my dear boy, and change, and then come down to the library fire."

And so he did. There was no one there, and he sank into a comfortable chair with a contented "humph!" in front of the fire, beside a big round table. He had read the paper in the train; so he looked for a book. There was a book on the table beside him—Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which had pictures in it; so he took out his great gold glasses, and began turning it over.

A man's card fell from it. He picked it up and read it. "Mr. Charles Ravenshoe." Poor Charles! That spring, you remember, he had come over to see Adelaide, and, while waiting to see old Lady Hainault, had held his card in his hand. It had got into the book. Lord Saltire put the book away, put up his glasses, and walked to the window.

And Charles lay in his bed and watched the flies upon the wall.

"I'll send up for little Mary," said Lord Saltire. "I want to see the little bird. Poor Charles!"

He looked out over the landscape. It was dull and foggy. He wandered into the conservatory, and idly looked out of the glass door at the end. Then, as he looked, he said, suddenly, "Gadzooks!" and then, still more briskly, "The deuce!"

There was a splendid show of chrysanthemums in the flower garden, but they were not what his lordship exclaimed at. In the middle of the walk was Mary Corby, leaning on the arm of a very handsome young man. He was telling some very animated story, and she was looking up into his face with sparkling eyes.

"Othello and Desdemona! Death and confusion!" said Lord Saltire. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Maria must be mad."

He went back into the library. Lord Hainault was there. "Hainault," said he quietly, "who is that young gentleman, walking with Mary Corby in the garden?"

"Oh! her cousin. I have not had time to tell you about it." Which he did.

"And what sort of fellow is he?" said Lord Saltire. "A Yahoo, I suppose."

"Not at all. He is a capital fellow—a perfect gentleman. There will be a match, I believe, unless you put a stop to it. You know best. We will talk it over. It seems to me to offer a good many advantages. I think it will come off in time. It is best for the poor little thing to forget poor Ravenshoe, if she can."

"Yes, it will be best for her to forget poor Ravenshoe, if she can," repeated Lord Saltire. "I wish her to do so. I must make the young fellow's accquaintance. By-the-bye, what time does your post go out?"

"At five."

"Have you no morning post?"

"Yes. We can send to Henley before nine."

"Then I shall not plague myself with writing my letter now. I should like to see this young fellow, Hainault."

George Corby was introduced. Lord Saltire seemed to take a great fancy to him. He kept near him all the evening, and listened with great pleasure to his Australian stories. George Corby was of course very much flattered by such attention from such a famous man. Possibly he might have preferred to be near Mary; but old men, he thought, are exacting, and it is the duty of gentlemen to bear with them. So he stayed by him with good grace. After a time Lord Saltire seemed to see that he had an intelligent listener. And then the others were astonished to hear Lord Saltire do what he but seldom did for them—use his utmost powers of conversation; use an art almost forgotten, that of *talking*. To this young man, who was clever and well educated, and, like most "squatters," perhaps *a trifle* fond of hearing of great people, Lord Saltire opened the storehouse of his memory, of a memory extending over seventy years; and in a clear, well modulated voice gave him his recollection of his interviews with great people—conversations with Sièyes, Talleyrand, with Madame de Staël, with Robespierre, with Egalité, with Alexander, and a dozen others. George was intensely eager to hear about Marat. Lord Saltire and his snuff-box had not penetrated into the lair of that filthy wolf, but he had heard much of him from many friends, and told it well. When the ladies rose to go to bed, George Corby was astonished; he had forgotten Mary, had never been near her the whole evening, and he had made an engagement to drive Lord Saltire, the next morning, up to Wargrave in a pony-chaise, to look at Barrymore House, and the place where the theatre stood, and where the game of high jinks had been played so bravely fifty years before. And, moreover, he and Lord Saltire were the day after to make an excursion down the river and see Medmenham, where once Jack Wilkes and the devil had held court. Mary would not see much of him at this rate for a day or two.

It was a great shame of this veteran to make such a fool of the innocent young bushman. There ought to be fair play in love or war. His acquaintance Talleyrand could not have been more crafty. I am so angry with him that I will give the letter he wrote that night *in extenso*, and show the world what a wicked old man he was. When he went to his room he said to Simpson, "I have got to write a letter before I go to bed. I want it to go to the post at Henley before nine. I don't want it to lie in the letter-box in the hall. I don't want them to see the direction. What an appetite you would have for your breakfast, Simpson, if you were to walk to Henley." And Simpson said, "Very good, my lord." And Lord Saltire wrote as follows:—

"My dear Lad,—I have been travelling to my places, looking for a place to die in. They are all cold and draughty, and won't do. I have come back to Casterton. I must stay here at present on your account, and I am in mortal fear of dying here. Nothing, remember, can be more unmannerly or rude than falling ill and dying in another man's house. I know that I should resent such a proceeding myself as a deliberate affront, and I therefore would not do it for the world.

"You must come here to me *instantly;* do you hear? I am keeping the breach for you at all sacrifices. Until you come, I am to be trundled about this foggy valley in pony carriages through the day, and talk myself hoarse all the evening, all for your sake. A cousin of Mary Corby's has come from Australia. He is very handsome, clever, and gentlemanly, and I am afraid she is getting very fond of him.

"This must not be, my dear boy. Now our dear Charles is gone, you must, if possible, marry her. It is insufferable that we should have another disappointment from an interloper. I don't

blame you for not having come before. You were quite right, but don't lose a moment now. Leave these boys of yours. The dirty little rogues must get on for a time without you. Don't think that I sneer at the noble work that you and your uncle are doing. God Almighty forbid; but you must leave it for a time and come here.

"Don't argue or procrastinate, but come. I cannot go on being driven all over the country in November to keep him out of the way. Besides, if you don't come soon, I shall have finished all my true stories, and have to do what I have never done yet—to lie. So make haste, my dear boy.

"Yours affectionately,

"SALTIRE."

On the second day from this Lord Saltire was driven to Medmenham by George Corby, and prophesied to him about it. When they neared home, Lord Saltire grew distraught for the first time, and looked eagerly towards the terrace. As they drove up, John Marston ran down the steps to meet them. Lord Saltire said, "Thank God!" and walked up to the hall-door between the two young men.

"Are you staying in London?" said George Corby.

"Yes. I am living in London," said John Marston. "An uncle of mine, a Moravian missionary from Australia, is working at a large ragged school in the Borough, and I am helping him."

"You don't surely mean James Smith?" said Corby.

"Indeed I do."

"Your uncle? Well, that is very strange. I know him very well. My father fought his battle for him when he was at variance with the squatters about . . . He is one of the best fellows in the world. I am delighted to make your acquaintance."

Lord Saltire said to Lord Hainault, when they were alone together, "You see what a liberty I have taken, having my private secretary down in this unceremonious way. Do ask him to stay."

"You know how welcome he is for his own sake. Do you think you are right?"

"I think so."

"I am afraid you are a little too late," said Lord Hainault.

Alas! poor Charles.

CHAPTER LVI.

SCUTARI.

ALAS! poor Charles. While they all were dividing the spoil at home, thinking him dead, where was he?

At Scutari. What happened to him before he got there, no one knows or ever will know. He does not remember, and there is no one else to tell. He was passed from hand to hand and put on board ship. Here fever set in, and he passed from a state of stupid agony into a state of delirium. He may have lain on the pier in the pouring rain, moistening his parched lips in the chilling shower; he may have been jolted from hospital to hospital, and laid in draughty passages, till a bed was found for him: as others were. But he happily knew nothing of it. Things were so bad with him now that it did not much matter how he was treated. Read Lord Sidney Osborne's "Scutari and its Hospitals," and see how he *might* have been, and probably was. It is no part of our duty to dig up and exhibit all that miserable mismanagement. I think we have learnt our lesson. I think I will go bail it don't happen again. Before Charles knew where he was, there was a great change for the better. The hospital nurses arrived early in November.

He thinks that there were faint gleams of consciousness in his delirium. In the first, he says he was lying on his back, and above him were the masts and spars of a ship, and a sailor-boy was sitting out on a yard in the clear blue, mending a rope or doing something. It may have been a dream or not. Afterwards there were periods, distinctly remembered, when he seemed conscious—conscious of pain, and space, and time—to a certain extent. At these times he began to understand, in a way, that he

was dead, and in hell. The delirium was better than this at ordinary times, in spite of its headlong incongruities. It was not so unbearable, save at times, when there came the feeling, too horrible for human brain to bear, of being millions and millions of miles, or of centuries, away, with no road back; at such times there was nothing to be done but to leap out of bed, and cry aloud for help in God's name.

Then there came a time when he began, at intervals, to see a great vaulted arch overhead, and to wonder whether or no it was the roof of the pit. He began, after studying the matter many times, to find that pain had ceased, and that the great vaulted arch was real. And he heard low voices once at this time—blessed voices of his fellow-men. He was content to wait.

At last, his soul and consciousness seemed to return to him in a strange way. He seemed to pass out of some abnormal state into a natural one. For he became aware that he was alive, nay, more, that he was asleep and dreaming a silly, pleasant dream, and that he could wake himself at any time. He awoke, expecting to awake in his old room at Ravenshoe. But he was not there, and looked round him in wonder.

The arch he remembered was overhead. That was all real enough. Three people were round his bed—a doctor in undress, a grey-haired gentleman who peered into his face, and a lady.

"God bless me!" said the doctor. "We have fetched him through. Look at his eyes, just look at his eyes. As sane an eye as yours or mine, and the pulse as round as a button."

"Do you know us, my man?" said the gentleman.

It was possible enough that he did not, for he had never set eyes on him before. The gentleman meant only, "Are you sane enough to know one of your fellow-creatures when you see one?" Charles thought he must be some one he had met in society in old times and ought to recognise. He framed a polite reply, to the effect that he hoped he had been well since he met him last, and that, if he found himself in the west, he would not pass Ravenshoe without coming to see him.

The doctor laughed. "A little abroad, still, I daresay; I have pulled you through. You have had a narrow escape."

Charles was recovered enough to take his hand and thank him fervently, and whispered, "Would you tell me one thing, sir? How did Lady Hainault come here?"

"Lady Hainault, my man?"

"Yes; she who is standing at the foot of the bed."

"That is no Lady Hainault, my man; that is Miss Nightingale. Do you ever say your prayers?"

"No."

"Say them to-night before you go to sleep, and remember her name in them. Possibly they may get to heaven the quicker for it. Good-night."

"Prayer forgotten, eh!" How much of all this misery lay in that, I wonder? How much of this dull, stupid, careless despair—earth a hopeless, sunless wilderness, and heaven not thought of? Read on.

But, while you read, remember that poor Charles had had no domestic religious education whatever. The vicar had taught him his catechism and "his prayers." After that, Shrewsbury and Oxford. Read on, but don't condemn; at least not yet.

That he thanked God with all the earnestness of his warm heart that night, and remembered that name the doctor told him, you may be sure. But, when the prayer was finished, he began to think whether or no it was sincere, whether it would not be better that he should die, and that it should be all over and done. His creed was that, if he died in the faith of Christ, bearing no ill-will to anyone, having repented of his sins, it would not go ill with him. Would it not be better to die now that he could fulfil those conditions, and not tempt the horrible black future? Certainly.

In time he left watching the great arch overhead, and the creeping shadows, and the patch of light on the wall, which

shaped itself into a faint rhomboid at noon, and crept on till it defined itself into a perfect square at sundown, and then grew golden and died out. He began to notice other things. But till the last there was one effect of light and shadow which he always lay awake to see—a faint flickering on the walls and roof, which came slowly nearer, till a light was in his eyes. We all know what that was. It has been described twenty times. I can believe that story of the dying man kissing the shadow on the wall. When Miss Nightingale and her lamp are forgotten, it will be time to consider whether one would prefer to turn Turk or Mormon.

He began to take notice that there were men in the beds beside him. One, as we know, had been carried out dead; but there was another in his place now. And one day there was a great event; when Charles woke, both of them were up, sitting at the side of their beds, ghastly shadows, and talking across him.

The maddest musician never listened to the "vox humana" stop at Haarlem with such delight as Charles did to these two voices. He lay for a time hearing them make acquaintance, and then he tried to sit up and join. He was on his left side, and tried to rise. His left arm would not support him, and he fell back, but they crept to him and set him up, and sat on his bed.

"Right again, eh, comrade?" said one. "I thought you was gone, my lad. But I heard the doctor say you'd get through. You look bravely. Time was when you used to jump out of bed, and cry on God A'mighty. Many a time I've strove to help ye. The man in his bed died while you was like that, a Fusilier Guards man. What regiment?"

"I am of the 140th," said Charles. "We had a bit of a brush with the enemy on the 25th. I was wounded there. It was a pretty little rattle, I think, for a time, but not of very much importance, I fancy."

The man who had first spoken laughed; the other man, a lad who had a round face once, perhaps, but now was a pale death's head, with two great staring eyes, speaking with a voice which Charles knew at once to be a gentleman's, said, "Don't you know then that that charge of yours is the talk of Europe? That charge will never be forgotten while the world is round. Six hundred men against ten battalions. Good God! And you might have died there, and not known it."

"Ah, is it so?" said Charles. "If some could only know it!"

"That is the worst of it," said the young man. "I have enlisted under a false name, and will never go home any more. Never more. And she will never know that I did my duty."

And after a time he got strong again in a way. A bullet, it appears, had struck the bone of his arm, and driven the splinters into the flesh. Fever had come on, and his splendid constitution, as yet untried, save by severe training, had pulled him through. But his left arm was useless. The doctor looked at it again and again, and shook his head.

The two men who were in the beds on each side of him were moved before him. They were only there a fortnight after his coming to himself. The oldest of the two went first, and two or three days after the younger.

The three made all sorts of plans for meeting in England. Alas, what chance is there for three soldiers to meet again, unless by accident? At home it would have taken three years to have made these three men such hearty friends as they had become in a fortnight. Friendships are made in the camp, in the bush, or on board ship, at a wonderful rate. And, moreover, they last for an indefinite time. For ever, I fancy, for these reasons. Time does not destroy friendship. Time has nothing whatever to do with it. I have heard an old man of seventy-eight talking of a man he had not seen for twelve years, and before that for twenty-five, as if they were young men together. Craving for his company, as if once more they were together on the deck of the white-sailed yacht, flying before the easterly wind between Hurst-castle and Sconce Point. Mere continual familiarity, again, does not hurt friend-

ship, unless interests clash. Diversity of interests is the death-blow of friendship. One great sacrifice may be made—two, or even three; but, after the first, two men are not to one another as they were before. Where men are thrown intimately together for a short time, and part have only seen the best side of one another, or where men see one another frequently, and have not very many causes of difference, friendship will flourish for ever. In the case of love it is very different, and for this obvious reason, which I will explain in a few pages, if——

I entered into my own recognizances, in an early chapter of this story, not to preach. I fear they are escheated after this short essay on friendship, coming, as it does, exactly in the wrong place. I must only throw myself on the court, and purge myself of my contempt by promising amendment.

Poor Charles after a time was sent home to Fort Pitt. But that mighty left arm, which had done such noble work when it belonged to No. 3, in the Oxford University eight, was useless, and Charles Simpson, trooper in the 140th, was discharged from the army, and found himself on Christmas Eve in the street in front of the Waterloo Station, with eighteen shillings and ninepence in his pocket, wondering blindly what the end would be, but no more dreaming of begging from those who had known him formerly than of leaping off Waterloo Bridge. Perhaps not half as much.

To be continued.

A FEW REMARKS ON MR. HARE'S SCHEME OF REPRESENTATION.

BY G. O. TREVELYAN, B.A., SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.[1]

Mr. Hare has observed, with just pride, that his system of contingent representation "has been received with en-
"thusiasm by many of the most scruti-
"nizing and enlightened minds of nearly
"every rank, class, and opinion." That system has been pronounced by Mr. Mill to possess "the almost unparalleled merit
"of carrying out a great principle of go-
"vernment, in a manner approaching to
"ideal perfection as regards the special
"object in view, while it attains inci-
"dentally several other ends of scarcely "inferior importance." It is difficult to believe that in a scheme which has been sifted and approved by Mr. Mill there can exist any radical defect which has escaped his observation. It is still more difficult to imagine that the grievance, the prevention of which constitutes, in his opinion, one of the principal merits of that scheme, is little more than imaginary. And yet it is hard to deny that there is one grave drawback inherent in the very nature of Mr. Hare's system, and that the abuse, which according to Mr. Mill can be remedied by that system only, cannot actually exist, in this country at least, under any system of equal representation.

The grievance in question is stated at length in the seventh chapter of the Treatise on Representative Government.
"Suppose that in a country governed
"by equal and universal suffrage there
"is a contested election in every con-
"stituency, and every election is carried
"by a small majority. The Parliament
"thus brought together represents little
"more than a bare majority of the peo-

[1] We present this article, not because we agree with its anticipations respecting Mr. Hare's scheme, but because we are anxious to contribute to the discussion of Mr. Hare's ideas even by exhibiting, in a strong form, what may be said against them. To us Mr. Hare's views seem of the very greatest importance—constituting, when taken collectively, a real stroke of inventive genius in a department of practical politics in which it was supposed, a little while ago, by almost every one, that the "last word" had been spoken through the mouths of our ordinary party politicians, and the wall reached beyond which, for those whom this "last word" did not satisfy, there was no farther hope or chance of progress.—Ed.

"ple. This Parliament proceeds to legis-
"late, and adopts important measures
"by a bare majority of itself. What
"guarantee is there that these measures
"accord with the wishes of a majority
"of the people? . . . It is possible, and
"even probable, that the opinion which
"has prevailed was agreeable only to a
"minority of the nation, though to a
"majority of that portion of it whom
"the institutions of the country have
"erected into a ruling class."

This may be, and, no doubt, often is, the case when the measures in question are such as do not greatly interest the mass of the nation. If the opinion of the constituent bodies was taken on the Bill for the Protection of Servants when employed in cleaning windows, it is not impossible that it might differ from that of the majority of the House of Commons. But when the measures in question are of vital importance, when they attract the attention and appeal to the feelings of the English people, then there is nothing more certain than that the English people will have their own way; and woe be to those who attempt to bar them from it.

In 1784, the Coalition Ministry was supported by a majority of the House of Commons at a time when they were unpopular with the nation at large. That is to say, the opinion which then prevailed concerning their measures was agreeable only to a minority of the nation. If the two eminent statesmen at the head of affairs had yielded for the time to the popular voice, the great law of reaction would soon have brought the tide of success again to their feet. But they clung to office to the last; the public discontent waxed more bitter daily; and when their fall came, it was complete and irreparable. At the last debate before the dissolution, Parliament censured their opponents by a majority of one; that is, it adopted an important measure by a bare majority of itself: but at the ensuing election a hundred and sixty of their supporters lost their seats, and they found themselves doomed to a lifelong, fruitless, hopeless opposition. Again, in 1831, the Reform Bill was passed on the second reading by a majority of one in a crowded house: the contest was hot and doubtful; the celebrated Crockford was in the lobby every evening, engaged in making up his book on the event, and, according to popular report, stood to win thousands whichever way the division went. A few days afterwards ministers were defeated on some details of the Bill by a very small majority; that is to say, Parliament rejected an important measure by a bare majority of itself. But the great heart of the nation was set on the Reform Bill, and in the next parliament the Whig majorities swept everything before them.

And these things happened in the old days, before that great and bloodless revolution, which effected a change as deep and lasting as did ever the Revolution of 1688. Since the Reform Bill, public opinion is brought to bear on all the questions of the day with much greater rapidity and precision than in former times. Before 1832, in the case of measures which did not involve the selfish interest of large classes, the wishes of the nation speedily made themselves heard. But in a case in which the power and interest of the ruling classes was concerned, the popular voice had need to call longer and louder than at present before it could command attention and respect. That this was so may be seen by comparing the long and weary throes by which the Reform Bill was brought to the birth with the rapid passage of free-trade principles from the heads of advanced political economists to the statute book of England. It is not difficult to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon. In those days many flourishing cities were unrepresented; many boroughs, which now bear on their lists two, three, five thousand voters, were misrepresented by the nominees of small and close corporations. In those days, when the elected of Cambridge were carried forth from the portals of the town-hall to receive the congratulations of the citizens whose interests should have been the same as their own, the dead cats immediately began

to fly. In vain they entreated the corporation to spare them the unsavoury ovation. Those worthy burgesses rightly considered that a new-made member could not without scandal refuse to show himself to the people whom he was supposed to represent; and a sense of justice forbade them to deprive their fellow-townsmen of the consolation which the discharge of cabbage-stalks and questionable eggs naturally affords to the injured feelings of the unregistered. If, then, in 1784 and 1831, the danger against which Mr. Mill would make provision proved so insignificant, what reasonable terrors can it have for us who have lived for thirty years under the benign influence of schedule A?

It may be said, indeed, that, in a case in which a dissolution of Parliament was still remote, much practical inconvenience would ensue from the complication of circumstances imagined by Mr. Mill. But the evil contains its own cure. No statesman who has observed the course of public affairs with ordinary attention will resort to the desperate resource of staving off a dissolution in order to prolong the existence of a Parliament which does not reflect the true opinion of the nation. The months of office which he may gain by such an expedient will have to be atoned for by years of opposition. Discontent will grow into fury; dislike into hatred. Mutiny will ere long discover itself in that very body on which he relies for support. Individual members of his party will begin to provide for the crisis which must eventually arrive, and will hurry to make terms with their constituents before all hope of forgiveness be cut off. Outside the walls of the senate-house the opposition to his measures will continue to grow in ever increasing ratio. The insult offered to the nation as a whole will embolden his enemies and estrange his partizans. Sooner or later the crash will come, irresistible, irremediable; and he will at length be forced to own how fatally he misunderstood the character and genius of the people whom he vainly undertook to govern.

Before proceeding to discuss the defect in Mr. Hare's system to which allusion was made at the commencement of this article, it will be necessary to state in a few words the main feature of that system. The suffrage of each voter is not confined to the local candidate. He may choose from all the candidates in the kingdom the man whom he prefers to support. Any candidate who obtains a certain quota of votes is elected; and any surplus vote goes to the candidate who is placed second on the voting-paper. If the candidate second on the voting-paper has the number required, the vote goes to the third; and so on throughout the list. If this system is judiciously and honestly carried out, it is as certain as a mathematical truth that every vote will have its due weight. It is likewise asserted that under this system no candidate will be forced down the throats of an unwilling constituency, and that men of genius and refinement, who want either the gold or the brass indispensable in an election of the present day, will be chosen by the combined effort of their admirers in different parts of the country. It may, however, fairly be doubted whether such results can be expected from the scheme in question; whether the tendency of that scheme may not be to throw the elections more and more into the hands of some two or three great parties; to swamp the claims of individual merit and reputation; to create and foster political animosity; to provide an unscrupulous faction with an engine of rare power and efficiency.

A person of a simple and confiding turn of mind once expressed a fear that under Mr. Hare's system the ranks of the House would be considerably thinned, because the electors would not know for whom to vote. Never was there a more unfounded apprehension. Until there are so few statesmen anxious for office that they can all be contained in one cabinet, we may relieve our minds from any prospective pain that may be caused by the idea of a seat in Parliament going a-begging. It would be hard

indeed to conceive of any system of which the Carlton could not make something, and which Sir William Hayter would have failed to comprehend. But of all systems that ever were devised, this of Mr. Hare's is most adapted to serve the ends of party. He seems to have omitted to take two facts into consideration: the indifference with which a large number of voters regard their privilege of voting, and the intense eagerness felt by the leading members of the several parties to secure as many seats as possible for their own followers. A very large proportion of voters are even now glad enough to be told by their party for whom to vote, and sometimes require a considerable stimulus before they can be induced to vote at all. But when they are not confined to local candidates—when they have all England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to speak of the Scilly Islands and Rockall, to pick and choose from—their laziness will be turned into despair. Even if they have a strong preference, they will not be certain, after the most careful and extended inquiry, whether the object of that preference may have any chance of obtaining the number of votes requisite for his election; and such an inquiry no private man could undertake with much hope of success. Would, then these worthy citizens be allowed to flounder about in hopeless political ignorance? Would they be permitted to renounce their rights as Englishmen, or perchance, in despair, to give their suffrage to their pet physician or their favourite writer on Proverbial Philosophy? "Assuredly not," would be the answer of any one who had observed the genius of English politics. Each of these gentlemen would be thoughtfully provided by the agents of his party with a list of candidates for whom to vote, drawn up in the proper order. If, in a sudden fit of independence, he desired to re-arrange the list according to his own inclinations, he would be told, and told with a great deal of truth, that the most precise unanimity, even on the slightest points of detail, would be required to insure the success of his party. And not only indolent or ill-informed voters would be thus dealt with, but the same pressure would be used with the most energetic and thoughtful partizans. "We entreat you," such would be the arguments employed, "for the sake of the principles that we "hold sacred in common, and the mea-"sures which we are in common engaged "to support, not to sacrifice the interests "of us all to your own likes or dislikes, "however just they may be. We all "surrender something or somebody. "Compromise is essential for our success. "Our opponents know no scruples: "they do not allow personal prefer-"ence to stand for a moment in "the way of political success. We must "follow their example unless we are will-"ing to lose power and place in order "that each of us may gratify his indi-"vidual whims." Such an appeal would be irresistible to an ardent and honest member of a political party. When one faction had adopted these tactics, the others would be compelled to imitate the example from motives of self-preservation. The several elections would no longer be managed by local committees, proud of their independent action, but by an immensely powerful central committee in the metropolis, with a widely-ramified system of subordinate agency. Such a state of things could only grow from bad to worse. Party spirit would be fostered where it existed, and introduced wherever it had not yet penetrated. The competition of factions would bring the mighty machinery of party influence nearer and nearer to perfection. The politics of every voter would be ascertained; no stone would be left unturned to induce those who still held aloof to enlist themselves under the party standards; bribery and intimidation, jobbery and intrigue would be resorted to with less squeamishness than ever. Local influence, personal respect, everything that now tempers the virulence and narrow-mindedness of faction would gradually disappear from the scene. The one motive which would remain for voting for a man would be that in Parliament he would vote

with Lord Brock, or Lord De Terrier. It would be impossible for either party to draw back without instant and inevitable ruin. Nay, what would be a yet more fatal result, neither party would desire to draw back if it could. For the minds of men soon grow callous as to the means which they employ for an end. While the Parliament of England could only be managed by bribery, all leaders of the House of Commons bribed without scruple, with the single exception of the elder Pitt, who allowed the Duke of Newcastle to do it for him. If the representation of England could only be managed by unscrupulous agitation, by unlimited corruption, by inquisitorial oppression—agitation, corruption, and oppression would soon become venial in the eyes of men of the world.

Let no one think that these dangers and inconveniences exist only in imagination. This is no abstract theory. The experiment has been tried, and the result proves to be exactly such as we have described. In the election of the President of the United States, the electors are not confined to local candidates. They may choose from the whole mass of American citizens. And what is the consequence? Do men always vote for the politician in whose integrity and ability they place the most entire confidence? Is the President elect in all cases the most distinguished statesman of his day? Does not the reverse notoriously take place? Each party puts forward a candidate, and that candidate is seldom or never a very eminent man, because compromise is necessary to insure his election; and, while it is possible to induce many men to vote for one of whom they have formed no opinion, few can be persuaded to vote for one whom they dislike. The party candidates are thrust down the throat of every elector; for, even if he gives his vote elsewhere, it will count for nothing, because, without a party following, no candidate can have a hope of success. The personal claims of merit, reputation, and virtue, are powerless. The contest lies entirely between the champions of the various factions. How hot that contest has become, in the course of time, how bitter, how fatal to the destinies of America, and of liberty, it is unnecessary, at this time of all others, to insist. It is true that in the Presidential election there is an intermediate machinery provided; but the electors are all pledged to vote for one of the party candidates. It sometimes, indeed, happens that a great man, without strong political opinions, is chosen President because no party is afraid of him; but our lot could be tempered by no such mitigating circumstance. It is comparatively easy to find one hero or patriot whom all factions respect and none distrust; but where in England, or anywhere else, could you find six hundred and fifty-eight such? Any one who is inclined to approve of the abolition of the local element in our representative system, will do well, before he finally makes up his mind, to examine carefully the effect of the Presidential elections upon the character and spirit of parties in America.

Nor must it be supposed that the expense of an election would be diminished. Each central committee would require to have an enormous sum of money at its own disposal to enable it to direct the electioneering tactics of the party over the whole kingdom with any chance of success. The contribution of each candidate to this general fund would at least equal, and probably far exceed the sum which, under the present system, he would expend on his own account. The operations of a joint-stock company are always conducted at a greater expense than those of the individual trader; and a joint-stock company for securing seats in Parliament is not likely to form an exception to the general rule. The average expense of elections would likewise be increased by the fact that each additional vote would be a real accession of strength to the party which obtained it. At present, if the majority of voters in a constituency honestly and conscientiously favour either candidate, it is unnecessary for him to seek for any further support by questionable means. But, under Mr. Hare's system, every vote which could be begged, cajoled,

or bought would be of real importance in the general result of the elections of the whole kingdom. Every one conversant with elections knows that in a borough in which the parties are of almost equal strength, and some doubtful votes are required to secure a majority, the contest is not likely to be cheap. Who can calculate the expense that must be incurred when every vote in the three kingdoms, which did not belong to a warm partizan, might be considered a doubtful vote, and therefore fair game for the agents of every faction?

It is true that some men of learning and ability, who at present are excluded from Parliament by want of means, might be brought in by the influence of a party-leader who owed something to their pen or hoped something from their tongue. But this advantage would be dearly purchased by the surrender of their independence. The principle of division of labour, the sure concomitant of advancing civilization, has its advantages in the management of public affairs no less than in the manufacture of pins. Our great thinkers have done far more to aid the spread of political truth by their literary labours than they would have accomplished by taking part in active public life. It is well for us that no portion of Mr. Mill's time is consumed in parliamentary committee-rooms; and it is, perhaps, no worse for us that the attention of Mr. Bright has never been directed towards the composition of works on Representative Government. It is hard to believe that Adam Smith or Bentham would have chosen to exchange the freedom, the leisure, the equable, yet sustained, interest of a speculative life for the dubious, rough and chequered struggle of a political career: and it is still harder to believe that the world would have approved such a choice.

In an article published in a recent number of this Magazine, Mr. Hare has spoken with just severity on the abuse of the word "Utopian." He reflects with indignation on the freedom with which that epithet has been applied, in turn, to every fresh discovery in political science. It is therefore with no small diffidence that we venture on the dangerous question of the practicability of his system. It is interesting to observe the nature of the various schemes which have, in their time, been pronounced "Utopian," and their corresponding fate. Ten years ago, if any one had sketched out a plan by which jobbery and patronage would be practically abolished in England and her dependencies, he would have been recommended to submit his papers to a board of the Fellows of Solomon's House in the New Atlantis. And yet the wildest dreams of purity and economy—such dreams as Sir Stafford Northcote must enjoy, if ever he indulges in the practice of taking opium—have become realities in the sight of all the world. Not Joe Hume's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, could have pictured anything more perfect than the Civil Service Commission. What was the secret of the rapid and complete success of a scheme which was immaculate enough in theory to be denominated "Utopian," and, in practice, sufficiently opposed to existing interests to be extremely unpopular? Something, no doubt, was due to the character of the men who originated and pushed it forward. They were men eminently qualified to judge on such a matter; men who had great experience of the old system; who had done much good work under that system, and could therefore claim attention and respect when they declared that, in their opinion, it was capable of improvement. But the real cause of the success of the reform in the civil service was that it was a purely practical reform. None of the associations, none of the valued institutions of the country were in any way affected by it. It injured the interests of many, but did not shock the feelings of the great body of Englishmen. No man's respect for the constitution was diminished because the son of the butler of a member of Parliament could not become a tidewaiter without some knowledge of arithmetic. No ancient prejudice was pained by the intelligence that the nephew of an East

Indian Director must take his chance for a writership with the nephews of everybody else. When once the change was shown to be salutary in theory, no one could doubt that it would be excellent in practice. But it is far otherwise with schemes for the improvement of the representation of the country. For representative government is a means, not an end. The end of all government is that the nation governed should enjoy as much happiness, security, and freedom, as can be obtained by human means. The best government is that which administers speedy and impartial justice; which maintains the dignity of the country abroad; which guarantees to every man the enjoyment and disposal of his property, and the most perfect freedom of thought and action; finally, which employs for these objects the cheapest and most effective machinery possible. There is no beau-ideal of representative government. That system of representation is the best which provides the best House of Commons, and which is generally acceptable to the country at large.

In all the great changes which from time to time have been made in the English constitution the associations and prejudices of the mass of the people have been very tenderly treated; and it is to this that our constitution principally owes its stability. Our legislators have never thought it sufficient that a plan should be perfect in theory. It must also be such as to assimilate readily with the feelings of the nation. A scheme of representation which distributed power in the most exquisite proportion between the various classes, but which was not regarded with respect and pride by the mass of the people, would meet with little favour in the eyes of English statesmen. Our representative system is, theoretically, far from the best that the world has seen. There have been better in America, in Italy, in Spain; there have been a dozen better in France. Its incontestable superiority consists in the simple fact that it works well. Is it certain that a plan theoretically more perfect would work still better? The reverence which is almost universally felt for our existing Parliamentary system affords no reason for neglecting to improve it; but it does afford a very good reason for improving it gradually, and with caution. The Reform Bill of 1831 was no scheme of theorists. It was introduced for the purpose of remedying a grievance of terrible magnitude. A vast mass of power, of wealth, of intelligence, was destitute of its just influence on the conduct of public affairs. The pressure of that mass broke through the arbitrary and unequal barriers which fenced round the constitution of England. Those barriers were replaced by others, which, inasmuch as they were more fair and commodious, soon came to be regarded with equal veneration, and far greater affection. When the barriers, which are now fair and commodious, become, in the course and chance of time, unjust and oppressive, then, and not till then, let a sweeping change be undertaken. The one and only motive for an alteration in a system of representation should be that such an alteration is loudly called for by large and influential classes. That is the only safe test of the expediency and necessity of Parliamentary Reform. No class of men are more dangerous than those who are for ever inciting others to exert privileges which they do not really value, and sometimes do not even possess. Mr. Bright, when he succeeded in making the English people think, during several years, that they earnestly desired Radical Reform, resembled nothing so much as a country attorney, who is perpetually striving to induce his neighbours to claim a right of way which they would never care to use. It would be hard to conceive a greater misfortune for England than that her pilots, seeing many of the crew entranced by the strains of the Siren of Birmingham, should have themselves guided, with unwilling and trembling hand, the ill-fated ship of the State through a seething surge of bunkum on to the reefs of caucus and universal suffrage.

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS:

MR. DART'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.[1]

We have here an English hexameter version of Homer's Iliad, half of which is now given us and the other half promised.

It is plain that such a performance has to fight its way to acceptance through strong adverse opinions. The Dean of Canterbury, allowing that the hexameter, as the mode of translating Homer, has every consideration in its favour but one, adds: "Still, the objection against the hexameter is, in my opinion, a fatal one. It "is *not an English metre*, and it *never will be*. All that has been done to naturalize "it has entirely failed. The scholar can read it and enjoy it, but then it is on "account of his knowledge of it in Greek and Latin. But the merely English "reader can make nothing of it." Dr. Alford's authoritative dictum, that "it is not an English metre, and it never will be," might strike with dismay Mr. Dart and others who, like him, have attempted or are attempting to give Homer to the English reader in the measure of the original, if he had not given his reasons for this prophecy. But probably Mr. Dart knows, as all who have read English hexameters without prejudice, and noted their effect upon other readers and hearers, know, that the facts are altogether at variance with Dr. Alford's statement. So far from all attempts to naturalize this measure having failed, it has been employed in several original poems which have very recently appeared, and which are very popular—"Evangeline," "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," and "Miles Standish"—besides innumerable translations from the German, and translations of part of Homer, which have had many admirers. So far from its being "the scholar who can read it and enjoy it," and this on account of his knowledge of it in Greek and Latin, it is precisely the scholar who will not enjoy or tolerate it; and who, rejecting the best specimens of it (for instance, "Evangeline"), because they do not conform to Greek and Latin rules, demands a kind of hexameter in English which mere English ears will not tolerate. It is this demand "of the scholar" for "Virgilian" hexameters which has, from the time of Sydney and Spenser to the present time, prevented this measure being accepted by the mere English reader, as it is accepted by the mere German reader since the time of Klopstock. So far from its being true that the merely English reader can make nothing of it, the merely English reader—ladies, and children even, who have a feeling for rhythm, and who have not the prejudices or the biases of "the scholar" to prevent them—read hexameters as readily as other kinds of verse, and write them as well. So far, therefore, Mr. Dart has nothing to fear from Dr. Alford's argument, however much he may be in danger of failure from having to encounter the prejudices which the Dean's dictum expresses; and, it may be, from not having himself got quite rid of those prejudices.

How strong these prejudices are we may learn further from a clever article in a highly respected contemporary.[2]

The writer of this article quotes a passage of the Iliad translated by our late lamented Dr. Hawtrey—"Helen on the Walls of Troy;" and he adds, "Now, I admit "that there is a certain grace here, even in the versification, and that for ten or "twelve lines it is not an unpleasant kind of canter; but I doubt whether a dozen "of the same would be agreeable." Now, I think we could not have a clearer proof how much the dislike to English hexameters arises from the fastidiousness of the classical scholar; for here is one such judge who, unable to find fault with these

[1] "The Iliad of Homer, in English Hexameter Verse," by J. Henry Dart, M.A.

[2] *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1861, p. 707.

eleven lines, is sure that he would be tired with a dozen more. And yet he might have known that the same accomplished scholar who wrote these translated into lines as good as these a great part of the Sixth Book of the Iliad; and he might have tried how many of them he could bear to read. He might have known that Mr. Lockhart, a writer in fineness of ear inferior to none, had translated, perhaps even better than Dr. Hawtrey, the Parting of Hector and Andromache; and had translated also into hexameters (in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1837), the First and the Last Books of the Iliad. (The signature N.N.T. denotes John Gibson Lockhart.) That the ear of the merely English reader is not sickened by a long course of such verses, is seen in the popularity of "Evangeline," and especially of "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," which continues to please, notwithstanding that many of the lines are of a most barbarous and dissonant kind, suggested apparently by the author's love of the grotesque. Even the writer in *Fraser* himself allows this, for he gives this couplet to Longfellow:—

> "Longfellow most pleases me: no trouble his quantity gives me,
> Each verse bounding along like a ship that bounds through the waters."

But, in opposition to hexameters of this kind, which read themselves, he puts what he calls the "Virgilian measure," of which he gives this example:—

> "Virgil *my* model is: accent, cæsura, division,
> His practice regulates: his laws my quantity obeyeth."

Now these verses do *not* read themselves, because they require us to say accēnt, practīce, whereas the natural pronunciation is āccent, prāctice. Such hexameters are not acceptable to the ordinary English ear, and are only tolerable to those who have been accustomed to force the accent in order to mark the quantity, as schoolboys are often taught to do.

I speak of the *accent* of modern English pronunciation as representing the *quantity* of the ancient measures, and so we must speak; for the modern ear (except by artificial classical training) does not recognise *any* versification except that which depends *essentially* upon accent, and can only recognise the ancient rhythms and measures by substituting accent for quantity. It is in vain, then, that J.S. says to the writers of English hexameters:—

> "Yours on accents false goes hobbling. Vain your endeavour
> Long to distinguish from short: long or short is all one to us English."

The hexametrist answers: "That is perfectly true, so far as the essence of verse "is regarded. We do not want to distinguish long from short, in order that the "verse should be verse, hexameter, or other." But we have need to distinguish long from short, in order to make our verses strong, smooth, light, instead of feeble, rough, heavy; and this, in other measures quite as much as in the hexameters. Thus, if we take Mr. Arnold's own example, which is not at all a happy application of his theory, the first line is:—

> "So shone forth in the front of Troy by the bed of Xanthus."

It cannot be denied that *front of* and *bed of*, two trochees which do duty for the spondees of the classical hexameter, are feeble, in consequence of the extreme lightness of the second syllable of each. The verse is a verse, but a bad verse.

At every step of discussion on this subject we are reminded how it has been entangled by the attempts made to identify modern hexameters, which must proceed by accent, with ancient hexameters, which were founded on quantity. I have said,

"the trochees which do duty for spondees," for we cannot have spondees as a regular element of the verse, though we may have spondees, or something very near to spondees, interspersed occasionally with good effect. But verse implies alternation of strong and weak syllables; and hence a series of spondees would not be verse; except indeed that they would have an alternate stress, arising from the musical accent, as a series of equal notes in music would have a rhythm arising from the accent which falls in the beginning of each bar. But in general, in English verse, trochees do duty for spondees. Yet in hexameters the trochee is still so used as to be, in the general balance of rhythm, the equivalent of the dactyl; and thus its weak syllable is to be equivalent to the two weak syllables of the dactyl. And when the second syllable of trochees is very light, the line does not cease to be a hexameter line (for the six accents or strong syllables make it so), but it becomes a bad and feeble line.

It used to be said that we cannot have hexameters in English, because we have no spondees. To which it was answered, that we can have abundant spondees, as, for instance:—

"Tityrus, *blest youth*, lies in the *broad shade* under a *green tree*."

But that in our modern verse it is not well to use such spondees regularly, as I have said; and that in reading ancient verse rhythmically, no less than modern verse, we lay a stress on the first syllable of the foot, and thus make it a trochee.

The writer to whom I refer says further of the English hexameters, to which he gives his unwilling commendation, "I deny altogether that the metrical movement has any resemblance whatever to that of the Greek lines." To this denial I do not know what we can answer, except that to us, and to the writer of the English lines, and to all the other persons who have written English hexameters, and to those who have admired them, who are no small number, the metrical movement of the Greek (as we read it) and of the English is the same. I should like to have the experiment made by reading the two passages to an English woman, who, with no preconceived notions about feet and pauses, and accents and quantities, had a good ear for verse; or to a foreigner who, having accented verse in his own language, understood neither Greek nor English.

But the writer, further to illustrate his meaning, gives a translation of the same passage in blank verse, and says: "I should expect that" it "would give anybody "who was not acquainted with the Greek measure a much better idea of what it is "like to me." Now there is a clear and broad difference between iambic verse (or blank verse) and dactylic verse, which *I* should expect would strike any one except the writer of whom we are speaking. It has struck a writer in the *Times*, on this subject,[1] who thus speaks: "It makes all the difference in the world in "the spirit and motion of a verse whether its accentuation is at the beginning "or at the end of the feet. It is impossible to give to the iambics the liveliness "and rapidity of dactyls or trochees. It is impossible to give to pure dactyls "the solemnity and weight of the iambics."

And hence the gait of all hexameters, Greek, Latin, German, or English, if there be any considerable proportion of dactyls in them, must be susceptible of being described as "a canter," which the writer, as we have seen, applies as if it were something peculiar to this measure in English. In our hexameters, it is absolutely necessary to the essence of the verse that it shall begin with a long, that is, with a strong syllable. Southey, in the preface to his "Vision of Judgment," theoretically denies this; but practically, in the poem itself, he has not introduced more than four or five examples of his perverse doctrine, whatever other faults may be found in that unfortunate experiment.

It must appear, from the facts which I have adduced, to which many more may

[1] *Times*, October 28, 1861.

be added, that there is an extensive and growing conviction that Homer ought to be translated into English hexameters. If this be done, if the verses run easily, the English be good, and the version faithful, such a translation may reasonably expect to obtain a currency which will disprove, by the fact, all assertions and prophecies that the hexameter is not an English measure, and never will be. We, therefore, look with great interest on all attempts at such a performance, and we turned to Mr. Dart's essay with goodwill, as well as with curiosity. We will attempt to give our readers some notion of the merits and defects of the work.

I will take a well-known passage in the First Book, and give Lockhart's and Mr. Dart's translations; and first Lockhart:—

> "Then did Achilles begin to reproach Agamemnon Atrides'
> Hotly with venomous words, for as yet unappeas'd was his anger.
> Bloated with wine! having eyes like a dog, but the heart of a she-deer!
> Never with harness on back to be first when the people were arming,
> Never in dark ambuscade to lie with the few and the fearless
> Courage exalted thy soul: this seems to thee courtship of death-doom;
> Truly 'tis better by far, in the wide-spread Danaid leaguer,
> Robbing of guerdon achiev'd whosoe'er contradicts thee in presence.
> People-devouring king! O fortunate captain of cowards!
> Else, Agamemnon, to-day would have witness'd the last of thy outrage;
> But I proclaim it before thee, and great is the oath that shall bind it.
> Now by this rod, which can never put forth a twig or a leaflet,
> Since it was parted for aye from the root of its growth in the mountains,
> Never to germinate more, in the hour when the knife of the woodman
> Sever'd the bark and the sap: we, the chiefs that administer judgment,
> Guarding the laws of the gods, as a sign to the sons of Achaia,
> Bear it in hand—upon this do I swear, and severe is the sanction," &c.

This speech Mr. Dart thus renders:—

> "Dog as thou art in face; tame at heart as the deer of the forest;
> Sot of a king!—when wert *thou* ever seen 'mid the braves of Achaia,
> Arm'd in the battle's van; or in the more perilous contest,
> Winning the spoils of the foe? Not for thee such uncertain encounters;
> Thou lovest safer plunder, the plunder of friends, not of foemen—
> (*a*) To range the wide camp of Achaia, and pilfer from those that oppose thee;
> (*a*) A king that preys on his people—a king that rules over dastards;—
> Were they not such, Atrides, thy pride had ere this been abated!
> (*a*) But hear me now, O king, and mark the great oath I am swearing!—
> E'en by this very sceptre, which, stripped of its leaves and its branches,
> Never to know them again, left its parent stem in the mountains,
> Never again to bud forth; for the cold, keen steel has dissever'd
> Leaves and shoots and bark: and thus do the sons of Achaia,
> (*a*) E'en they who guard the right, and enforce the will of the Highest,
> Bear it as sign of sway; ay! deep is the oath I am swearing;"—&c.

I think we may allow that in this passage Mr. Dart's version is more simple and direct, and therefore more Homeric, than that of his predecessor. But there are in his versification some faults of the kind, which, as I have mentioned, are most intolerable; namely, lines beginning with a light syllable, such as the four lines marked (*a*). The reader will perceive that these are really hexameters only by omitting the first syllable; thus:

> "Range the wide camp of Achaia, and pilfer from those that oppose thee;
> King that preys on his people—a king that rules over dastards."

In some of these cases Mr. Dart, perhaps, meant to force the lines into a dactylic movement. Thus, perhaps, he intended us to read—

"But hear me now, O king, and mark the great oath I am swearing!"

instead of the obvious mode of reading—

"But hear me now, O king."

And in the same way, in the subsequent line, Mr. Dart may read—

"E'en they who guard the right," &c.

though the obvious reading is—

"E'en they who guard the right," &c.

But such forced readings are greatly to be avoided. It is the introduction of such harshnesses which, more than anything else, has contributed to the unpopularity of English hexameters. The lines ought to *read themselves*, as much in this as in other kinds of English verse. It would be unreasonable to say that the lines must absolutely and necessarily read themselves into the proper rhythm, because this condition cannot be satisfied in any kind of English rhythm. There are often, in all kinds of verse, lines of which two or more modes of accentuation are equally natural; and in many cases the mode of reading which the verse requires is none of these. This is occasionally the case in Milton's blank verse. It would be easy to adduce lines from him which require a severe forcing to make them verse at all. Still, this process of *forcing the rhythm* is very objectionable, and stands grievously in the way of the acceptance of any poetry in which it is much used. Hence we regret greatly that in one large class of words Mr. Dart has systematically employed it; or rather, has employed it very largely, yet not quite systematically. We cannot but think that this feature of Mr. Dart's translation will tend greatly to consign it to the class of failures, in spite of other merits which it may have.

The class of words to which we refer, in which Mr. Dart most perseveringly forces the rhythm, is *proper names*. We find him beginning the operation very early in the poem. Thus, the natural English pronunciation of the word is Atrīdes, and so it should always be in verse. So Mr. D. often has it (*l.* 59)—

"Sure it were better, Atrīdes, that all the remains of the people."

But he very frequently has the forced rhythm Ātrides; thus—

l. 7. "Ātrides, king of men, and the godlike leader, Achilles."

l. 18. "Hear me, O Ātridæ, and ye warrior sons of Achaia."

Now, this mode of accent strikes the mere English reader as simply forced and unnatural; but the classical reader is reminded by it of the schoolboy's practice of *scanning* verses, in which he marks the long syllables by a stress of his voice, in order to prove to his master that he knows that they are long.

No doubt such a process of reading stands altogether in the way of an enjoyment of the poetical rhythm; and any scheme of versification which requires habitually such a kind of violence is not good verse, nor English verse at all.

Mr. Dart is so persevering an offender in this way that we must go a little further into this matter. The temptation to offend assails him especially when he has to do with quadri-syllabic proper names which begin with a dactyl, such as Telemachus, Talthybius, Eurybates. Now, the rule for the English pronunciation of such names is simple, universal, and generally received. If the penultimate is long in Greek, it is long in English; if the penultimate is short, the English word

has a strong or long ante-penultimate. Our English translators have found no difficulty in dealing with such verses. Thus, Cowper says that Agamemnon (*l.* 403)

> " command
> Gave to Talthȳbius and Eurȳbates,
> His heralds ever faithful to his will ;"

but Mr. Dart, in these and in almost all similar cases, gives the words two accents, on the first and on the last syllable. He says :—

> " Tālthybīus and Ēurybātes did he call and address them."

And the same is the case with all such words : thus we have Ālexandēr, Būprasium, Ārchilochus, and innumerable others.

This accentuation is not at all necessary for the purposes of the hexameter. Mr. Lockhart says :—

> " Hē to Talthȳbius nōw and Eurȳbates spōke his commāndment."

Mr. Dart, by adopting a different scheme of accent in such cases, has made it impossible to have his verses accepted as English. Indeed, it is very curious that we have not, I believe, a single English word which is so accentuated. The accent is that of Hōbbletyhōy, Cātamarān, Cātchedicām ; but these are hardly to be reckoned as English words. Mr. Dart may say that this is the Greek rhythm of these names ; but that is nothing to the purpose. We want the names with that accentuation which is universally accepted as English, and which we have adduced from other translators.

It is true that this notion of imitating the Greek rhythm in such names is tempting to those to whom the Greek rhythm is familiar ; but to yield to the temptation is fatal to the success of the translation. Of this we have a notable example. Milton knew that the Greek rhythm was Tīresiās, and, accordingly, he so accentuates it in his blank verse.

> " And Tīresiās and Phīneus, prōphets old."—*P. L.* B. IV.

But what is the result ? Addison, judging with his English ear, notes this as a verse which he cannot read.

Mr. Dart's aberrations from English usage, and from the genius of English pronunciation, go, indeed, much further than these quadri-syllables. He employs abundantly, and it would seem unscrupulously, proper names with the stress on the last syllable. I will give a few examples of this bad practice :—

V. 721. " Hērè, child of the mighty *Cronos*, bright and beautiful goddess."

773. " Where in one course combine *Simois* and the mighty Scamander."

VI. 450. " Not for herself *Hecuba*, not for Priam the king, for my father."

II. 726. " Dwellers, too, in *Ithaca* and in Nēritos, shaking its forests."

640. " They who held *Gnossus* and Gortyn famed for her ramparts."

669. " They who held *Crapethus*, *Casus*, and the wall of Nisyros."

298. " Whether the seer *Calchas* spake the truth or an empty invention."

319. " Then did the seer *Calchas* speak the words of profound divination."

IV. 295. " Marshall'd around the chiefs *Chromius*, *Pelagon*, and Alastor."

To read such lines is not to read English verses, but to *scan* Anglo-Grecian lines. To speak of Ithaca, and Hecuba, and Calchas, is to speak a language which English ears cannot endure.

And this perverseness is rendered in still further degree aggravating and puerile by the admixture of the ordinary English mode of rendering such verses. Thus we have these two successive lines :—

VI. 395. "Andromachè, the fair child of *Eëtion*, high-minded monarch;

Eëtion who dwelt by the shade of the Placian forests."

And the English reader is expected to render into intelligible rhythm that noted ambiguity of Greek quantity, which the Latins thought so bold an anomaly :

V. 455. "*Ares, Arès*, god of carnage, thou blood-stained breaker of bulwarks."

Moreover, Mr. Dart confounds the matter still further by putting a written accent upon many of the syllables of such words. Thus, he accentuates the name here, *Arès, Arès;* though, if the written accent is to be of any use, it ought to show on which syllable the strong stress is. In the same manner Mr. D. always accents Herè and Athenè, though their rhythm is Hēre, Athēne. Perhaps he may say that it is to show that the last syllable is pronounced. But then what are we to say of such written accentuation as this :—

V. 370. "Then at her mother's knees, at *Diònè's*, the queen Aphroditè."

Surely mother and daughter have an equal right to the terminal accent.

I have the more dwelt on Mr. Dart's mode of dealing with his proper names, because it is a great and, indeed, a fatal blemish in a version which has many merits. It is one more chance thrown away of producing a version of Homer into English, which, being in hexameters, should be more faithful than any which we yet possess.

With this unhappy exception of his treatment of proper names, Mr. Dart's version, even with respect to the versification, has much to recommend it. I have quoted a passage in the first book in which several lines have the very bad blemish of beginning with a light syllable. But this is not to be taken as a fair specimen of the versification. Notwithstanding that this fault is thus committed here, and repeatedly (even if we give Mr. D. the benefit of the doubtful lines), he does not err in this way often. Indeed, I have not found any other lines which exhibit this defect.

I will now proceed to make some remarks on some other points in Mr. Dart's version.

Turning to other matters besides the versification, which are important in an hexameter translation of Homer, we must note, as among the first of these, a pure and simple English phraseology—pure alike from the "poetical diction" of the Popian school, and from phrases of a merely conversational and grotesque kind, which have no accepted place in the English language. Mr. Dart is not without some phrases which approach to this latter character; as when, in the passage just quoted, Achilles calls Agamemnon "Sot of a king," and speaks of the "braves of Achaia"—(we have only heard of "braves" in the newspapers about China): so also when Helen, in her self-reproach, speaks of herself as "a pestilent infant:" and so the French word *mêlée* in many places, as IV. 472 :—

"Rush'd on, one on the other; and man struck down man in the mêlée."

It would not be at all difficult to find an English word which would suit the place equally well.

The other condition which we have mentioned, the avoidance of mere poetical diction, is a special requirement of an hexameter translation. This poetical diction is so closely entwined in our minds with our more familiar forms of verse—blank verse and heroic couplet—that it is difficult in writing them to avoid it altogether; and hence the simplicity and reality of Homer's descriptions is apt to evaporate in such translations. The hexameter is free from such habitual associations, and its language may be made as simple and real as Homer himself. It is worth our while to see, in a few passages, how the more homely parts of Homer have been refined, and, therefore, misrepresented, by this tendency of our translators. Let us take the celebrated passage of the exchange of arms between Glaucus and Diomed in the Sixth Book, which Schiller has used to show how the *naïf* poetry of the ancients differed from the *sentimental* poetry of the moderns. Mr. Dart thus translates (VI. 231):—

> "Thus did the warriors speak; and descended at once from the war-cars,
> Clasp'd each other's hands, and interchang'd pledges of friendship.
> Then did Zeus Cronïdes take from Glaucus all sense and discernment,
> Giving his arms in exchange for the arms of the brave Diomedes—
> Gold for brazen arms—for the worth of nine oxen a hundred."

Mr. Wright, the most recent of our English blank verse translators, has it thus:—

> "This converse o'er,
> The chiefs, dismounting from their chariots, clasp'd
> Each other's hands and plighted mutual faith;
> *But surely* Jove robbed Glaucus of his wits
> When golden arms for brazen he exchanged—
> Arms worth a hundred beeves for arms worth nine."

Homer simply says what Jove did, without presuming to judge of it. The blank verse Homer judges the proceeding to be strange; *but surely*, he says, in his astonishment, Jove did it. The Popian Homer does not believe that Jove did any such thing; it would have been too absurd. He did something of a more dignified and rational kind:—

> "Thus having said the gallant chiefs alight,
> Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
> Brave Glaucus then *each narrow thought resign'd*,
> (*Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind*);
> For Diomed's brass arms of mean device,
> For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
> He gave his own of gold divinely wrought,
> A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought."

We may take another example of the *homely* parts of Homer, the merriment of the gods at the end of the first book. Pope makes it depend on the spectacle of the limping Vulcan performing the office of the graceful Hebe:—

> "Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
> And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies."

And Mr. Wright takes much the same view:—

> "While unextinguishable laughter rose
> To see tall Vulcan puffing round the court."

But it was Vulcan's piteous story and his shrewd warning which made the gods laugh, rather than his lameness. In Mr. Dart's version, he says to Juno:—

"Comfort thyself, mother mine'; be not wroth, though thy heart swell within thee,
Lest, all dear as thou art, with these very eyes I behold thee
Come to the worse, and, though grieved to the soul, be unable to help thee.
No slight task is it, mother, to strive with the King of Olympus.
Once before did he seize me, enraged, when I tried to assist thee—
Seized by the foot, and flung me right over the threshold of heaven.
All the day long I fell till the sun sank below the horizon:
Then in the Lemnian isle came I down—little breath in my body.
There did the Sintian race find and pity the case of the fallen.
Thus did he speak, and a smile lit the face of the white armèd Herè.
Smiling, she took in her hand the cup from her son, from Hephæstus;
Then from right to left unto all of the gods in their order
Bare he the sparkling bowl, and pour'd the sweet juice from the wine-cup.
Loud and incessant the mirth of the gods, of the happy immortals,
E'en at the sight of Hephæstus thus serving the wine at the banquet."

It may strike the reader that this mirth of the gods is not of a very refined kind; and this is precisely what we mean by calling such passages *homely:* and such passages it is which necessarily undergo some change of tone when transferred into our longer established kinds of verse, and which can be faithfully rendered into hexameters.

Another case of Homeric laughter, very unrefined, but to unrefined men very natural, is that at the punishment of Thersites (II. 255). Odysseus says to him:—

"But let me tell thee this—and my threat shall be surely accomplish'd—
If I but find thee again playing here thus the fool, as thou now art,
Then let me not for a day carry longer my head on my shoulders,
Then let me pass by the name of my own son's father no longer,

If I refrain to lay hold of thee, strip off the rags from thy carcase—

Cloak, mantle, all the rest—and leave thee as bare as thy face is:
Whip thee right out of Council with stripes well deserved though unwelcome,
Sending thee weeping, and whining, and whimpering, off to thy galley.
Thus spake the chief, and brought down the sceptre right well on his shoulders;
Full on his back: and he shrunk from the blow and his eyes fill'd with water,
And on the wretch's back, 'neath the blow of the golden sceptre
Rose up the blood-stain'd weals; and he sat himself down in a tremble,
Smarting and looking the fool that he was, and wiping his eyelids.
Grieved as the Council were, they heartily laughed at his trouble,
And thus, man unto man, each open'd his mind to his neighbour:
Many and good are the deeds that Odysseus has done for the army,
But the far greatest good he has done to the Argives in crushing
Back this abusive wretch, and in stopping his taste for declaiming."

We have taken this passage at length, because it is a good example both of the peculiar advantages of an hexameter translation, and of Mr. Dart's mode of using them. The expressions here, though familiar and idiomatic, are not too colloquial; except possibly one—"looking the fool that he was"—which, moreover, is an interpolation, not being in Homer; a licence which the hexametrist should especially shun.

The passages which we have quoted will give our readers a sufficient sample of the character of Mr. Dart's translation in the more homely parts of the Iliad, in which parts, as we have said, the hexameter can attain to a truth and a fidelity which no iambic measure can rival. In the more pathetic and sublime parts he is still faithful, and generally simple and lucid; but we have not observed in such passages any striking felicities of expression, any sparks of poetic fire, such as might, perhaps, be pointed out in some of his predecessors; for instance, in Dr. Hawtrey's

and Mr. Lockhart's translations of the Hector and Andromache scene. Still, Mr. Dart's is, on the whole, a good translation, and might have had a considerable currency among English readers, to the great improvement of their knowledge of Homer, if it had not been for his unfortunate crotchet about the mode of versifying proper names. And this is a mistake so widely pervading his translation, and so deeply seated, that it does not seem capable of being eradicated by any operation of poetic surgery. W. W.

A QUIET NOOK; OR, VAGARIES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MY LAST FLIRTATION.

In spite of these and other occasional disagreeable impressions, Schranksteinbad altogether left in me a longing to revisit it—which I did the following summer; and, the more I saw of it, the more I grew in love with it; so that I ended by being a constant visitor at the establishment, and there I had, as I was telling you, my last flirtation.

But what was it that so endeared this Schranksteinbad to you? I hear some one ask. I have told you already. It was its plenty of air and verdure, its fresh waters, its grand prospect of the Alps, its walks, its fir-tree forests, its birds, its squirrels, and vergissmeinnichts—it was that, which might make it a Temple of Ennui to you, its comparative seclusion, its homely feeling, its early hours, quiet old-fashioned habits, and perfect emancipation from the tethers of conventional life. Let me also mention, *en passant*, its very moderate charges. We live in an age, thank God, when everybody is rich, or wishes to appear so, and I disclaim beforehand all invidious inferences, which may be drawn from my having touched upon this ignoble item; still, I beg to submit that cheap terms are a consideration.

Well, is this all? was there no other inducement to your patronage of this spa? Since you press me so hard, I will candidly admit that there was. Schranksteinbad had a peculiar feature of its own, which gave it an additional charm in my eyes. It was never entered by men under forty years of age. Open your eyes as wide as you will, I don't bate a jot of what I have put down. I don't mean, of course, that there was any written statute forbidding the entrance of this quiet haven to gentlemen under forty years of age. I simply mention a fact, and that fact is, that not within the memory of the oldest annual visitor had there ever been (with one solitary exception) any gentleman under forty staying as a boarder at Schranksteinbad. I say *staying as a boarder*, for naturally there were plenty of youngsters among the occasional visitors of the Sunday.

In the year 1858 it was—the year of the comet—that this deplorable exception took place, an exception, after all, which only served to confirm the rule. The interloper was a young man—I was going to say a lad—between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age. Thus far I must say for him, that he came with, and as companion to, a gentleman of the legal age, very infirm and nearly blind. Had the youngster been at least indifferent-looking or vulgar-mannered! But no—he was very prepossessing and gentlemanly, and danced to perfection. I leave you to imagine the run he had with the young ladies; they were quite unmanageable. The past-fortians had a disastrous season of it, I recollect...

but it is a thing of the past now, and not likely to occur again. For this young man was reported to have died shortly after leaving—a warning to those who might be tempted to imitate him—and the report found credence at Schranksteinbad, and forms part of the traditions of the place to this day. As I did nothing towards accrediting this belief, so I did nothing to discredit it, though I happened to know that my young man was in excellent health and spirits, having met him not long ago. It was his invalid friend who had died; but I held my peace. One is not obliged to be a hero of abnegation.

To return. The stern sex being to the soft in about the proportion of one to five, Schranksteinbad had generally a floating account of from seven to eight gentlemen past the two scores, to an average number, let us say, of forty ladies, twelve or fifteen of them grown-up young ladies. Now, high-spirited, or, may be, soft-hearted young ladies do not spend a month or so at a spa without sporting and coquetting a wee bit, or perhaps indulging in a little sentimentality; in other words, without establishing a little current of often unconscious, always innocent flirtation, be it even with bachelors past forty. Bachelors on their part, for being past forty, are not the less men possessed of eyes and a heart too . . . You perceive at a glance the charges, the benefits, and the dangers of the situation for this sprinkle of past-fortians, amid a bevy of young beauties.

Thrice happy the mammas and the little sisters and brothers! they had an easy life of it with us. How we spoiled the little ones, drove their hoops for them, and crammed them with bonbons! With what an assiduous care we watched for the comfort of the matrons; warned them of sun and draught, wrapped shawls round their shoulders, nay, petted their polysarcic poodles—nasty creatures!—when they had any. At what a double gallop we set off to fetch the gloves, the bonnet, the parasol, at the bidding of the young ones! How many times have I not mangled my fingers to pick sweetbriar for them, or compromised the polish of my varnished pumps in some marshy ditch, to get at a withered vergissmeinnicht! Sweet toils, after all; and more than requited by the gift of a small twig of the blue blossom, instantly treasured in a pocket-book, or by the pressure of a lily hand holding prisoner the pricked finger, while the other, armed with a needle, extracted the thorn from it.

Nor were these small ways of ingratiating ourselves with mammas and daughters the only string to our bow. The preoccupation of the agreeable did not make us forget the claims of the useful. One knows one's Horace by heart at our time of life, and how to mingle *utile dulci*. No little ailment or discomfort for which we had not our little remedy—sticking-plaster, eau des carmes, eau of orange-blossoms, sal volatile, balsamic vinegar, creosotis Billiard, ammonia, benzine, etc. These two last articles, the two most in requisition, were an exclusive monopoly of mine—it was only justice, because I had introduced them at Schranksteinbad—and urgent must be the case, indeed, for recourse to be had to other methods of healing a wasp-bite, or a spot on a silk gown, than my ammonia or benzine. The respect for my privilege was pushed so far on these two points, that a lady, convicted of having taken a stain out of her gown with her own benzine, was sentenced by her peers to have the obnoxious phial sequestered during all her stay at the Baths.

The dangers of this kind of intercourse, on our side, are too obvious to need being pointed at; they are all comprised in this one—the risk of sliding from the slippery ground of flirtation into the slough of earnest love-making. Only fancy a grave past-fortian, with perhaps a bald pate, or a wig, playing the impassioned for good and all with a luxuriantly-haired blondine or brunette of seventeen or so! What could come of it but heartache and ridicule?

I must say that, for my part, I never apprehended a like result; and yet I

courted danger, I may say—yes, I played with fire. I remember a season in which I carried on three consecutive flirtations, one per month, and I came off at last heartwhole. Impunity had made me reckless. I felt so sure, so fire-proof—poor goose that I was! But another word before I tell you of my narrow escape; it is meant in exoneration of the fair young ones.

On my second visit to Schrankstein-bad, I found it to have somehow transpired that I was an author; and, on my third season, I had the mixed satisfaction of seeing two books of mine handed from bench to bench, and from summerhouse to summerhouse, and now and then forgotten there. My being an author, combined with the ammonia and benzine I had just brought with me, made me in some request. A man who can manufacture lovely heiresses, and jet-haired lovers for them, and marry them at will, is not like another man in young ladies' eyes. They will lend him some of the perfections and of the locks of his heroes. This prestige—I beg pardon for the ambitious expression, but I find no better—lasted generally from a week to a fortnight. In cases of aggravated sentimentalism, twenty days had been reached. I may just as well remark, that this last limit of time was not overstepped in the pass of arms to which I am going to advert. Including both those of her arrival and departure, Mdlle. Emma's stay at the Baths amounted in all to nineteen days.

Yes, her name was Emma; I had heard her sister call her so. Mdlle. Emma was a lovely, kind-hearted, playful big child. That she was lovely, I had the irrefragable evidence of my own eyes; that she was kind-hearted, I knew from the fact of her having offered to go, and going every day, to dress an old lady, her next neighbour, and a perfect stranger to her, whose right hand was disabled by rheumatism. A little scene in which she had played the first part, and which I had witnessed at table, had given me the measure of her graceful playfulness. We had a lady-boarder noted for her greediness. One of her daily tricks at the dessert consisted in this: that she drew a dish of cakes near her, and cautiously slipped the contents, one by one, into her pocket. It was to defeat the end of this manœuvre, that Mdlle. Emma applied herself on one of the first days of her arrival, and so quietly managed, and with the utmost politeness, as never to let the dish of cakes stop within reach of the rapacious hands.

I don't know how it came to pass, but, for the three or four first days of their stay, there was no communication whatever, save polite bows, between Mdlle. Emma and her company and me. The slow or quick growth of acquaintance between strangers at a spa depends pretty much on their respective situations at table, or on accident. Now, Mdlle. Emma's company and I sat at the two poles of the dinner-table, and accident, as it seems, had done nothing to draw us together. But, whatever its cause, the longer this sort of distance lasts, the more difficult it becomes to break through it. I felt the truth of this one morning, when, on going as usual to my observatory to read the newspaper, I descried in one of the summer-houses Mdlle. Emma reading a book, and I could take upon myself to do no more than bow to her most respectfully—a politeness which she returned at compound interest, I suspect with a little caricature. If I am to speak candidly, both Mdlle. Emma and her sister—a married lady, and her senior by six or seven years—belonged to that set of queenly women I most admire at a distance. Tall commanding figures intimidate me.

However, it was written somewhere that we should become friends, and here is how it happened. I must premise that there ran against the wall of the house, on both sides of the flight of steps, a trellised verandah covered with Virginia creepers, which hung down in beautiful garlands, reaching to the ground. One day, towards dusk, I entered this cool recess to smoke a cigar. I was momentarily blinded by the match I had used, and, not to stum-

ble against the rustic chairs or tables, I felt my way with my walking stick. "Are you going to cane me?" asked a saucy voice, so close, that I started; and out came a merry laugh, and Mdlle. Emma. I had instantly recognised her voice.

"God forbid that I should," I answered; "though I know somebody who would not be sorry if I did."

"Who is it?" asked she.

"Who, but your victim, Mdme. Lambin?" (the monopolizer of the bonbons).

Another merry laugh, and she said, "Are you going to stand up as Mdme. Lambin's champion?"

"Who knows?" said I; "perhaps I have an interest in her trade: suppose I am a sharer in the spoil?"

"I am not sure you are not," said Mdlle. Emma, and she called out to her sister to come and hear Mr. So-and-So avow a tender interest in Madame Lambin. This brought to the window not only Mdlle. Emma's sister, but nearly all the boarders who had windows in the front of the house, Mdme. Lambin included—she was fortunately rather deaf—who asked who wanted her. Mdlle. Emma answered forthwith that it was I. I said it was I in fact who, yielding to Mdlle. Emma's earnest request, had taken upon myself to beg her, Mdme. Lambin, to give us, after supper, the Rantz des Vaches she had sung so admirably some nights before.

I observed, during my harangue, that Mdlle. Emma was preparing for an *éclat* of hilarity, and, wishing to prevent that at any cost, for Mdlle. Lambin was very sharp and caustic, and having but one tongue in my head, and that actually employed, I stole quietly close to Mdlle. Emma, caught her by the wrist, and pressed it rather tight. This diversion had the effect I looked for—the young jester, in her unfeigned surprise, dropped her threatened fit of merriment.

Mdlle. Lambin declared that she was at the commands of the society, but that she was never sure of her voice after her meals—which did not hinder her from giving us the "Rantz des Vaches" and all her repertory after supper. We had much to do, her sister and I, to keep petulant Mdlle. Emma within bounds during this interminable performance. Mdme. Lambin's natural over-graciousness to me, who had been the means, in fact, of procuring her her present triumph, was a ready-made theme of quizzing at my expense, which Mdlle. Emma varied abundantly. I parried and thrust with a will, but with indifferent success. I was on disadvantageous ground, and, dear me, what a wit she had!

I was more fortunate, or rather better armed, on our next encounter next morning. We were, ten or twelve of us, sitting *al fresco* as usual after breakfast, when Mdlle. Emma joined us. An arch smile on her lips, as she turned to me to say good-day, warned me of a fresh attack. "What a delicious evening we had last night, thanks to you," said the sly hypocrite.

"Thanks, rather, to you," said I. "It was at your pressing request alone that Mdme. Lambin consented to sing; I only acted as your mouthpiece."

"I was thinking," she went on, "and I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it, how nice it would be if you and Mdme. Lambin gave us duets."

"Let us do better, and have trios," said I; "Mr. Eisenschmidt has a very fine bass voice; use your influence with him to join us."

"What influence can I have with Mr. Eisenschmidt? I know so very little of him."

"Not so little, perhaps, as you choose to say."

"How so?" asked Mdlle. Emma, rather puzzled.

"Deny, if you dare," said I, "that you make appointments with Mr. Eisenschmidt in the garden every morning by break of day."

The charge, from its very absurdity, had a success of hilarity, to which Mdlle. Emma herself richly contributed. Mr. Eisenschmidt, be it known, was a very worthy and very accomplished past-fortian of . . . eighty-three years of age, who could sleep but little, and was always in the garden by sunrise, where I had seen him in slip-

pers and flannel dressing-gown that very morning, *tête à tête* with Mdlle. Emma, herself an early riser.

Thus far the odd character of our first-spoken meeting determined the colour of our further intercourse. The key of the first notes was to remain the key of the sonata to the last. *Enfant terrible,* as I nicknamed her, and *Papa formidable,* as she nicknamed me, were for ever at daggers drawn, teasing, contradicting, finding fault with, saying disagreeable things to each other, and constantly seeking each other's company notwithstanding. No wonder in a sportive, quick-witted thing of her age; rather less accountable, though, in a grave past-fortian like me. Well, all I can say in my defence is, that it all came of its own accord, without any the least pre-determination, or effort to humour her childish moods, on my part—far from it, I enjoyed the sport vastly.

We had a tiff, of course, the first time we went out for a walk together. We were a large company, a dozen at least, mostly ladies; her sister was with us, and her sister's husband, who came down occasionally, and their two little girls. Useless to say that I was on the best terms with all the family. Well, Mdlle. Emma, when out in the country, used to pick flowers for ever to make nosegays, which she made prettily indeed, and, as I watched her supple form sauntering right and left, and bending down gracefully, she reminded me of Dante's Matelda, in the twenty-eighth canto of the Purgatory—and, as I was thinking of Matelda, she called out to me to go and pick her some beautiful orchids, which grew on damp ground. My answer to this request was that, if the nosegay was meant for me, as it ought to be in justice and reason, I would; if not, I shouldn't slave for Mr. Eisenschmidt or anybody else.

"What an ignoble selfish creature you are! obey, and reckon upon my generosity."

"I might reckon without mine host, if I did. Promise first."

"Most vulgar sentiments most vulgarly expressed," quoth she. "I promise nothing, and I give you time: one, two, thr . . ."

As I saw she was going to wet her feet, I went first, and handed her the orchis, saying, "Allow at least that I am the most chivalrous being in creation."

"The most conceited, you mean. Have you a penknife?"

"I have my stiletto," and I produced a charming little penknife in the shape of a stiletto.

"I was sure you had," said she. "How many has it helped you to kill?"

"I ought to consult my register of murders to know."

"It is charming, though."

"Such as it is, it is at your command."

"I cannot deprive you of it; it is too necessary to you."

"True—still, perhaps, by accepting of it, you may save some lives."

"That is a consideration; out of christian charity, then, I will take it. Here is a penny to break the evil charm. But don't hope to have bribed me into giving you my nosegay. No such thing."

The nosegay, though, found its way somehow (through one of her little nieces, as the child boasted next day) to my table in the evening, carefully placed in a tumbler of water; a graciousness which was acknowledged on the morrow by a speech to the effect that I could not thank her for having done merely her duty, but that I could congratulate her upon knowing what her duty was. The nosegay, however, for being a duty-offering, was not the less tended, and watered, and exhibited upon my window. From that day I became her constant purveyor of fresh wreaths, and never once did she return from a walk in the forest in my company, without a crown of honeysuckle, traveller's joy, or bright red cranberries on her hair, or on her bonnet, there deposited by my hands. Small presents keep friendship alive.

She was good-humour itself; nothing could put her out of her angelic patience with me—not even such strictures on her weak points of beauty as few women could have stood, be it only in jest, without wincing. Once only did she feel slightly

piqued, and showed it. The occasion of this little ebullition was this: We were following a very narrow path in the forest, and . . . but, to make it plain, I must briefly refer to a previous occurrence. We had been playing at ball with some apples that lay strewn under a tree. We vied with each other as to who should throw the apple highest for the other to catch. It so happened that Mdlle. Emma miscalculated the parabola of one of my most successful throws, and, instead of catching the apple in her hand, received it upon her face, a little under the left eye. For once, I dropped my jesting mood, and went up to her in some alarm, it would seem, for she laughed outright at my elongated face, and said it was nothing, It was something, though—the skin was bruised on a surface as broad as a halfpenny, and there was a scarcely perceptible scratch in the centre of it. I said how sorry I was—it was so stupid of me to have thrown the apple so high. She begged me not to talk more nonsense; the fault was hers, she said; she was punished for her awkwardness, and would hear of no water, and of no plaster. Only think, a bit of sticking-plaster under her eye! it would spoil her beauty—no such thing; and she insisted on going on with her game.

She was a brave girl; this was not the last proof I had of her power of endurance. Who knows how many occasions of exercising it she had had already in her short experience of life, how many self-denials she had had to inflict upon herself, how many longings after a collar, or a gown, or a party of young companions, to check and leave unsatisfied!

Well, then, to return. Half an hour after, perhaps, we were treading a very narrow footpath skirting the forest; she went foremost, and, as the skirts of her gown were ample and long, according to the fashion, I had had more than one narrow escape of stepping upon the hem of her garment. I told her so, adding by way of jest that, if I damaged her dress, I was not as sure of being pardoned as for having damaged her skin. She turned round, and said with a little frown of defiance, "Why so, pray?"

"Why, because women, as I hear, hold less to their skin than to their finery."

Her eye flashed. "And you believe me to be one of those absurd persons?"

"Possibly not," said I. "I spoke of women, and truly you are but a big child."

"Stuff and nonsense—a child at seventeen!"

"Every thing is relative," said I; "you are one in my eyes, the eyes of *Papa formidable*."

"I know of no worse coxcombs than men of a certain age. They would fain give themselves out for Methuselahs in order to benefit by the contrast."

"Shall I, to benefit by it, tell you my exact age?"

She put up both her hands to her ears, crying, "No such thing—if it is at all in proportion with your tiresomeness, it must be a fine old age, indeed," and away she ran.

The sky had quite cleared by the time I joined her—that is, three minutes afterwards. She bid me, in her usual petulant way, help to pick oak leaves and ivy twigs, and look sharp. She herself, and all our party, and another party ours had met, were busy gathering oak leaves and ivy. And, in a wonderfully short time, nimble fingers turned those green materials into a variety of shapes—wreaths, garlands, collars, wristbands, scarfs, &c.—which were to serve for a general masquerade. Then, under Mdlle. Emma's direction, every one changed outer garments with every one—the gentlemen, three in number, showing off, of course, in the garb of ladies, and *vice versâ*. I had on, for my part, Mdlle. Emma's broad straw hat and blue caraco, and she my flapping grey hat and summer paletot turned inside out—that is, exhibiting red sleeves and yellow body, the colour of the lining; and, besides my share of green in common with all the rest, I gloried in a quantity of moss and ivy twigs hanging down my face in the shape of ringlets. I was a

sight indeed, and so we were all; we could not look at each other without laughing till we held our sides. In short, we had made ourselves such figures that, when we entered two by two the precincts of the Baths, humming a lugubrious chant, people fled at our approach, and we were at some pains to have our identity acknowledged even by our fellow-boarders.

I must now mention an incident which wellnigh threw me off the rails of flirtation, and down the precipice of amorous infatuation. A few days after the masquerade just mentioned, a little before noon, I was sitting and reading my newspaper in a very odd place—the orchestra of the dancing-room. This orchestra was my refuge against the heat—it was always pleasantly cool there—and also my tent of Achilles when I chanced to be out of sorts. I was somewhat so on this morning. I am very particular, perhaps I ought to say fidgety, about my letters. Gentlemen past forty are apt to fidget about many things. Well, then, I had a letter, which I wanted to go by the day's post—an end most easily secured by handing it to the letter-carrier, when he called about eleven A.M. As I could not do so myself this time, having ordered a bath, which was ready, I begged Jungfrau Madeleine to see to it for me. Jungfrau Madeleine, to make assurance doubly sure, put my letter in her pocket, and . . . forgot it there. I must say, in fairness to her, that it was a washing-day, and poor Madeleine at her wits' end. When apprised of the mischance, after my bath, I grumbled a little—more, I am afraid, than necessary—but I would hear of no one being sent on purpose to the village—all hands were engrossed by the great wash—and withdrew moodily, paper in hand, to my elevated station in the dancing-room.

I had been there perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the door of the large hall, just in front of my orchestra, was flung open, and there appeared on the threshold a group of three ladies, two holding and dragging in an apparently reluctant third one between them. The prisoner was Mdlle. Emma.

"What is it? what new crime has the most terrible of *enfants terribles* committed?" cried I, jumping down, and striding towards the door.

"Come and see what a state she has put herself in," said Mdlle. Emma's sister.

My blood gave a turn, as my eyes, following in the direction of the elder sister's, rested on Mdlle. Emma's shoulders. They were the colour of brick-dust, blistered all over as if by a scald.

"How was it done?" I asked.

"By walking in the sun without a parasol," said the sister; "did you ever hear of a piece of folly like this?"

"Really, it is too bad," I began; "a babe four years old . . ."

"Don't scold," interrupted Mdlle. Emma.

The tone in which she said it was neither petulant, as usual, nor propitiating; it sounded like a quiet warning.

"You are right," said I; "we can do something better than scold just now;" and I ran to the kitchen, took hold of a paper bag full of flour, and scattered handfuls of it on the poor neck, shoulders, lace tippet, and all, ending by dabbing the tip of her nose, and her left cheek, and this, and that, on which I pretended to notice signs of an incipient sunburn. The upshot was what might be expected—Mdlle. Emma snatched with both hands the bag of flour, turned it topsy turvy, and shook out the remaining contents over my head and face. I had seen flour used with advantage, when nothing better was at hand, as a sedative in cases of slight scalds. If it did Mdlle. Emma only the tenth part of the good which she professed it did, flour is a wonderful specific for sunburns.

Enfant terrible showed admirable endurance, good-humour, and cheerful wit throughout the day. She made light of what she called her *bobo*—nay, joked about it, parrying all the while with much skill every hint aimed at drawing out from her the sort of errand on which she had come by it. She had

been taking a walk, she said. I suggested the probability of her having gone to the station, there to meet, by special appointment, Mr. Eisenschmidt, who had left the day before, and in the natural flutter of her spirits having forgotten her parasol. She observed what wonderful penetration novelists were gifted with, and gave me leave to use the situation in my next tale.

I had occasion to go to the village early next morning, and met the letter-carrier on the road. I presume he knew my fidgety ways, for he no sooner saw me than he came up, and informed me that my letter of the day before had been brought to the office in time to start. Brought by whom? I asked. He said, by the *tall young lady*.

Here was a discovery! A flask of the most generous Johannisberg, gulped at a draught, would have left me cool in comparison. Mdlle. Emma braving the noonday heat of the dogdays, Mdlle. Emma getting a sunstroke—in fact, nearly achieving martyrdom—for my sake; what a rich premise to start inferences from! I confess, to my shame, that I started some of the wildest. The flesh is weak, you know, especially at past forty. Thank God, the paroxysm was short. A misgiving soon stole upon me, a misgiving that I tenderly nursed and helped on, that I was making a fool of myself. A walk of four or five hours, my usual medicine in cases of a conflict of feeling, being quite out of the question in the present broiling weather, I bethought myself of a substitute. I went home and put myself under a cold shower-bath until my teeth chattered; then I took my head between both my hands, and read myself a good lecture in front of my looking-glass. Thanks to this energetic treatment, I felt sufficiently braced to go and meet my fair letter-carrier not at too great a disadvantage.

Had I still wanted sobering, the sight of her would have done so for me. There was so much of the child in her looks; she had all the unconsciousness, the trustfulness, the archness of one, as she said, shaking hands,—

"You have been keeping aloof in presentiment of bad news in store for you."

"You alarm me," said I, with a look anything but alarmed; "what can it be?"

"A most disastrous piece of news for you," she said; "guess."

Her sister, from behind her, made me guess, by a clever pantomime, that they were going away.

"Let me see," said I; "what can befall me so tremendous, unless it be that you are going to stay another week."

She turned sharply round towards her sister. "You have told him already."

"How could I," said the latter, "when I have not seen him until now?"

"Well," wound up Mdlle. Emma, "we are going to start within three days."

"Three days!" I repeated, with as elongated a face as I could command at so short a notice, "it is a long way off; so we are in for seventy-two more hours of parched heat, and no hope of rain!"

"It will rain . . . tears enough when I am gone," said she.

"May be tears of . . . relief," said I.

Mdlle. Emma's stay at Schrankstein-bad having coincided with a constant drought, I had, of course, ascribed the fact to some malignant influence of her presence, and pretended to sigh for her departure that the spell might cease.

The three days went off capitally. I had no momentary weakness to conquer, not even the least effort to make, in order to keep my resolution faithfully of letting Mdlle. Emma ignore my knowledge of her little secret. Withal our sporting warfare raged fiercer and more continuous than ever. My happiest hits are of that date. I kept cutting jokes to the last, in the very omnibus which was taking the family to the station, and to which I had craved admission on the plea that I must make sure that Mdlle. Emma was off—it was too good to be believed unless seen, and so on. I was positively astonished at my own self-possession.

It forsook me a little, though, when

my turn came to shake hands with Mdlle. Emma. I don't know whether it was I who first pressed hers unwittingly very tight, or she mine, or both of one accord pressed simultaneously; whichever it was, the pressure had this singular effect on both of us, that we did not find a single word to say, and stood gazing at each other like two geese. It was a very awkward moment. The next she was leaning on the window of the carriage, still gazing at me, and I at her. She looked like a picture—a beautiful picture—in a frame. A smile, her would-be usual arch smile, was still lingering round her mouth, but there was a quiver at one of its corners . . . and her eyes were filling fast.

What was there extraordinary in the sight that it should upset me so? I felt a shock in the very centre of my heart. My eyes grew dim, and there rose to my lips, trembling for utterance, the first person singular of the first tense of a very hackneyed verb. . . .

Lucky that the train glided on, as if by stealth, and, in less time than it takes to write it, Mdlle. Emma was out of the reach of a whisper. Now, mine being one of those bashful verbs, which can only be whispered, I had no choice but to drop it, and give out instead a loud and hearty "God bless you!"

The sense of the narrow escape I had had was so strong upon me, that, unscathed though I came out of it, if I did, I vowed then and there that this should be my last flirtation.

THE NEW MORALITY: WORSHIP OF MAJORITIES.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir,—It is seldom that a letter appearing in a religious journal deserves to be remembered a week after its publication. The following, which I read in the *Guardian* of February 19th, is one of the excepted cases. The position of the writer, and its contents, give it more than a transitory importance.

MR. JOWETT'S FRIENDS.

To the Editor of the Guardian.

Sir,—A somewhat extraordinary correspondence, introduced by a not less extraordinary notification, has lately appeared in the public prints.

It seems that a number of persons, "feeling the injustice of the course recently pursued by the University of Oxford" towards Professor Jowett, have raised a subscription among themselves, amounting to no less a sum than 2,000*l*., and have tendered it to that gentleman (who, however, has had the good taste to decline the gift), not merely as marking their "sense of the honourable and conscientious manner in which, during six years, he has fulfilled his Professorial duty," but also as making good "the arrears of salary withheld by the University" and discharging "at least some portion of the debt which has accrued to him during that period."

If these gentlemen, Sir, had offered the money simply as a testimony of their respect for Professor Jowett, and of their own sense of his efficiency, their conduct would have been perfectly intelligible, and no one would have been entitled to complain.

But what are we to think, when, among the objects assigned, that of remedying an act of injustice committed by the University—in other words, of discharging a debt which she ought to have discharged herself—is ostentatiously put forward?

I am not going to reopen the controversy respecting the endowment of the Regius Professorship of Greek. But these gentlemen surely need not be reminded (those of them, at all events, who are members of the University; and it is not easy to understand why others should have stepped out of their way to make good her deficiencies), that what they venture to call the injustice of the University was the course deliberately determined upon, after a free and full discussion, by that body whose decision is definitive in such matters.

What possible end can there be of strifes, if restless spirits are thus to refuse acquiescence in the sentence of authority, unless perchance that sentence happens to be in their own favour?

C. A. Heurtley,
Margaret Professor of Divinity.

Christ Church, Oxford, Feb. 17, 1862.

Those who signed the memorial to Professor Jowett might anticipate many objections to the course which they took. I doubt if any one of them anticipated Professor Heurtley's objection. They

knew that Oxford had once, in a very formal manner, asserted the divine right of a single person, and that fellows of Magdalene and students of Christ Church found some reason to repent of that assertion not many years after it went forth. They did not know that the divine right of majorities was an article of University faith; they were not aware that "restless spirits" was the only name which a teacher of divinity could find for those who held that the decrees of a Sanhedrim or a council might be unjust. Now that they do know it, I believe the reasons which induced them to sign the memorial have become immeasurably stronger than they were before.

We who are engaged in the practice of different professions in the heart of London, feel to what perils our moral code is continually exposed. Lawyers are tempted to let quirks and quibbles interfere with the plain downright maxims upon which Englishmen and Christians ought to act. Clergymen are liable to all the influences of a subtle religious casuistry. We send our sons to the University that they may learn sound principles of ethics; that they may see them illustrated in the practice of men not exposed to the friction of ordinary society, without those excuses for making principles bend to expediency which are continually urged in the world. Oxford undertakes to teach many things. She especially boasts to be a school of ethics. She asks help in teaching ethics from a great moralist of the old time, who looked upon justice as the chief of virtues, the sum of all the virtues. She promises that whatever is weak in him shall be strengthened, whatever is lacking in him shall be supplied, by the theology of the New Testament.

A congregation, consisting in great part of Oxford tutors and professors, distinctly set at defiance the maxim that a labourer is worthy of his hire; that it is just to pay men for services which they have done. They could produce most plausible apologies for their doctrine; apologies that would have done credit to the most refined advocate in our courts. They could produce religious reasons for what they had done, reasons that would make the fortune of any casuist. One would have regretted such a proceeding in the Common Council of London; in any municipal corporation. It would have alarmed us for our commercial integrity. But it need have given rise to no protest. That becomes necessary, when those who teach morality adopt and sanction a morality which is lower than that of clubs and common councils, and defend it by religious maxims.

There might be better ways of bearing witness against this outrage upon all sound ethics, than that of offering some acknowledgment to Professor Jowett for his services. I can imagine a much *worse* way. An attempt might have been made to extend the rule against Professor Jowett to those who established it.

The Professor of Hebrew intimates—if he does not say directly—that every one who wishes to secure a legitimate payment for the services of the Professor of Greek makes himself responsible for that Professor's theological tenets. Has he forgotten whither such a doctrine might lead? If it is true, it must apply, at least, as strongly to the Hebrew chair. I say only "*at least as strongly*"—most people would say that one whose business is to lecture on the Old Testament has more to do with theology than a lecturer on Æschylus or Plato. But I do not press that point. I only say, that any one who subscribes to Dr. Pusey's maxim, who admits it under any modification, must be prepared to take every possible step for interfering with his emoluments, or else must be responsible for his theology and his ethics. Most who repudiate his theology and his ethics, yet believe him to be the fittest person for a lecturer of Hebrew, and would count it a crime to do anything which would weaken him in that position. What course, then, must they take? They must protest against the decree which he and the majority of the congregation have passed.

with whatever authority it may be endorsed.

They must protest for his sake. Yes! and now also still more for Professor Heurtley's sake. For, if the doctrine of his letter to the *Guardian* is the doctrine which he proclaims in his chair of Divinity, all who care that the youth of England should not have the lessons of their childhood confounded—that they should not learn to despise the men whom they have been taught to reverence—are bound to lift up their voice against such a Doctor. He must begin with declaring the Protest at the Diet of Spires to be atrocious; he must go on to denounce Athanasius as the most restless of all spirits, because he dared to set himself against the world—the world meaning the majority of the Eastern and Western Churches; he must proceed to declare that those were false Apostles, who were brought before councils, and were condemned to be beaten or killed by majorities of them; he must end with exalting Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate, as chief in the roll of saints. Of course he does none of these things. Is it safe, then, to punish Professors for all the heresies they may teach when they are not fulfilling their appointed office? Is it not a duty to bear witness against them, when in congregations or in newspapers they contradict what they bid us observe and do when they are sitting in Moses' seat?

Your obedient Servant,

F. D. Maurice.

ON VISIONS AND DREAMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND."

The age of ghosts is gone; but spectres are still occasionally seen. Indeed, the majority of mankind never go to bed, without, in "the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men," seeing phantoms flitting about them. A smaller number see visions in broad daylight, with their eyes wide open. A shadowy figure enters at a window or a door, or rises from the ground "like an exhalation," moves noiselessly about the room, takes a seat at the fire, sits for a time silent as death, and then melts into air, to the infinite relief of the spell-bound spectator. Some peculiarly nervous people have such visitors almost daily. Others, the victims of intemperance, are tormented by "familiars" of a more fearful kind. A hundred devils dance before them, grin at them, deftly elude their blows, mock at their fury. Regarding the reality of such apparitions there is no doubt; they are the real representatives of the mythical ghost. It is marvellous, then, that so little has been written regarding them; for it is certain that, while they are understood by the few, they are still a subject of profound wonder to the many. It is in the writings of medical men chiefly that we have narratives of spectral illusions, and they too often content themselves with stating the case without accounting for it. It is true, the explanation lies a little beyond the strict limits of their profession—in the constitution of the mind rather than of the body; but a knowledge of mental science may surely be presumed on the part of every well-educated physician. Still, we want a philosophy of spectres. Even Dr. Abercrombie, with all his marvellous powers of observation, and his devotion to the study of psychology, is extremely confused in his explanation of spectral appearances, though nothing can be better than the cases which he cites.

The simple, but undoubted, explanation of spectres is that they are our own

thoughts—and nothing more. They are subjective, and not objective. They are apparitions, having no reality outside of the mind, however real-like they may appear. They are ideas, mistaken for sensations. A very slight knowledge of the facts of mind will convince us of this. Let us look at some of these facts bearing on this subject, as, at first sight, it is not very obvious how our thoughts can assume a phantom shape, and appear to move about the room, and look in our face, deceiving and alarming us.

The affinity which exists between sensations and ideas is closer than is generally imagined. The only difference seems to be that in sensation the object of sense is present: in ideation it is absent, but remembered. It is certain that ideas frequently masquerade before the mind as sensations and are mistaken for them. It is so in dreams. What is more: they often produce the same physical results. This happens both in our sleeping and in our waking states. Van Swieten relates that, passing a spot where a dead dog was lying in a state of decomposition, the horrid stench caused him to vomit; and that, happening to pass the same place many years afterwards, sickness and vomiting were again induced by the mere recollection of what he had formerly experienced. Sir David Brewster mentions the case of a lady (and such cases are not rare) who could never hear of any one having been subjected to severe sufferings without feeling acute twinges of pain in the corresponding part of her own person. If she was told of an arm being amputated, her own arm instantly suffered. In these cases sensations seem to come from within: or rather ideas become so vivid as to resemble sensations, and to produce the same physical effects.

The substitution of ideas (I would prefer calling them "reminiscences," "recollections," or "memories,") for sensations is by no means uncommon. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of this is in regard to sounds. The composer composes a tune, humming it mentally—sounding not one note—and yet his piece implies the most marvellous discrimination of different tones, and their effect upon the ear. Any one with a taste for music may, in a similar manner, sing his favourite songs; uttering not a sound, yet in his mind accurately discriminating the finest gradations of sound. How can this thing be, seeing that music essentially consists in sounds? How can we accurately discriminate between sounds where there is no sound? know music and appreciate it, when there is no music? It is possible and actual only because ideas do duty for sensations, and are perfect representations of them. They are fac-similes, though somewhat more faintly printed than their originals. Accordingly, we discriminate as nicely between the ideas of sound as we could between sounds themselves; and enjoy a tune which is wholly ideal, almost as much as one which is poured in at our ears.

Sir David Brewster—no mean authority—maintains that, in the case of spectral illusions, the spectre is painted on the retina and propagated to the mind like a true sensation, and is in everything subject to the same optical laws. He even proceeds further, and declares that the same fact "holds good "of all ideas recalled by the memory or "created by the imagination, and may "be regarded as a fundamental law in "the science of pneumatology." In proof of this, he states that the spectres conjured up by the memory or the fancy "have always a 'local habitation;' that "they appear in front of the eye, and "partake in its movements exactly like "the impressions of luminous objects, "after the objects themselves are with-"drawn."

I am afraid the facts here adduced will not bear the conclusion which is laid upon them. It would, in truth, require very strong evidence to establish what is apparently so improbable—that we cannot think of St. Paul's without a picture of it being formed on our retina; that we cannot think of a thunder storm without our tympanum being affected. There are very strong objections to such a supposition, even in

regard to spectral illusions. It seems to imply that the mind can create light and project it from within upon the retina, for it is only by light that a true picture can there be formed. It seems also to imply that the mind first creates the spectre, then projects it upon the retina, and from the retina receives it back again, probably with more of a sensational character than it possessed before. That this is really involved in the theory may be made manifest. The picture said to exist on the retina must have some cause. That cause is nothing real—nothing in the external world, for spectres are allowed, on all hands, to have no actual objective existence. We must seek for it, therefore, in the mind. Nor can we believe that a vague idea would be represented by a definite and distinct picture on the optic nerve; the idea must be the counterpart, as it is the cause, of the retinal painting. Consciousness, however, does not reveal, in the case of spectral illusions, first, an idea in the mind, and then that idea projected into the outer world, and then returning to the mind in an objective form. Moreover, nature never acts in such a way—it is simpler in all its processes.

I hesitate, therefore, to go so far as the distinguished optician, and believe that in every case of spectral illusion there is a picture on the retina which is the cause of the deception in the mind. But the facts which have been adduced warrant us to believe that ideas frequently become so vivid as to be mistaken for sensations; and this alone is sufficient to account for the phenomena.

In our waking state, we generally discriminate accurately enough between our sensations and our ideas, and that just because we are always conscious of both at the same time. The genuine sensations which are constantly pouring in upon us through every one of our senses keep our ideas in their proper place. But in sleep it is different; our senses are then, in a great measure, sealed. The only sensations which reach us are of a dull indistinct character. Ideas reign supreme; for the time they have the stage entirely to themselves. Sensations are shut out, and ideas having, as it were, the house to themselves, riot and revel within at their pleasure. In this lies the explanation of dreams. It is not exactly that we confound ideas with sensations, but that no sensations are present. Thought follows thought, according to the usual laws of association, like the ever-shifting scenes of a panorama, and we live for the time in a purely ideal world. It is probable, moreover, that during our sleep our ideas become more vivid, just because our attention is not distracted nor disturbed. Our whole mind is concentrated upon them. The outer world does not divide with the inner world our mental energy. The latter monopolises it all, and accordingly rises into greater prominence. This is, probably, the reason why we remember some of our dreams so well, and remember them, too, as peculiarly vivid and real-like; while the fact of our forgetting so many of our sleeping thoughts may be taken as a proof that they were not more vivid than many of those waking thoughts which we forget so soon too.

But in our dreams everything seems to take an objective form. There appears to be not merely a process of thought, but an actual outside world. We see men walking; we hear them speaking; we join with them in conversation. Mountains and streams, or, it may be, palaces, and towers, and temples, surround us on every side. There is a stage on which the visionary actors strut. This is generally regarded as the peculiar and mysterious element in dreams. But it is not really peculiar or mysterious. In all our thinking we give to our thoughts an objective form, though they stand out more distinct and more fully defined in our dreaming than in our waking states, on account of the absence of the disturbing element of sensation. In all thinking we are conscious not of our thoughts, but of their objects. But these objects belong to the outer world, and are therefore always thought of as existing there. When we think of Mont Blanc our

thought is such a representation of it as memory or imagination supplies. We think of its great outlines, of its snowy peak, of the scenery amid which it lifts itself aloft. It stands before the mind as a picture. It is not a mere thought in the brain: there is a thought in the brain, but it is of a mountain existing in Switzerland, and of this alone are we conscious. In every thought there is a representation less or more distinct of the thing thought of, and such representations in our sleep form dreams. In truth, our day dreams illustrate our night dreams. Absent men, when walking along the street, or sitting by their fire-side, may frequently be seen complacently to smile, or to knit their brows, or to clench their hands; and the secret of it is, that they have been placed by their own thoughts amid scenes and circumstances which have had such reality to them as to excite these physical manifestations of pleasure or annoyance. There is nothing, therefore, peculiarly mysterious in the objective form which our thoughts take in dreams, as this is a condition of all thinking.

In these mental facts, as we shall afterwards see, lies the explanation of almost every case of spectral illusion. There is, however, another circumstance, half mental and half physical, worthy of note.

It is a singular, and it may be a significant fact, that all our various sensations may, in some measure, be produced by one common agent, electricity. When this marvellous influence is transmitted along the several nerves of special sense, it excites the sensation peculiar to each, and may be made to produce, in the same individual, and at the same time, flashes of light, crackling sounds, a peculiar taste, a prickling feeling, and a phosphoric smell. In a similar manner a box on the ear will produce a ringing sound; a blow on the eye, a spark of light. In all these cases it is probably the violent stimulus which is given to the nerve which is the proximate cause of the sensation. And may not that lead us to suspect that feeble sensational influences are always lying latent along the nerves, and in the brain, which only require the excitement to be developed in consciousness? There are several circumstances which strengthen this suspicion into a belief.

No physical influence perishes all at once. Some men say that no physical influence once created ever perishes. The vibrations of the atmosphere excited by sound continually diminish, but never cease. In like manner, may not the effect produced upon the nerves of sense by the objects of sense, whether these be vibrations and vibratiuncles, as Dr. Hartley held, or something else, continue, though in a diminished and diminishing degree, after the sensation has disappeared? We know that the sensational influence remains, and is even felt for a moment after the object is withdrawn. A dazzling body may be distinctly seen after the eyes are shut. A burning stick rapidly whirled round appears an unbroken ring of light; which can be accounted for only by supposing that the sensation produced by the object, when at one point of the circumference, has not vanished before it reaches it again. The length of time the sensation remains has even been made the subject of calculation. It is said to have been found by M. D'Arcet, a French philosopher, that the impression of light continued on the retina about the eighth part of a second after the luminous body was withdrawn. Is there, then, anything to prevent us supposing that the sensation may remain in the organ even after it has disappeared from the consciousness, and that the organ only requires to be stimulated by electricity, or excited by a blow, to send a faint sensation into the mind?

There are some facts to give probability to the supposition. Mr. Boyle has mentioned an individual who continued for years to see the spectre of the sun when he looked upon bright objects, and this fact appeared so interesting and inexplicable to Locke, that he consulted Sir Isaac Newton regarding its cause. The great philosopher in his reply stated an experiment which he had made upon himself, "with the hazard of his

eyes." After looking at the sun reflected in a mirror, and then going into the dark to observe the circles of light left by it vanishing away, on the third occasion on which the experiment was repeated, he saw to his amazement the spectre of the sun shining in the dark as vividly as he had seen it in the mirror. He afterwards discovered that, so often as he went into the dark and thought of the sun, "as when a man looks "earnestly to see a thing which is diffi- "cult to be seen," he could make the spectre return, and, the oftener he tried the experiment, the easier it became. By-and-by he discovered that, if he looked upon any bright object, or even upon a book, "he saw upon it a bright round spot like the sun." These solar phantasms had now become somewhat troublesome to the philosopher, and it was only by remaining a good deal in the dark, and employing his mind upon other subjects, that he got rid of the spectre he had called up. It was some months before his cure was complete.

This curious narrative, which is quite in accordance with well-known facts in optics, seems to prove that, when a very strong impression is made upon the organs of sense, it may continue to exist there after the object is withdrawn, and even when the sensation produced by it has ceased; and further, that this lingering impression may be again quickened into a sensation, either by the presence of an object in some respects similar to the original one, or by the mind being directed towards it, or by both these agencies together. In short, the organs of sense may be stimulated by an influence either from within or from without, and thus an old sensation be brought back to life.

Some of the facts of memory afford a strong corroboration of this view. Ideas, though absent from the consciousness, are not lost to it; they are in some mysterious way treasured up by memory, to be reproduced when required. No one particle of knowledge, it is said, is ever utterly lost. Knowledge quite irrecoverable in ordinary circumstances will be recovered in extraordinary. The excitement of a fever may so stimulate the organ of memory that knowledge long lost is regained. Languages spoken in infancy, but forgotten for many years, may be fluently spoken again during delirium; long passages of poetry or prose learnt at school, but never thought of since, may come back with all the freshness of yesterday, in similar circumstances. Stray sentences of a foreign tongue accidentally heard, but heard only to be forgotten, will recur to the memory, and be repeated with such accuracy as to make those around the bed of the delirious patient marvel where such literature was acquired. In such cases—and they are by no means uncommon—the excitement of the organs of memory revives the faded recollection: in like manner, may not the excitement of the nerves and ganglia of sense revive the faded sensation? If it be so, have we not in this an explanation, not only of the facts to which I have referred, but also, in some measure, of the spectral illusions of fever, of delirium tremens, and of an excited state of the imagination?

We have, then, arrived at these results: —that all thought is objective and pictorial; that ideas and sensations are so closely allied that the one frequently takes the place of the other; that many causes may give to our ideas peculiar freshness and force; that sensational influences do not perish in the organ the moment they disappear from consciousness; and that these may be excited so as again to dawn upon the mind. I believe these simple and certain facts will explain almost all cases of spectral illusions, saving those which arise entirely from a morbid condition of the organs of sense. Let us look at some examples, dividing them into those which have their seat in the organs of sense and those which have their seat in the mind.

I. There are many cases of illusion which depend entirely upon a morbid state of the organs of sense. During a cold we have not unfrequently a ringing sound in our ears. Some people are never free from this affection, and it

evidently arises from an irritable state of the auditory nerves. In like manner there are people who, from a diseased condition of the lenses of their eyes, see everything distorted—others who see everything out of its due proportions—others who see everything in a false colour. There are cases of men seeing everything inverted, and other cases of men seeing everything double; but, indeed, the wonder is, that we all do not see objects inverted and double, as the structure of our eyes would lead us to expect. The state of the eye in which we lose sight of half of every object at which we look is more rare and more alarming. Dr. Wollaston, who experienced this defect of vision twice himself, informs us that after taking violent exercise he suddenly found that he could see but half of a man whom he met, and that, on attempting to read the name of JOHNSON over a door, he saw only SON, the commencement of the name being wholly obliterated from his view. Dr. Conolly mentions a gentleman who, when recovering from measles, saw objects diminished to the smallest possible size; and a patient mentioned by Baron Larrey, on recovering from amaurosis, saw men as giants, and everything magnified in a proportionate degree. In all such cases there is no mental illusion, but the diseased organ presents objects to the mind differently from what it would in its state.

II. There are cases of illusion which originate partly in the morbid condition of mind and partly in a morbid condition of the organism.

Spectral illusions of this kind may be artificially induced. Let a person drink any intoxicating liquor till he causes delirium tremens, and he will be haunted by devils. Let him eat opium, and he will probably see visitors of a more pleasing aspect swimming before his eyes. In like manner, persons labouring under a brain fever see visions, sometimes of an agreeable, but more frequently of a horrible kind. But such spectral sights are not confined to those who are under the influence of drink, or opium, or fever. Many persons experience them almost daily when under no such influence. A few cases will illustrate their nature, and enable us afterwards to inquire into their cause.

Sir David Brewster, in his interesting letters on Natural Magic, mentions a lady, a friend of his, who was frequently haunted by spectres. At first she was thoroughly deceived by them, but ultimately was able, at least on some occasions, to distinguish between real and phantom appearances. On one occasion, when sitting in the drawing-room on one side of the fire-place, she saw a deceased friend moving towards her from the window at the further end of the room. The spectre approached the fire-place, and sat down in a chair opposite to that occupied by her. Thoroughly convinced it was an illusion, after gazing at it for some time, she summoned up courage to advance toward it, and seat herself in the same chair. The apparition remained till she boldly sat down, as it were in its lap, and then it vanished. Sir David mentions that the lady had a morbidly sensitive imagination, and that her health was in a disordered state during the period of these visitations. Her health gradually improved, and her spectral visitors disappeared.

Dr. Abercrombie, who is well known to have been a most careful and cautious observer of facts, mentions, in his interesting chapter on "Spectral Illusions," an old gentleman, who for some years before his death never sat down to dinner without the impression that he was surrounded by a number of friends, dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago. He mentions another gentleman who was so haunted by spectres that, if he met a friend in the street, he was at a loss to know whether it was really his friend or only his apparition. Dr. Hibbert tells us of a man who, having heard of the sudden death of an old and intimate acquaintance, and being deeply affected by it, went out to walk in a court attached to his house, when the figure of his friend started up before him in a dress which he had known him frequently to wear. Dr. Ferriar describes the case of one Nicolai, a bookseller in

Berlin, who was constantly harassed by figures of men and women, of beasts and birds. Dr. Aldershott mentions a man who saw a soldier endeavouring to force himself into his house in a threatening manner, and, on rushing forward to prevent him, was astonished to find it a phantom. This man had afterwards a succession of visions, and was cured by bleeding and purgatives. The first vision was traced to a quarrel which he had had with a drunken soldier some time before, and which had made a deep impression on his mind.

In febrile diseases, such cases are very common. "A highly intelligent friend," says Dr. Abercrombie, "whom I at-
"tended several years ago, in a mild
"but very protracted fever, without
"delirium, had frequent interviews with
"a spectral visitor, who presented the
"appearance of an old and grey-headed
"man, of a most benignant aspect.
"His visits were always conducted in
"exactly the same manner: he entered
"the room by a door, which was on the
"left-hand side of the bed, and seated
"himself on a chair on the right-hand
"side; he then fixed his eyes upon the
"patient with an expression of intense
"interest and pity, but never spoke,
"continued distinctly visible for some
"seconds, and then seemed to vanish
"into air."

Cases like these might be quoted without end; but, as the existence of apparitions is not doubted, these examples are enough to illustrate their nature, and we shall now proceed to investigate their source.

The simple fact, already alluded to, that all thought is objective and pictorial, affords us a solution of the mystery. We cannot think without thinking of something, and that something must be thought of as outside the mind. It is not our thoughts, but the things which we think of, that are present to our consciousness; and this, our thinking, consists of a series of visions. We think of men and women whom we have seen, and these by our very act of thought are summoned before the mind and appear there with less or more distinctness. We are unceasingly seeing phantoms, but they are dim and shadowy; we know they are of the mind's creation, and are beheld only with the mind's eye, and therefore we are not surprised at such frequent and familiar visitors. We have already seen how the thoughts of the day verge into the dreams of the night. Any one may trace the process for himself by attending to what passes in his own mind when his eyes are shut and sleep is approaching. He will find his sensations becoming fainter, and his thoughts taking a more palpable and definite form. While yet awake he begins to see those visions which he sees more vividly when he has sunk into slumber. Here, then, we have in our own thoughts the rudimental forms of spectral appearances.

In our waking state our thoughts have a normal vividness, and, so long as it is so, we understand them perfectly. We understand, and are not surprised at, the mental phantasmagoria. But the normal state may be disturbed by a variety of causes, either psychical or physical. Fever or inflammation, brandy or opium, may stimulate into extreme sensibility the organ of thought. Violent emotion may agitate the mind and destroy its balance. The one cannot be affected without the other being affected to. A deep mental impression must leave its deep mark on the mental organism. Memory has its seat in the brain as well as sense, and, no doubt, has its furrows there. On the other hand, any irritation in the organism must reach the mind; for they have all things in common. Any such state of excitement, sensibility, or irritation, may make our mental conceptions take a phantom shape. They have only to acquire, from any cause, an abnormal vividness to stand out before us as apparitions; and, considering that all our thoughts are visions, it is only a wonder we are not more haunted by spectres than we are. Our freedom from such visitants is a proof of the fine balance of the mind.

Almost every case of phantom-seeing may be traced to such causes as these here indicated. If we grieve bitterly

over some one taken away from us by death, if we brood incessantly upon his form and features, our thoughts will possibly acquire such force as to destroy the balance between our sensations and our ideas, and the result will be a spectral appearance of the departed. If the brain be feverish or inflamed, if the whole nervous system be morbidly sensitive, our fancies will occasionally stand out with such vividness as to be mistaken for sensations. It is very seldom that a person in perfect health is troubled with such masterful, phantom conceptions, unless in cases of violent emotion, or where some sensation or idea has made a profound impression on the mind. A few people, however, have been so peculiarly constituted as to be able to call up spectres at their will; but this they could do only by concentrating their mind upon its conceptions, under which process they acquired such vigour as to assume the phantom character. "He has also the power," says Dr. Abercrombie, regarding a gentleman who saw visions, "of calling up spectral "figures at his will, by directing his "attention steadily to the conception of "his own mind; and this may consist "either of a figure or a scene which he "has seen; or it may be a composition "created by his imagination. But, though "he has the faculty of producing the "illusion, he has no power of banishing "it; and, when he has called up any "particular spectral figure or scene, he "never can say how long it may con-"tinue to haunt him."

If spectral apparitions be only our own thoughts in an abnormal and unnatural degree of activity, we shall expect them to have such variety as our thoughts have, both when we are awake and asleep. And so it is; they come into existence according to the laws which regulate the succession of all our thoughts. There is an endless variety of them, and they often start up before the mind, we know not how; just as we frequently cannot tell how particular fancies or reminiscences spring up within us. In general, however, we can trace their origin, and recognise old thoughts under the weird-like robe of the phantom. It is the face of the deceased friend that looms upon us in vision, it is the subject which has been often and earnestly thought of which rises up before us as a spectre. The solitary old man sits down to dinner with the gallants and wits who lived when he was young and gay, for the figures of these are ever flitting before his memory, though the events of yesterday are forgotten. Luther, after praying for hours that he may be delivered from the devil, rises from his knees, and beholds the devil before him, and drives him from his presence by hurling the ink-bottle at his head.

I have already alluded to the proofs we have of sensational influences lingering in the brain, perhaps in the mind, after the object of sense is withdrawn. We have seen how Sir Isaac Newton was troubled with the spectre of the sun. Illusions of hearing also occur, though less frequently than those of vision. Dr. Abercrombie mentions a gentleman who, when recovering from an affection of the head, for which he had been severely bled, happened to hear a bugle sound, and its notes rang in his ears for nine months afterwards, till his health was completely restored. In such impressions made upon the nerves, the brain, and the mind, we have another source of phantom sights and sounds. Thus Dr. Ferriar mentions of himself, that, when on the verge of manhood, if he had been viewing any interesting object in the course of the day, and afterwards went into a dark room, the whole scene rose up before him, with a brilliancy equal to what it originally possessed, and remained floating before his vision for some minutes. The sensibility of the nervous system belonging to this period of life sufficiently accounts for the fact.

The facts here alluded to, as I have already hinted, are quite analogous to the familiar facts of memory. In memory, events withdrawn from consciousness appear to leave their vestiges in the brain, for any violent excitement of the brain will resuscitate dead reminis-

cences. We have already seen that it is so in fever. In like manner, persons who have been taken out of the water in a state of suspended animation and restored, have frequently declared that, when they were *in articulo mortis*, their whole past lives rushed up before them with appalling vividness. Others have declared how their wives and children visibly appeared to them. If memorial impressions remain stamped upon the cerebrum, which is said by physiologists to be the seat of memory, there is no improbability in sensational impressions remaining in the sensory, which is understood to be the organ of sense. Any excitation, either mental or bodily, may revivify the one as readily as the other.

In regard to such matters, however, it becomes us to speak doubtingly, and not dogmatically. Many things connected with mind are still wrapped in mystery. There is an unknown land here still awaiting a discoverer. Some of the facts connected with insanity, with catalepsy, with mesmerism, with somnambulism, are very obscure. There are persons who, when in these states, exhibit a character quite alien to that which they have when in their right mind. There have been somnambulists who, though stupid and ignorant when awake, have been accomplished, ingenious, brilliant, when asleep. There have been cataleptics and somnambulists, too, who have had two distinct currents of existence: when awake, remembering nothing of what they did when asleep; when asleep, remembering nothing of what they did when awake. In mesmerism, a state of mind similar to these is artificially produced, and the patients made to think and feel according to the pleasure of the operator. There are plainly some laws of mind and of brain of which we have not yet even guessed. But facts are accumulating; glimpses of light are being occasionally obtained; and it is evident that, in regard to the human mind, we are at this present day on the verge of some great discovery.

MANAGEMENT OF THE NURSERY.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

PART I.

"Oh, any place is good enough for a nursery! Any room is good enough for children to play in!" Mothers are still heard to speak thus: when they do so it augurs ill for the health of the little ones. There is no place good enough for a nursery while a better is to be found. Pass the ground-floor, and then select the largest, the loftiest, the best ventilated and the best lighted room in the house—the room with the largest windows, and commanding the cheeriest prospect—and make that the nursery.

I have seen nurseries as dark and as close as a prison-cell; selected avowedly because they were so "out of the way." How can the ruddy cheeks of children but blanch, and their bright eyes but grow dim in such places? Drop your handkerchief on the lawn, and let it lie there but a single day, and, when you lift it again, you will find the grass pale and dry and discoloured, because it has been excluded from the light and the air; and yet light and air are not more necessary to its healthy growth than to that of the little denizens of the nursery.

Select for the nursery the best room in the house, and in it let no household office be performed: it is to be devoted to a purpose more important than boudoir or study—let it be kept as sacred. Let its furniture be no more than is actually required, and each article be placed in its appropriate locality; let these be kept free from every speck of

damp or dust; and let the carpetless floor be swept and brushed, and at proper intervals cleansed and scoured until the white boards shine again. For a large portion of every day, and frequently, in our variable climate, for the entire day, it must serve as dining-hall, and school-room, and play-ground all in one. Important duties all—and it would be difficult at this period of life to say which is the most important. And the nursery must serve for them all. Therefore let it be the housemaid's first care to open its every window and door as wide as sash-line and hinge will allow, that the sweet morning air may freely enter and take possession; for it is not sufficient merely to admit the air; it must be courted in, enticed in, wooed to enter and take full and absolute possession, before the coming of its rightful occupants.

But what is air, and in what consists its purity or impurity? Atmospheric air may briefly be said to consist of three gases in very unequal proportions. In 100 parts 79 will be nitrogen and 21 oxygen, with a very small quantity of carbonic acid—not more than about 5 parts in 10,000. This is its standard condition, and in the preservation or non-preservation of this condition consists its purity or impurity—its fitness or unfitness for human use. For the present purpose the first constituent may be viewed as simply retaining the others, for the oxygen is that alone which is required by the lungs of an animated creature for the use of the body, and carbonic acid that which they impart in return; oxygen being so essential to animal life that it could not be supported many moments without it—carbonic acid being so inimical to it, that death ensues whenever it exceeds a very small percentage of the air inspired. In every breath we inhale, by night or by day, we extract from the air a quantity of its oxygen; in every breath we exhale, we give back not only the air inhaled deprived of this oxygen, but charged with a proportionate quantity of carbonic acid. The change induced in the character of the air by the act of breathing makes it at once obvious that it cannot be inspired a second time without loss and injury, and this loss and injury are of course added to every time it is inspired, until it becomes a deadly poison, and life becomes extinct under its influence.

Nothing deteriorates, nothing loses its purifying, revivifying properties so soon as air. Not only is it liable to be rendered impure and unfit for use by its being the common recipient of the waste particles of every surrounding object (and hence the necessity for the systematic, uniform and frequent cleansing of the nursery), but, even when pure, it must be kept in constant motion to continue so. Fill a room with fresh air, shut doors and windows, give it no outlet, and in half an hour it will have deteriorated, and this deterioration will be perceptible to the sense of smell, and will diminish the pleasure and comfort of respiration. Air, to be fit for human lungs, must be less or more in motion, and, to be this, it must be in communication with the great air-ocean outside of our dwellings—that bright translucent sea, at the bottom of which we all live, and move, and have our being. But this can be secured by the smallest channel, just as the waters of a lake may be kept fresh by the inlet of the smallest rivulet, with the outlet of the most diminutive sluice. An aperture of an inch wide along a single window will keep sweet and in healthful motion the air of a large room. This principle is generally understood and practically carried out in all house-ventilation. A permanent connexion with the external air is effected by the fireplace and its flue; the air of the room, it is calculated, will rise through the flue, where the atmospheric pressure is least, and the air outside on a level with the room will press through chink of window and door to fill its place. And, under ordinary circumstances, this calculation is sound, and the results satisfactory; but, in rooms where fires are seldom kept, the air in the flue becomes damp and stagnant, and the communication with the exter-

nal air is virtually stopped. Hence the value of fires as aids to ventilation. Not only do they change the atmosphere more rapidly while they are burning, and at the same time draw all lingering damp from walls, and floor, and furniture, but they dry and keep free the permanent channel of ventilation.

But this means will be found insufficient where the air of the room is to supply many pairs of lungs. A nearer and more direct channel becomes necessary; and there is none better than that given by lowering the windows a little space, according to the state of the weather, at the highest point above the heads of the inmates. Through this opening the effete air will pass, and its place be supplied, and motion obtained, by the admission of fresh air through other channels. But, for the nursery, even this will be found inadequate to the preservation of a pure atmosphere, and the process just recommended for the beginning of the day should be repeated at given periods throughout its course—namely, the setting wide open of every window and door, while its inmates have been withdrawn. Pure air is as important as proper food—if possible, more so; for, while the natural effects of improper food may be resisted by the counter-influences of air, bathing, clothing, and exercise, nothing can counteract the influence of impure air. The organs of mastication, digestion, and assimilation will all have an influence on the conversion of food into blood; but air passes through no intermediate channel, undergoes no intermediate operation—at once from lip to lung it passes, and the union for good or for evil is final. Life may be supported many days without food; it cannot be supported many moments without air.

In the living organism, from the hour of birth there is going on a continual process of death and decay among the particles which make up its tissues; each particle preserves its vitality for a limited space only, and then separates from the tissue of which it has formed a part, and resolves itself into the inorganic elements of which it is composed. There is thus going on a continual disintegration and separation from the body of all its tissues. This process is greatly influenced by the activity of the bodily functions, every operation of the muscles or nerves involving the disintegration and decay of a certain part of their substance. We cannot lift a finger, we cannot execute a movement so slight as the raising of an eyelid, or the opening of the lips to speak a word, without causing a change in certain of the molecules or particles which compose the muscles and nerves employed in the execution of the movement, and in those which compose the nerve-centre in which the movement originates; and this change involves their death or decay. This being the case, it is obvious that a second process is necessary to repair the loss thus sustained by the body in the discharge of its manifold functions, and which is in relation to their activity. This reparative process is performed by the blood, which, in its never-ending circulation, bears to each tissue the material for the replacement of all waste and for the building up of all additions; and, as this material is borne along through channels penetrating to every part of the organism, each tissue, by a law incomprehensible but unerring, selects from it and appropriates that particular *pabulum* which is fit for its special use, and that only. At every point of the body is this law in unceasing operation; a loss of vital power, followed by disintegration, decay, and removal, to be met by a replacement of material, a reproduction of parts, a renewal, an increase of vital power. And, as the disintegration of each part is hastened by its activity, so, by an equally unerring law, is the flow of blood bearing the renewing material increased in that part. Wherever nervous or muscular action is in fullest force, there will be the fullest distribution of life-restoring blood. From the moment of birth does this war between growth and decay, between life and death, go on. During the period of growth and development, the formative capacity, by a property inherent in the body itself, is greater

than the liability to decay, the supply is ever in excess of the waste, the gain is ever in advance of the loss, so that a gradual accumulation of bulk is sustained, with a progressive development. As the body reaches maturity, the formative power gradually diminishes, until these processes of waste and supply, disintegration and, renovation are equally balanced; and, in proportion as it approaches old age, does the loss exceed the gain, the decay over-master the renewal, until death overtakes life, and thus is closed the circuit of our material being.

The blood, then, being the source from which every part of the body derives its nourishment, and the blood itself being formed from the food, too much importance cannot be attached to the proper selection and judicious administration of the food of the young. The food of the infant, indeed, is so important that nature retains this in her own hands. Very clearly given also is the information as to when the fluid should give place to solid food, by the appearance of the organs of mastication; and very significant is the fact of their appearing singly or in pairs, and at intervals, so that the transition from the fluid to the solid shall, in conformity with all her changes, be gradual—lingering long on the debateable point where the food is neither actual fluid nor solid, yet partaking of the characteristics of both.

When regular diet has been adopted, it cannot be too regular; but it must be carefully and systematically varied. This is most important; for, when the child had but its one article of nature-provided food, it had that which in itself contained material for the supplying of all its wants—material for the maintenance and increase of every bone, muscle, and nerve, of every cell of every organ in the body. But there is no other all-sustaining, all-sufficing article of diet, and therefore is judicious variety necessary—not to be produced at the same meal, to excite the appetite by sight or smell, or to gratify the palate after the appetite has been satisfied, but at intervals of days or even weeks, or at the slightest indication of dislike or indifference to that which is in use, that the digestive organs may be sustained in their natural tone, and the varied wants of the growing frame duly supplied.

The food of young children should be simple and unexciting, because their nervous and circulatory systems are readily irritated; but it should be nourishing and abundant. During the period of growth the demand for nourishment is very great, both from the supply required for the additions to the growing frame, and from the great physical activity for which all healthy children show so strong an inclination. It is not true, as is often asserted, that most children are overfed. Children can scarcely be restricted in food without loss, provided it is judiciously chosen and their exercise is sufficient; and it is to errors in these two respects that those evils are usually due which are wrongly ascribed to over-feeding. Many children suffer from being brought up under the mistaken idea that an invalid diet, so to speak, is the most desirable one for them; and, at the very time when they are in most need of abundant and nourishing food, it is doled out to them in limited quantity, and still much more often in deficient quality. I have met with many families where the children were only allowed to have meat two or three times a week, and lived principally upon bread, rice, sago, puddings, and similar food—the fact being overlooked that such articles contain, in a large bulk, but a small proportion of those compounds which go to the repairing and adding to of the most important tissues of the body. Such food is of course valuable when taken in combination with the more nourishing kinds, because it supplies that bulk or quantity which is essential to healthy digestion; but an exclusive diet of it, though it may be very suitable to the Brahmins of an Indian climate, is wholly inadequate to supply the needs of the active, growing frames of English children. Its results I have ever found to be the same. If the

children are able to resist the attacks of disease, they grow up to be small, puny, feeble men and women.

There is another form in which children are very often insufficiently fed—namely, when they are allowed to eat at any time, and of almost any food which inclination or fancy may direct. Their appetite for proper and natural food is thus perverted, and their stomachs are loaded with what, so far from being useful, is positively destructive. It would be well if parents would recollect, that it is not what is eaten merely, but what is digested and assimilated, that supports life and growth, and that a child may very easily be starved, without ever feeling hungry.

That insufficient food is the cause of many of the evils existing among those who can get no better, is a well-known fact. Cases are continually brought under our notice, of sufferings induced, not by actual starvation, but by daily insufficiency; and we must not forget that these evils may be and are equally induced, whether the insufficiency lies in the quantity or the quality, and whether it arises from the impossibility of obtaining more and better, or from the mistaken belief that that which is already provided is enough.

Especially never stint a child in its morning meal, because the appetite at this time is a more truthful expression of the requirements of the body than at any other, and also because the food then presented is usually of a less stimulating and of a plainer kind than at any other period of the day. Bread and milk is an excellent general breakfast. There is only one better; and that is the porridge and milk of the children of all classes in Scotland. Some children awaken very early; and in these cases a plain biscuit or piece of bread will in no way interfere with the appetite for the regular meal, but rather preserve it. Midday is the time for the nursery dinner; which should consist of two dishes, one of meat, with vegetables, and one of farinaceous or fruit pudding, of which there is a great variety. Water is, of course, the only drink at the nursery dinner. No beer or wine should be given, except by medical advice. Tea should be an hour or two before going to bed, and should be a repetition of breakfast in its simplest form; for the digestive organs have been busy all day, and sleep, sound dreamless sleep, is necessary for the recruitment of the little weary frame. Since day-dawn, hands and feet, legs and arms, body and brain, have been busy, and have all some little addition to make to their stature and their strength; and this cannot be done if the process of digestion has still to be carried on.

It is, doubtless, desirable that perfect propriety and decorum should be preserved at the nursery table; but this may be done, and still the laughter be louder than the clatter of spoon on plate; for be it remembered, that good digestion is promoted by contentment and happiness at the time of eating.

Air and food—these are agents essential to life, essential to existence; but there are others which are essential to health—such as clothing, bathing, and exercise.

The proper treatment and protection of the skin are only now being clearly understood, because the actual structure and functions of the skin itself are of recent discovery. And nothing is more surely established than the fact, that the frequent use of water is essential to its healthy condition.

Bathing must be viewed as an agent of health in two aspects—first, as a cleanser of the skin; secondly, as an agent of considerable tonic power. In the first aspect, it addresses the skin as the organ of transpiration only; in the second, as the organ of common sensation, possessed of great nervous sensibility and influence. In the first, it addresses the skin, with the view of removing from its surface all impediments to functional ability and arousing it to greater activity. In the second, it acts directly, through the skin, upon the entire nervous and circulatory systems, either as a stimulus when depressed, or as a sedative when under undue excitement.

But many parents are deterred from the use of this valuable aid to health, by the fear that the child will catch cold, or that he is not strong enough for bathing. As well talk of a hungry child not being strong enough for food! True it is, that a child who has not from infancy been accustomed to the use of cold water will naturally at first show a strong repugnance to it; and the bath, in such cases, must be approached with the utmost caution, and only arrived at by slow degrees.

But with how little discretion, or forethought, or comprehension of the nature and value of the process upon which one is engaged, is this often performed! While some delicate children are plunged into cold water, and thereby literally "frightened into fits," others are merely dabbed over with water up to fever-heat. All extremes should be avoided. The power of liking the bath is too valuable to be trifled with; and, independently of the certain failure in its object and purpose, either extreme of temperature may lose it. The hot water may give a distaste, the cold water a fear, a repugnance, that may last for life. Let the temperature of the water at first be that which will be most agreeable to the child, and afterwards gradually and slowly reduced until it is taken fresh from the pump; and then not in large quantity. The mere bulk and amount of the water will sometimes scare and frighten a delicate or timid child. It is of so much importance that the child should take pleasure in the bath, should *enjoy* the bath, that no trouble should be considered too great to insure it. And let there be no pouring of the water suddenly over head and face, and no tricks, and no surprises, and no deceits—nothing that might startle, or scare, or give dislike; but gentle persuasion and truthful example, and every word and gesture and act that will inspire confidence and trust.

The basin with tepid water (and let the nurse be reminded that what will be tepid to the touch of her hand will be hot to the delicate and sensitive skin of a young child) will gradually give place to the cold bath of larger dimensions. The best method of effecting this gradual change is, first, to put a given quantity of cold water into the bath, and then to ascertain how much hot water is required to raise the temperature to the point desired—this last to be diminished in quantity as the temperature of the bath is to be lowered. Let the child sit or stand in the bath; lave the water a few times in slight handfuls very gently over the head and face, and in the same manner over the whole body. Later, when confidence has been obtained and actual enjoyment secured, there may be a complete immersion; and, when the child is old enough by voluntary movement to aid in the process, a few splashes, a dip, a plunge, and then out, to be rapidly rubbed dry—rubbed, not *scrubbed*—with the softest towel applied with the lightest touch. If the object be, as is admitted, to dry the skin, this will be most effectively done by a light touch and frequent change of surface, and an open and soft-spun towel, rather than a rough or hard one. Great discomfort and irritation are often caused by neglect of this precaution. No floss-silk is so soft, no gossamer-web is so delicate, as the skin of a young child.

This is the morning bath, taken on the instant of quitting bed. It will soon be a safe and pleasurable tonic to the skin, as evidenced by the ruddy hue and pleasurable glow, marking the reflux of the blood, which had recoiled at the sudden change of temperature.

In viewing the bath in its first aspect, as a cleanser of the skin, we must remember that the entire surface of the body is continually pouring forth streams of fluid exudations, separated from the blood by the glandular roots of the perspiratory and oil tubes with which the skin is closely studded. These exudations are of two kinds, saline and oily; the latter being for the purpose of softening the skin, and keeping it elastic and pliable, while the former consists chiefly of watery particles with a small proportion of other matters, which,

being noxious to the health of the body, are thus excreted from it. Now it is essential to the perfect health of child or adult, that these excretions should be removed from the skin. Otherwise, their accumulation there will block up the mouths of the ducts, to the enfeeblement of the secreting glands, and the impairment of the healthy condition of the blood itself. Simple water has the power of dissolving the saline matter exuded, but not the oily matter. For this latter purpose soap is advantageously employed, because the alkalies, which form important ingredients in its manufacture, have the property of dissolving oily matters. The temperature of the water also greatly affects its cleansing power; for, cold water being of a temperature much lower than that of the surface of the body, its contact with it causes the skin and subjacent tissues to shrink—by which the pores are closed, and the lines and declivities, in which lie the greater part of its exudations, are contracted. A higher temperature has a contrary effect. The skin expands under its influence, allowing the deepest cutaneous deposits to be reached and removed.

For this reason the evening tepid bath should never be omitted in the nursery. By it all accumulations upon the skin will be thoroughly removed, and perfect freedom allowed for the performance of its functions, always more active during sleep; and the morning bath may be considered almost solely for its value as a tonic, both as regards temperature and duration. In this aspect, the properties of the bath are in an inverse ratio to its cleansing properties. Here the point desired is the sudden contraction and shrinking of the skin and subjacent parts, by which the blood circulating in them is driven inwards upon the internal organs. For this is but the *rompre pour mieux sauter*, the recoil for an energetic return. The tissues through which the blood has been driven are greatly stimulated by this sudden afflux; the action of the circulatory and respiratory organs becomes more vigorous; back rushes the blood, faster, farther, and more forcibly than before. Thus the concussion and reacting effort are not confined to that part of the nervous and circulatory systems which forms the sensory layer of the skin, and the fibrous bed upon which it is extended, but are shared directly by the entire body.

But bathing is not the only agent affecting growth and development which addresses itself to the skin. The nature and condition of the garments by which it is covered exercise a material influence upon its health and functional ability; and, though it must be admitted that there are still many features in the clothing of children which require alteration, yet great has been the advancement of late years in this important respect—more, perhaps, than in any other affecting the physical condition of childhood. Whereas the child was formerly swathed like a mummy in many yards and many folds of linen, pressing upon chest and abdomen, hindering the growth of every muscle and bone, and checking the action of every internal organ, it is now clothed in a manner conducive to comfort and health. Indeed, when we see the antiquated swathings, and reflect on their inevitable operation upon a creature so delicately fashioned, and in a state of such rapid growth and transition as a young child, our wonder is, not that it grew up to have the use of its limbs, to have muscles that could contract, and bones that could support them, but that it could grow at all; and nothing can more strongly impress us with the sense of the tenacity of life, and the power of growth of the body towards its ultimate and destined form and use, than the fact that these abuses were ever successfully resisted. Our wonder is excited when we witness the soft and tender shoots of an accidentally buried plant forcing their way through the hard-trodden soil, upheaving and displacing turf and stone until they reach the light and the air; yet is the resistance it had to encounter slight in comparison to that which awaited children of fifty years ago.

Yet, although swathing is given up, young children have often their numerous and nameless coverings fastened too tight across the chest, and often with shoulder-straps too short; which is but another form of swathing with all its certain evils. Without great care and constant watching to adjust the size and shape of these garments to the constantly changing proportions of the parts they have to cover, much injury may be done. To use a nursery phrase pregnant of evil, the child "will grow out of them;" which means that the clothes become too small for the child, and therefore that there is a constant and abiding pressure and constraint—a pressure and constraint intensified by every day's neglect—upon that portion of the little frame most liable to injury from such abuse, and which it is the most desirable to keep free from all such constraint. I am most earnest in desiring to draw attention to this circumstance, because to it I believe I can trace many of the otherwise unaccountable malformations, and departures, more or less marked, from a fair and normal development of the upper region of the trunk, which come daily under my observation, both in juvenescence and in adult life.

For the due performance of its functions, the heat of the body must be maintained at a given temperature; and this temperature the body can itself maintain amid all the changes of climate and season to which it may be exposed. But, when we consider the character of the skin, and the extent of surface which it presents to the surrounding atmosphere, it is at once evident that this heat is liable to be diminished or lowered by exposure to an atmosphere of a temperature lower than its own. The preservation of this desired degree of heat must therefore be greatly dependent, first, on the condition of the atmosphere itself, and, secondly, on the character of the coverings of the skin as good or bad conductors of heat.

The body then generates sufficient heat for its own wants, and the object of clothing is to prevent this heat from being abstracted from it by a cold atmosphere, or to screen it from an atmosphere, or object, of a temperature higher than that required for its comfort and well-being. It must therefore be always remembered that clothes are in themselves neither hot or cold. Their title to such epithets is due to their character as good or bad conductors of heat (that is, as they have a tendency or otherwise to conduct from the body the heat generated by it), and good or bad radiators (that is, as they have a tendency or otherwise to retain the heat they receive). Upon the character of clothing in these two respects depends its power of maintaining between the surrounding atmosphere and the skin a stratum of air already heated to a temperature approximating to that of the body. And, as each successive garment interposes another layer of heated air between the body and the surrounding atmosphere, the heat-preserving power of clothing depends upon the number of garments as well as upon the character of the material. A third point affecting this heat-preserving power of clothing is the thickness of the textures of which it is composed, because each of the meshes or interstices formed by the threads contains a separate collection of air, and the thicker the texture the greater of course will be the quantity of air thus retained, and in this manner is formed as it were an additional inner covering of air, already the recipient of heat from the body.

But, although the interior of the body, in all climates and at all seasons, with scarcely perceptible variation during health, preserves its standard and uniform temperature, its surface is liable to considerable variation, because to it is transmitted all superabundant heat generated in the body by certain states of action or being, such as exercise. For the rapid performance of this operation, moisture is exuded through the skin over the surface of the body—all moisture being a ready conductor of heat; but, as all nature's laws are perfect, and as it is desired that both the heat, and the moisture, its conductor,

should be removed from the skin, this is accomplished in the moment, and by the very act of their union, in the form of evaporation. It is, therefore, essential to health that the textures of which the clothing is composed shall be sufficiently open to admit of this evaporation.

The materials usually selected to form articles of clothing are wool, silk, cotton, and linen or flax. Of these, wool, woven into cloth of various kinds, as flannel, merino, &c., ranks first as a bad conductor and good radiator of heat; and its value in this respect is increased by the character of its textures, and also by the cellular structure of the material itself, which is actually hair, each of the little cells of which contains its separate collection of air. The looseness of the texture of all woollen preparations also provides for the second requisite by rendering them perfect ventilators. Silk ranks next to wool as a non-conductor and radiator; but, from the roundness of its filaments, and the closeness of its textures, it is very defective as a ventilator. Cotton possesses considerable claims both as a non-conductor and radiator, and also as a ventilator; for, the filaments from which the threads are spun being unequal and flat, these characteristics are preserved in the threads themselves, securing the openness of the cloth into which they are woven. Linen has the smallest claims in any of these capacities. It is a good conductor and a bad radiator of heat; moreover, from the porous character of its fibres, it is highly retentive of moisture, itself a rapid conductor of heat.

Another material frequently brought into use as an article of clothing is fur. It has the same qualities as wool in extreme, save that, being quite impervious to air or moisture, it has no ventilating properties whatever.

Thus fur, the natural protective covering of animals which inhabit the coldest countries of the globe, is the most powerful of all preservers of the heat generated in the frames which it covers—too powerful, indeed, for use in a moderate climate, save as small local coverings.

Wool, manufactured from the natural protective coverings of animals which have to encounter the vicissitudes of the seasons in a moderate climate, holds the second place.

Silk, manufactured from a material produced by an insect for its protection during a state of transformation, holds the third place.

Cotton, manufactured from the product of a plant growing in hot countries, and forming the protective covering of its seeds, holds the fourth place.

Linen, derived from the fibres of the bark of a plant, which springs from a cold and moist soil, holds the last place.

Linen has, therefore, little claim as a skin-covering garment. Its qualities of readily conducting heat, and of imbibing and retaining moisture, combine to unfit it for this purpose. Linen is now generally superseded by cotton, and deservedly so; for this second material possesses all the qualities desired for the preservation of the temperature requisite to the comfort and health of the body. Flannel, being a preparation of wool, holds, of course, the first place as a non-conductor and ventilator; but it possesses a third quality, which, while enhancing its value as a skin-covering garment in some cases, renders it objectionable in others. From its open and unequal texture, presenting every gradation of inequality, the skin is subjected to an active and sustained stimulus, amounting, with an unaccustomed wearer, to actual irritation. Now this stimulus is invaluable to the delicate and the ailing; to those whose skin, from enforced sedentary pursuits, from illness, or from constitutional weakness, is wanting in vigour and tone; to all, indeed, who stand in need of powerful artificial means to maintain the functional activity of the skin. But, with the additional power of flannel as a non-conductor, it is too great in a moderate climate for the healthy and active frame. For this reason, with children in moderate health, who are able to make use of the agents of bathing and exercise, the more gentle friction of the cotton garment is infinitely preferable.

But it is not alone to the material of which the fabric is composed, nor to the texture of the fabric that we must confine our attention. The shape of the garment, its weight and even its colour, have an important effect in determining its fitness. All clothes should be *light;* and this is especially the case with those of children. It is a great error to put heavy clothes on a child; and, unfortunately, this is frequently done at the very time when it is least desirable—when about to take what is often its only exercise and recreation, a walk—thereby compelling the child to carry an uninteresting burden. Now, although a healthy child will voluntarily undergo an amazing amount of exertion in the form of play—that is when it has merely itself to carry—it will undergo very little if it has to support any extraneous weight; in fact, there is no part of a child's frame fitted for it. It is a mistake also to think that weight gives warmth. It in no way does so, except by pressure on certain parts of the body, and the continuous and exhausting efforts of those parts to support it. Besides, it is an ascertained fact that respiration is diminished in proportion to the weight of the clothing; and the full expansion of the lungs and free inhalation of air is one of the chief objects of all recreative exercise. Proper warmth is best obtained by selecting a soft and light material that will fall around and drape itself about the figure, and follow the shape and action of the parts it covers. Again, all clothes should be *loose.* No tight garment, however thick, can be warm, because the stratum of air which should lie between it and the inner garment is lost. No garment whatever, nor any part of one, should press or lie tight upon any part of the body, but, on the contrary, should have a margin for that expansion which takes place when it is in motion. The hand cannot be opened or closed, the foot cannot be lifted, without certain parts of hand and arm, foot and leg, expanding under the operation; and the whole trunk is lifted upwards and outwards at every breath inhaled. Let, therefore, the clothes of children not only be free but loose; for every restraint is an injury—an injury exactly proportionate to the extent of the restraint. On this subject I shall be more precise in another paper, in which I shall also make some remarks on Exercise for Children, and the various forms of it.

MILO.

Ye Gods! ye Gods! What fate is this ye send?
Have I so stinted ye in holy rites,
That ye look down, and pluck the strength ye gave?
Ye Gods! I am alone from help of men,
And the oak holds my right hand, and I die.
Now look on me from the high seats of heav'n,
And help me, that I rend this stubborn oak
Which holds me living! Help me, and I strive,
I bow myself, and snatch me from this death.
Help me, ye Gods! help me! The oak is stirr'd;
I bow myself—I shake it as a wind—
It stirs! it stirs! its roots grind in the earth.
Now crack, ye giant heartstrings! I will live!
Ah, me! it holds. Its nether root spurs down,
And wraps upon some rock. Help me, ye Gods!
Have ye a pity now, and see me spend,

See these veins swell, and these thick sinews draw,
And all my might sweating from these wet brows?
Oh save me now, though ye be pitiless!
Oh save me now, and gird my heart anew,
Nor let it burst for anguish! I will wait
Until ye give me pity—I will wait,
Nor strive, nor rage, nor rend myself, but wait—
So at the last ye hear me. * *
* * * I am faint—
Oh, I am weary, weary! and I wait;
Great Jove, I stay for thee! I do not strive;
I bate my breath, and rule my pulses slow;
I lean me to thy mercy and thy will.
* * * *
Oh Fate! I cry upon thee in my woe!
In thy hard store hast thou this end set by,
That I shall rave, and perish for hot thirst,
And gnaw myself for famine? Bitter Fate,
Draw other lot for me, nor slay me thus!
Alas! but Fate is blind, and darkly deals;
And, deaf, she tramples us and will not heed—
Our mortal cry is dead within her ears.
Now save me, ye great arms! Ye made me once
The world's strong wonder. Save me, ye great arms!
Or ye shall perish, and the ravens come,
And search with their wild beaks in ye, deep veins,
And pluck ye, twisted sinews, at their will!
Save me, great arms! or ye shall hang, and hang,
In all the suns and winds hang like a curse,
Be blown and sunn'd upon: but ye are old,
And wither'd from your sap and mightiness.
Old! I am old, and all things mock at me;
This fickle wind is blowing these white hairs
For sport into mine eyes; the sun stares down,
And smites upon my brow, and I am faint.
One little cloud for shadow send me, Gods!
Great Jove, give me one day of the past days;
Oh! give me might to fill these slacken'd arms,
And I will split this knotted heart of oak,
As thine own hissing lightnings! Give me might!
Give me, ye Gods, the might of the past days,
And I will yield it to you straightway back,
And walk as a year's infant evermore,
Unsure and frail. * * *
* * * * *
* * Alas! why spite ye me,
To knit me vast, and broad, and greatly limb'd,
Yet steal away my greenness, and my heart?
Give me, ye Gods, one day of the past days,
When I stood sure to dare all strength of men.
They came and cast upon me; they grew weak;
They changèd in mine hands; their bones were wax
And their blood water unto me. I stood;
I shook them down on the Olympian sands,

Nor felt my heart was stirr'd to one hot stroke;
Till all men fear'd, and shunn'd to come at me.
The evil beasts fled from me as I came,
And brake into the shadows and grew still,
Nor cross'd my path. Ah, hear me, hear me, Gods!
In this, my sorest hour, ye mock my prayer.
Lo, ye are known destroyers evermore!
Ye chainèd one unto the face of rock,
And then with cruel bolts ye rived him there,
And sent the eagle, with a famish'd scream,
To feed upon his heart, which beat for man;
And shall ye pity me, a man in woe?
Will ye have tears? Lo, here are tears for ye!
Will ye have blood? Then see this marrèd hand,
How it bleeds down my life into the tree,
To its deep, stubborn heart, and yet it holds,
And is not melted of its stubbornness!

* * * *

The night is coming down, and I am faint,
And dim, and hot for thirst, and mine eyes parch.
There is a coal of fire within my mouth;
I thirst—I thirst; will no man give me drink?
I faint—I dream—the night is strong on me.
There is a sound of waters in mine ears,
Washing, and washing near; I shall have drink!
Rivers of water! when the moon is up
And I may see them flow! * *

* * * *

* * All dark—all night!
No stirring is about—there is no sound!
Ah—I am cold—and faint, and my heart stays.
Take me, ye Gods; I weary unto you;
Take me, and give me sleep. I sleep—I sleep;
Take me, ye Gods, for life hath done with me.

J. M.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

About the year 1846 several leading members of the University of Oxford came to a conviction that, if the urgently pressed necessity to provide schools for scientific teaching, and laboratories for diffusing practical knowledge, was in any way to be satisfied, it would be needful to erect premises wherein those objects could be carried out—wherein the Ashmolean Museum, the Geological and Mineralogical collections, and the apparatus of the Reader in Experimental Philosophy, and other teachers of Physical Knowledge, could be more fitly accommodated than they yet were. They thought also that, if the stigma of a persistent and dull neglect of all studies in Natural Science was to be removed, the sooner the work was set about the better. The urgency of the case made itself the more felt in the few years that followed, through the murmurs and reproaches of those without the academic pale, which, like the whispers, and hoarse though far-off rolling of a sea, hinted an overwhelming flood

of revolution, if reform were not swiftly attempted. Large funds had accumulated, the property of the University, which, if not expended in accordance with modern requirements, might be snatched from the grasp of those then in command, and applied to purposes which some of the elder children of the Academies shuddered to think of. Ultimately 30,000*l.* were granted for the shell of the building required; and from thirty-two designs obtained in competition, that since executed was chosen—being the work of Sir John Deane and Mr. Woodward, architects, of Dublin.

A Gothic design was chosen, because the majority of the committee intrusted with the office of selection considered that the true spirit of that order of art, if realized in practice, would amply and alone ensure that fitness to function which, being the law of all constructive beauty in nature, is also the indispensable requirement of good art. From Gothic they expected to get satisfaction for the demands, however apparently incompatible, to which the building proposed would be subject—a huge, open, and sky-lighted space for a Museum; lecture-rooms of divers sizes, one of which must perforce receive the sun's rays; apartments of various width; galleries of communication suitable for displaying objects; also laboratories for chemical studies, and dissecting-rooms, removed from the main body of the edifice. That, wisely disposed, such a gathering of apartments should produce a fine architectural effect was, of course, imperative. From the untrammelled spirit of true Gothic art the means of accomplishing all these things was confidently expected. Its advocates said that in perfect freedom was perfect power, and that, wherever a failure happened, there was the true soul of Gothic art absent. In short, the long-contested question between this and the classic style was to be put to experiment. That the sum of money voted was barely adequate to the end in view could hardly be quoted as a real disadvantage, seeing that the revivalists averred that Gothic art could be perfectly exhibited, at a cost not needfully greater than Classic or Italian art would require, if only the fundamental principle were laid down that good art, being essentially constructive, did not demand mere decoration (craving source of costliness), but would be noble and honestly true without "goldsmith's work" from the carver, or jewelry from the glass-stainer.

How far these convictions have been confirmed by the event, we may now inquire, bearing in mind that the very "practice of architecture has been con-"fused by the inventions of modern "science," such as the application of iron in construction, "and is hardly "yet organized completely, with respect "to the new means at its disposal."

In considering the general success of the edifice in adaptation to its purposes, we must state that the architect was bound to have a large central area, covered with a glass roof, supported upon iron columns, and lofty enough to admit of a gallery, and fulfil further conditions hinted at above. We may here extract from Dr. Acland's excellent little handbook[1] a general account of the interior. "For the illustration of "nature the student requires four things "—first, the work-room, where he may "practically see and work for himself; "secondly, the lecture-room, where he "may see and be taught that which by "himself he can neither see nor learn, "and, as an adjunct to these, a room for "more private study for each; thirdly, "a general space for the common display "of any illustrative specimens capable of "preservation, so placed as to be conve-"nient for reference and comparison "between all different branches; and, "fourthly, a library in which whatever "has been done or is now doing, in "the sciences of this and other periods "and countries, may be conveniently "ascertained. The centre of the edifice, "which is intended to contain the "Collections, consists of a quadrangle. "This large area is covered with a glass

[1] Remarks on the Oxford Museum, by Dr. Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine. Oxford: J. H. and J. Parker. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"roof, supported on cast-iron columns; "the ornaments of the spandrils are of "wrought-iron."

The roof now placed is the second that has been erected—a departure from the original plan of the architects having been ventured upon, and found to be a failure. The architects attempted, but without success, to have stone shafts substituted for the iron ones now employed. The wrought-iron spandrils represent large interwoven branches, with leaf and flower and fruit of various trees; and in various parts of the less important decorations, in the capitals, and nestled in the trefoils of the girders, are leaves of elm, briar, water-lily, passion-flower, ivy, holly, and many others, all adding to the peculiar effect of the decorations. The central court is surrounded by two arcades, one above the other—the inferior level with the pavement. The roof springs from above the upper arcade or gallery, in which the shafts and arches are of less height than in the lower one. The cast-iron columns before referred to divide the central court into three portions—the middle one considerably the most extensive—in some respects like the nave and aisles of a church. Seen by one standing in the centre, looking from the entrance, the shafts are seven on either hand to the farther side of the area. Each of these shafts is composed of four shafts (grouped, but not otherwise united than by bands of iron at certain distances), resting on a stone base. The four grouped angle-shafts differ in some respects from the others. At less than half of the total height of the nave, the spandrils leap from the caps, to take a very high lancet form, to meet from each side at the apex of the roof-ridge—the end, or, to speak loosely, the gable of which is sustained by the spandrils rising from the four angle shafts, so that the roof-ridge does not traverse the whole extent of the nave or the aisles. The end of this roof takes something of an apse-like form, owing to the introduction of intermediate spanners, which rests on corbels. Great picturesqueness of effect is gained through bringing the roof-pitch itself much below the arches above-named by continuing the rafters of iron downwards so that they rest upon the heads of a second row of shafts of less height, the space between which and the former makes a sort of corridor dividing the nave and aisles; the roofs of which last are like, but of a less altitude than the central roof.

It will be seen that the area is thus divided into five portions. The walls of the building itself, of course, sustain on corbels the spanners of the aisle roof. Much of the construction may be understood from the form of the shafts and their spanners. Let us take one. The four-grouped shafts meet at the cap, sending one central, upright and rigid stem to the roof, vertically nearly twice the elevation of the cap. This meets a sort of cornice of wrought-iron, running horizontally so as to sustain, about midway of their length, the great rafters of iron that rest their lowermost ends upon the outer range of shafts before spoken of. The uppermost ends of these rafters meet at the roof-ridge. Returning to the caps—a spanner like the rib of a groined roof springs from each to unite with its antagonist from the other side of the roof-ridge; these traverse the roof and the nave; and similar, but smaller, spanners perform the same office for the aisle roofs. Extending laterally from the caps—that is, sideways to the nave—arise two slender spanners to the trabeal beam before referred to as sustaining the rafters. The spandrils or triangular interspaces, formed by these spanners, the central rigid stem, and the trabeal beam, are filled in with rich forms of foliage wrought in iron to various designs. The caps of all the shafts are diverse.

The principle of diversity in unity has been carried out in all portions of this building—even in the presumably temporary painting of the ironwork; in certain forms of leafage in the capitals of the shafts that constitute the arcades; in the corbels; and, as we observe, even in the seemingly unimportant details of cabinet and carpenters' work, such as the fittings of the doors leading to the lecturers' rooms and the theatres. The

carvings of no two windows are alike; indeed, beyond the bare shell of the building, the utmost variety—soul of true Gothic as it is, for variety means freedom in art—has been sought after. It has been the object to leave to the power of each highly skilled artizan, as appears to have been the mediæval practice, to whom aught of the decorative work was intrusted, an opening for his own idiosyncrasy to develop itself; so that, subordinate only to certain general rules, every carving, each point of ornament, may be called a labour of sheer love, in which the carver's heart was allowed to rejoice, and the man bent himself *heartily* and intelligently to do a good thing affectionately. A very different thing this, the reader will see, from the endless pointing of mechanical acanthi or torus mouldings fitted with a template of iron, or the dreary chiselling of endless rows of the so-called ram's-horns of the Ionic capital! Not such are the carvings here. The artizan has sought in the lush recesses of the neighbouring river-bank for crisp water plants, or those that love the margins and whip the stream; in the shady woods dank ferns have been found to be models of loveliest form; the humblest field weed has yielded up her shy beauty, and stands immortalized here in the stone; the lilies have an unchanging glory; the hillside-loving pine has bent her sturdy branches and been found delightful; while the wide-blooming marsh-mallow that tottered before the wind is here steadfast for ever. It requires very little consideration to recognise the infinitely greater delight there must be in such a building, not only to the spectators, but to the workman himself, than is like to be found in any endless series of acanthi, ram's-horns, or the like. Can we conceive a carver coming back to his work, after completion with templates, or machinery of that sort, with any satisfaction? There could be nothing to call him out of himself in such toil. But might not a carver come back to look at these tottering marsh-mallows, or dwell with a cunning satisfaction upon the artful way in which he dealt with that aloe which so skilfully dodges the angle in the north-west corner of the lower arcade? It is true that none of this work is entirely satisfactory. Mere imitation and reproduction, however exquisite, is not the end of art—least of all, of architectonic decoration; and we miss a little of the needful conventionalizing suitable to architecture. But that in its best quality, must come, and, indeed, only can come, through a course of study such as that here shown to have been worthily begun. The reader will see that the word "conventionalizing" is used in a sense other than the vulgar one.

Nowhere, except in the rigid iron foliage filling in the spandrils, has this great principle of diversity been unsuccessfully applied. *There*, although great credit is due to the designers for the pains they have been at, the result is not satisfactory—doubtless, because the foliage seems to do nothing, and the rigid metal, strong to bear and serve, looks idly curling about and posturing in ineffectual graces. Moreover, there is something in the thing itself—this *quasi*-forest that supports the roof of translucent glass, and indolently disports itself in the air—that is repulsive to us. We are not sure that the effect of the whole would not be hugely improved by putting a roof on the top of all this iron, and admitting the light by something like a clerestory at the summit of the wall. As it is, the very spanners, to say nothing of the iron foliage, come stark, and black, and opaque against the sky; they imprison the day in stern bars that seem to bind the sky and light in their opaque, *unreflecting*, and heavy bonds. No artifice of painting or colour can or ever will mend this. Sheer gilding would do the thing, undoubtedly—a process to which we fear the University would object as expensive. Certainly gilding would do the thing; because the lustre of gold reflects so much light that the dead opacity of the iron would be overcome to a great extent. Partial gilding would be useless.

The design of the aisles is far simpler, and, to our minds, more satisfactory

than that of the nave and its corridors. Their pitch is lower; the spanners take the form almost of a drop-arch; the look of service is evident from the absence of the foliage of iron, with its hard wintry aspect, but differing from that of a tree in winter, as the multitudinous twigs are absent which break the starkness of the boughs. Here the iron suggests the unpleasantness of a dead tree. With the best of judgment, the foliage has been made mostly of a palm-like form, whose natural rigidity is graceful; but, do it how you will, the whole seems a comparative failure, because it has no structural office to fulfil, and is mere ornament. In the side aisles the case is otherwise. The spanners are here doing their office of maintaining the roof; the construction is evidenced throughout; and repose of service gained, even by the lesser aspiration of the lower roof. Of these aisles the southern pleases us best, from its superior quiet cheerfulness; and, on inquiry into the cause of this effect—for at first it is not clear why one should be preferable to the other, their general aspect being substantially the same—we distinguish that much is due to the mere painting of the bars of the glass with a pale green colour, which harmonizes with the blue sky seen above.

The display of constructiveness, which we take as a good base on which to found a theory of architectural design, is most openly marked in the arcades that surround the area, giving access to the various departments of the Museum. The lowest of these arcades is like the cloister of a Gothic monastery. Here, it is understood, the original design of the architects is to be seen most fairly. The solid stone piers, with chamfered angles, receive from one to the other the feet of the discharging arches that bear the weight above; between each of these is a shaft of polished marble, whence spring the sides of the pointed arches themselves that form the openings of the arcade, whose opposite members rise from the inner side of the piers. We shall linger a while over these corbels and capitals, because no part of the building has received so much attention, or marks so strongly the progress of art-intelligence in the minds of our artizans.

It will be understood that the round central shafts are composed of variously-coloured marbles, arranged upon a system which is characteristic of the edifice, and the thoughtfulness of its founders. The piers have chamfered angles; beneath the abacus of each lies a carved corbel; and the caps of the shafts are also carved. The arrangement of the subjects of these carvings is upon an intelligent system, upon which we need not enter here. The interest of this portion of the subject lies in the fact that in it a special development of art-labour has taken place, exactly analogous to that of the Middle Ages. A class of men—limited to one or two families, at present—has appeared, who hold a position between the skilled artizan and the artist; their duty being to carve beautifully and design skilfully such details of a building as the architect may commit to their charge. With constant reference to nature, the carvers in question have done this here—not to absolute perfection, but with singular felicity, which promises highly of future effort, when time and a wider practical education shall have developed the faculties of a whole class. Just as the mediæval carvers dwelt lovingly on the curling leaves of a plant, or dived deep into its bell, so these men have tenderly, cunningly, and lovingly studied natural forms, and reproduced them with marvellous fidelity and elaborateness upon these corbels and caps, and in other parts of the building.

We cannot do more than name a few of these carvings—not necessarily the best, but such as struck us as calling for attention. All are praiseworthy and infinitely above the level of similar modern works. On the west side, going northwards, is a beautiful example, studied from the elegant plant known as "Wake-Robin" (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*), placed on the corbel in the corner.

On the accompanying capital to the shaft in this opening is a bold carving of *Alisma Plantago*, an aquatic plant, amongst the roots of which are a snipe searching for prey, and a frog. *Butomus umbellatus* occupies the cap in the next opening, treated with extreme elegance. One of the most successful adaptations of natural form we have met with is in the cap of the third opening, showing the rigid spines of the date-palm, a serpent going amongst them, also birds pecking the fruit. Mr. Edward Whelan, the carver of the aloe which is on the corbel at the corner abutting on the north side of the quadrangle, has managed to treat the fleshy stiffness of that plant with extraordinary felicity in turning the chamfer of the pier—no easy task, be it understood. The same carver has wrought on the cap, in the second opening on the north side, the plant *Sparganium ramosum*, with great elegance, but with scarcely equal success; which may be due to the form of the cap's outline looking a little compressed, and is by no means due to the design or application of the plant, admirably composed as it is, and in its simple intricacy delightfully truthful. Whoever carved the *arum* (*Calla Æthiopica*) on the cap in the fourth opening on this side, with its great vessel of a flower, its rigid spike and crinkled leaves, did well. The cereals —wheat, barley, oats, Indian-corn—and sugar-cane, with sparrows among them, on the sixth cap, are rich, diversified and extremely bold, though a little heavy. *Bromus*, on the adjoining corbel, is beautiful. The mallow in the last corbel on this (north) side, which Mr. James O'Shea wrought, is exquisite for faithful rendering in the stone. Its soft-rounded forms, rich diversified outlines, and almost merry look are charming. A mass of ferns on the cap here, by the same, is admirable. The hart's-tongue fern, on the corbel opposed to the mallow, by the same, curls its fronds round, doubling its plume-like involutions, the featheriness of which is finely expressed. Nothing can be more intelligently faithful than these works. On the east side, upon the cap of the third opening, is a difficult theme —*Thuja Siberica*—which curves itself round the vase of the cap most beautifully. We may compare the rough rigours of *Taxus baccata*, on the cap of the sixth opening here, by Mr. John O'Shea, with the delicate success of Mr. Edward Whelan's *Smilax sarsaparilla*, in the following cap (going south), with its elegant leaves and silky-looking stem. The same hands worked the *Dendrobium* cap — first on the south side, going west—so deeply cut, with its ribbed leaves spreading out, and its pendent blooms. Several of the works of Mr. John O'Shea succeed these, upon the same side; and in them is noticeable a characteristic which indicates the possession of something like the feeling for conventionalized treatment of architectonic decoration, which we before said was needed to satisfy a higher demand than the mere love of reproduction, however elegant, exquisitely minute, and faithful it may be. Simpler in the general forms, chastened and more severe, at the same time with notably less luxuriance and delight of love in the "lush green" than his competitors, Mr. John O'Shea seems to us to have seen something deeper into the needs of architectural art. Nor is it to be understood that these examples are less elegant than the before-mentioned carvings. *Iris Germanica*, on the cap of the fifth shaft on this side—where the systematized symmetry of the iris-bloom has been brought to each corner of the octangular cap, and the broad flag-like leaves are traced rather than carved upon the vase—indicates a reticence of skill which is, in our opinion, a worthy sign.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may point out for admiration many beautiful carvings which are being wrought upon the exterior of this building, and suggest to the lovers of art and friends of science that they may encourage the one and help to glorify the other, by subscribing towards the completion of these, as well as the interior decorations. Subject to certain rules, many persons have undertaken to

complete a single window at their own cost; some windows have been done by two or three conjointly. Simple and severe as the general forms of this edifice are, there is ample scope for many a year's employment of the carver's art upon its details. In the Middle Ages men did this. The minstrel's pillar in St. Mary's, Beverley, is a special instance; and known examples are innumerable. While we are speaking of the inner quadrangle and its arcades, it should be stated that the brickwork stands bare at present above the openings, and that it is proposed, at some time or other, to fill these spaces with illustrative and appropriate frescoes, which may add the charm of colour to all this assemblage of art-decoration.

"On massive corbels, projecting from "the fronts of the piers, there are placed "the statues of the great men who first "discovered, or first brought to import- "ant results, the several branches of "knowledge which the edifice is in- "tended to promote. As those who "have laid deepest and widest the "foundations of science, Aristotle and "Bacon are set up at the portal" (in the quadrangle within). Mr. H. H. Armstead has carved the first; Mr. Woolner, with admirable art, the second. Leibnitz, Newton, Galileo, Davy, Priestley, Hippocrates, Harvey, and Watt, are by Mr. Munro. Linnæus was executed by Mr. J. L. Tupper. Many others are to follow, as funds allow. It must not be forgotten that these works have been executed by the sculptors named at prices which were anything but remunerative to them, and may be considered rather as offerings of enthusiasm than commissions by which the artists hoped to profit. Mr. Woolner is to produce a statue of George Stephenson for the same series. The bases of the shafts and pilasters in the lower arcade are carved, in a simple and characteristic manner, by the carvers who have executed the more elaborate portions of the same. Similar decorations are to be placed in the upper and lesser arcade; some of which are in progress. The openings of this arcade differ from that below, by presenting four instead of two spaces looking into the quadrangle. Each fourth dividing mass is a square pier, which receives an iron spanner from the roof on a bold corbel, to be carved. Let us add that many beautiful photographs of the capitals above described have been published by Mr. R. Hills, Cornmarket Street, Oxford.

The cloisters or corridors themselves on the lower floor are in a simple state of bare bricks at present, but are ultimately to be painted in fresco or distemper. The openings of the arcade are here the only feature of ornamental character, excepting that the inner rib of the moulded groining takes some such aspect from its being serrated, having thereby the most extreme simplicity of the cheapest modern work, and the grave beauty of the Gothic cloister. From this corridor we can ascend to the upper arcade by the staircases which are in the north and south angles of the building, so disposed that access may be gained, from the main entrance on the west side, to the upper floor, without the necessity of traversing the central area. Ample space is gained for these staircases, by bold and picturesque bays being carried beyond the exterior angle of the building. Variety of exterior is, of course, thus secured. Three great lancet-lights illuminate the ascents, the roofs and landings of which are sustained, in each case, on an extremely elegant shaft of dark marble, which forms its cap (to be carved) about ten feet above the level of the upper floor. From this a double arch of plate tracery, pierced simply, is formed. This staircase lands us in the upper corridor, whose arcades look into the court. This is flat-roofed, open to the timbers; and from it we reach the reading-room of Radcliffe's Library and the principal Book Room, both of which are under lofty open-timbered roofs of decorated character, which are coloured with great taste in crimson, red, buff, and a dull purple, with quiet green introduced in the dormer-window frames. The walls by the windows are a pale green-blue. Some simple ornaments are painted upon the crown of the wall, immediately below the roof, by way of cornice.

Each room is lighted by six side windows, and as many dormer-windows are in the roof. There is one great oriel window at each end of this gallery; for the two rooms and the smaller librarian's room placed between them form one side of the whole building, and the whole is open to the eye. Much care has been taken with the design of the furniture; which, though somewhat heavy, is characteristic enough. Much of the glaring effect of the naked light through white glass is mitigated by filling in many parts of the windows with studded glass. These apartments occupy the west side of the building; on the east there is no corridor, and, at present, no apartments. On the north side is the General Lecture Theatre—a splendid room, with an open-timbered roof, lighted from the side, with simple ornaments painted upon the walls; the roof coloured in a similar taste to that of the Library, but different. The fittings are of plain unvarnished deal, much of which has been very cleverly perforated, so as to represent flowers, leaves, geometrical forms, &c. Much of this is in good taste, but we really object to the expenditure of money upon such a poor wood as deal; which, however charming in its freshness, is soon soiled—apt, nay sure, to split—easily dented or bruised, and ready to stain even with a finger's touch. To employ such a material as this is truly an extravagance of the most wasteful kind. On the south side are Mr. Hope's Entomological Museum, the lecture-room common to the Professors of Astronomy and Geometry, and three sitting-rooms. The space not occupied by the General Lecture Theatre is given to that of the Professor of Anatomy, and to two sitting-rooms. Beneath these, on the ground-floor, are the Theatres of the Schools of Medicine and Chemistry, with the sitting-rooms attached, on the west side. On the south are two more theatres and two apartments. The north side, being the coolest, is devoted to the Anatomical, Physiological, and Zoological departments; and half the exterior length of this side is carried beyond the quadrangle formed by the general plan. Within this a yard is reserved, inclosed by buildings all of good architectural character. This is at the north-east angle of the whole.

On the south-west, and almost level with the front, come the outlying buildings of the School of Chemistry, inclosing a court-yard as before, and connected with the main edifice by a long corridor of elegant architectural character, which terminates in the beautiful laboratory—a four-sided building with an octangular roof, the general design of which was suggested by the famous Abbot's Kitchen at Glastonbury.

We may now go to the exterior and see what is the aspect of the whole of this building. It may be called Romanesque Gothic. Without pretending to applaud the whole, we do consider that there is hardly any modern public building which even nearly approaches it in beauty or dignity. The porch is large and handsome, but recessed; and, there being nothing to break the level line of the front is indeed a fault of design. An advanced porch, as has been proposed, would be an improvement; but the character of size and dignity should be imperatively demanded from the designer. The porch, at present, is beneath a drop arch, carved on its face with ornaments in low relief. Over the porch is a tower which surmounts the roof-ridge, which last is of an extremely high pitch, and fitted with the dormer-window before referred to. The tower is square, and has two handsome lights in it; a high roof surmounts it; on each side of the tower porch are six windows on each floor. If we take up a position over against the south-west angle, the look of the whole design is eminently picturesque—with the bold laboratory removed, as it should be, at some distance from the building; the corridor connecting them; the oriel, in which is the staircase; and an elegant, high-pointed, roofed turret. The roof of the laboratory is octangular; four of its corners, being occupied within by the furnaces, have each of them a pretty

chimney-shaft, which breaks the line of the building, giving variety of size in its members and characteristic lightness to the whole, without in any respect destroying its simplicity or grace. Somewhat removed, and standing in its proper garden, is the Curator's residence—a charming-looking house, which, while detached, is yet a part of the mass of buildings and designed to be considered with them.

It is with very sincere regret that we announce the death of Mr. Benjamin Woodward, who is understood to have been the designer of this admirable, if not absolutely perfect, building.

It is needless to say that parties run high at Oxford for and against the building we have thus examined. All kinds of charges are brought against it, and even against its advocates. We shall do no more than ask the visitors to compare it with the Taylor Institution, for beauty of design, for human intelligence expressed. And that *is* something after all. The Oxford New Museum is to be taken as the result of a man's work executed under extraordinary difficulties; and, as such, it is truly a triumph—a magnificent work, that will find more admirers as its uses are better developed. Even already we cannot fail to see how great has been its influence on contemporary architectural designs. The architect's fame will live with his work; not complete—for no man's effort or name is so—but something grand, and full of purpose, thought, beauty, and power.

F. G. S.

PASSING EVENTS.—FRANCE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The debates in the French Senate resemble in most respects so many Dialogues of the dead. Once a year the ghosts of the various creeds and parties which Napoleonism has slain meet and tilt against one another in empty and ineffectual combat. Their voices are not the less acrimonious because they sound, as it were, from beyond the grave. Each in turn rises—like the shade of Banquo—to denounce the imperial usurper who presides, and sinks again into its place amidst the shrill interruptions of the rest. Legitimacy is there, with the shadowy image of a blanched cockade. The revolution, too, is there with its red flag. M. de la Rochejacquelein represents Ultramontanism and La Vendée. The antiquated Anglophobia of the first empire and the long war returns in the person of the Marquis de Boissy to haunt the places where its honour died. M. Pietri embodies the gestures and the tones of philosophical democracy. The memory of Orleanism survives, here and there, in a *ci-devant* deputy, converted perhaps by force of circumstances into a glorified believer in the right of might. A sprinkling of cardinals and prelates, in whose hearts salary has extinguished most things except intolerance, recals to us the spirit and the vigour of the Catholic Church of the middle ages. It is a goodly gathering of spectres. Meanwhile, the wordy warfare in which they annually engage is not without its uses. Æolus, watching from the Tuileries, laughs in his sleeve as he sees the windy phantoms fighting together within their cave. There are few matters which tend so much to increase the personal influence of the Emperor as the loud and dissonant discussions which have lately taken place among the Senate that receives its office and emoluments at his hand. The most loquacious nation in the world dislikes above all things a caricature of its own loquacity upon the political stage. Senatorial discussions in the eyes of the whole of France are a poor and miserable travestie of English representative institutions. The actors in the comedy talk and denounce one another in vain; for they are not yet agreed upon first principles. The battle, accordingly, is at best an idle

contest of abstract and unpractical opinions. More than one Frenchman, perhaps, who is by nature little enough of an Imperialist, feels tempted, when he surveys the scene, to repeat the apostrophe of the most eloquent of Rome's latest historians, "From these men, and from these things, thou hast preserved us, O my master."

Prince Napoleon this year (as well as last year) has burst among the company of ministers, cardinals, and Ultramontanists, very much as the Cynic philosopher in Lucian breaks in upon the polite quarrels of kings, and generals, and priests. Nobody could be more fitted in tone or temper to do battle with the *ancien régime*. His Imperial Highness is the *enfant terrible* of the second empire. It is in vain, when he goes down to speak, that two terrified Cabinet ministers accompany him—one on either side—with strict orders not to lose sight of him during the debate. He wrings their timid souls by flinging conventionality to the winds, and by delivering, in the Emperor's name, the most awkward prophecies in the most emphatic way. This near relationship to the throne gives a formidable importance to his violent manner and language. The Cabinet ministers who are told off to watch him make a point of speaking before and after him, in order to do away, if possible, with the embarrassing effect of his observations. But they cannot altogether succeed. An Emperor's cousin, who is supposed to be an *habitué* in the imperial closet, wears an authority which, though disavowed by official etiquette, is, nevertheless, as great as that which surrounds an ordinary minister. When a prince so highly born and so impetuous threatens the head of the Catholic Church with coming disaster, and proclaims that Napoleonism, if it is to retain the nation's confidence, must "march onwards" at the nation's head, his speeches naturally create a political sensation. Alarmed and indignant at his tone, and particularly at a single expression imperfectly understood, the Catholic party endeavoured to shout him down. Prince Napoleon is not a man to be easily shouted down. Cardinals and Legitimitists in personal collision with a democratic Bonaparte are very much like china vessels swimming in the stream next the iron pot of the fable—and jostling together as they all float down. Nor was the interference of M. Troplong, or even the protest of M. Billault, of much avail. The question still remained, and still remains unsolved, How far is Napoleon the Emperor of one mind with Napoleon the Prince?

Caution, as a rule, increases in proportion to responsibility, and an Emperor is not, after all, a private individual. Napoleon the First was never so model a democrat as during the hundred days that his crown was in danger, and throughout his many conversations at St. Helena, after it was lost. In like manner, the spirit of innovation runs much more impetuously—it is natural to suppose—in those of his descendants who are near than those who are on the throne. The present Emperor regards progress with an eye greatly sobered by his proximity to a precipice. Napoleonism for him means democracy organized and bridled, no less than democracy armed and crowned. The nation that would be strong abroad must, of necessity, be strong at home. It would be difficult to carry out schemes of continental reform and revival, unless the reins of domestic power lay firmly in his iron grasp. In the eyes of Austria, the second empire is synonymous with the triumph of terrorism and disorder. The Austrian view is very one-sided. For a large part of France, including the capital, and the largest French towns, Imperialism signifies order and Conservatism. Prince Napoleon has fewer dangers to guard against, and is less of a politician than his Sovereign. He represents the opinions once held by Louis Napoleon in prison and in exile. But the measure of the difference between the two is not merely the distance between the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. Their temperaments are not by any means the same. More of the blood of the Bonapartes courses in the veins of

Napoleon the Prince. Cold, impassive, and judicious, the Emperor, from his Cabinet in the Tuileries, looks with occasional approbation and occasional dismay on the fiery temper of the Egalité of his House: who chafes at the restraint to which he finds himself continually subjected. The latter is as arrogant and eager as the former is calculating and inscrutable. Nor does the Prince dissemble his dissatisfaction at the slowness with which the empire moves in the direction of internal and external change. But with all his bursts of enthusiasm and extravagance, he shows us the nature of the link that binds together the French Emperor and the French nation. The Napoleons possess the affection of a large mass of the people because they have come from the people's loins, and because they are wise enough never to forget it. In spite of all the wrongs that liberty has suffered at their hands, the Revolution is proud of the formidable Empire that sprang full-armed into existence from the dragon's teeth which the first Republic sowed. In respect of the severity with which it rules at home, Imperialism in France may be very much the same as despotism elsewhere. But the French are not unwilling that their imperial shield, like other royal shields, should have one golden side, provided that the world is made to know that the side on the reverse is earthen. Nor can it be denied that the Empire, during the last ten years, has been for Europe a strongly liberal element—a powerful solvent to destroy the past, and a powerful force to build up a democratic future. The vanity of the French eagles may be satisfied with what they have accomplished. They have implanted new and fruitful ideas, even where they have not achieved material conquests. Prince Napoleon, indeed, seems to think that France is not marching onwards fast enough. He may depend upon it that, in the opinion of old Europe, she has been spinning down the groove of novelty at railroad pace. Considering the sum of things, we cannot but be convinced of the alteration that has been creeping over the spirit of the entire Continent. Posterity will acknowledge that the French nation—unconsciously, it may be—has been the cause of most of it. However this may prove, for fear that the Slave of the Lamp should mistake himself for the Master who owns it, Prince Napoleon periodically appears upon the boards of the political theatre to warn his cousin, in semi-tragic tones, that the Napoleons must obey democracy or perish.

The influence which he is said to possess in the imperial closet is considerable, and no doubt legitimate; yet, if human nature be human nature, it cannot always have been pleasing to a victorious consul to have the lugubrious admonition dinned into his ears, at the very hour of his triumph, that he was after all but mortal. The illustrious captive who gave his soul to the Revolution when he was in the solitude of Ham may not care, now that he is flushed with empire, to be reminded so often by his friend, the Fiend, of his ghostly and ambitious bargain. And though his cousin is more ostentatiously progressive, Napoleon the Third has some right to consider himself the better representative of the political views of the French. The vast majority of Frenchmen are, no doubt, democratical at heart. But they are not, therefore, *doctrinaires;* nor are they anti-Catholic, though personal piety, perhaps, is not their forte. They care very little about political theories; they are satisfied so long as the master of a hundred legions lowers his ensign before the emblems of the people's power; and all that they wish is to be ruled by one of themselves in their own name, and to be left to enrich themselves on week days, and to amuse themselves on holy days as they please. The Prince Napoleon is a philosopher, and sighs to reconstruct the world; but the French masses have no idea of any such nonsense; and, fond as they are of military glory, war for them is rather a gorgeous spectacle than a method of propagating any political creed. Provided that their democratic

sympathies are not offended, they are by no means inclined to insist that all their institutions should be theoretically perfect, or that France should reorganize the Continent from a philosophical point of view. Politics with the multitude of Frenchmen are a matter of feeling, not of speculative opinion. French journalists, indeed, are never happy unless they are fitting nationalities into one another, reviving extinct races, rectifying national frontiers, tidying up the loose islands, and putting the globe in order upon the strictest geographical principles. No writer of any ambition in the French metropolis attains to middle age without having published at least one pamphlet, containing an original plan for repairing the shortcomings of Providence, and resettling the map of Europe on the basis of its principal watersheds, its rivers, or its mountain ranges. The indifference, accordingly, of the French masses to what we may call political theorems would be inexplicable if it were not for the undeniable fact that the French masses entertain a profound contempt for French journalists as a class. Being, as we have said, a *doctrinaire*, his Imperial Highness is accordingly a little in advance of the democratical population, whom he professes to represent. He is a visionary, who dreams of a universal democratic propaganda. The first Revolution was an epoch at which such missionary enthusiasm would have been in place; but France, though still capable of appreciating an idea, has passed the age of crusades. At a crisis of exceptional political excitement, the fiery cross might again, perhaps, be carried through the length and breadth of the land, and find intoxicated multitudes to answer to the flaming summons. The present hour is the hour of materialism and repose, not of idealism and apostolic effort. Democracy is still democracy; only it has laid its spear aside. It is not now the evening before the battle, as Prince Napoleon seems to imagine; it is the morning after victory. Abroad, indeed, beyond the limits of the French frontier, the Genius of Revolution has left his task unfinished and incomplete. France is proud to have assisted in the work so far, and would be proud, no doubt, at the right occasion, to lend her helping hand again. But no great people, which has material interests on a world-wide scale, can afford to live in the fumes of perpetual missionary fervour. When the chord of national vanity is struck, Frenchmen will once more respond. Until then they are only too well pleased to be allowed to convert their swords into ploughshares, and to live among their vines and olives. The solemn menace which the Prince so often addresses to the Emperor, it is true, is not altogether out of place. Democracy may, with propriety, appear at stated intervals to its Imperial bondsman, in the solitude of his cabinet, and whisper in his ear, "*Je suis ton maître.*" Yet less is implied in the warning than at first sight might be thought. France does not ask from her Emperor Liberal forms of internal government—free journals—free elections—or even independent municipal authorities. Nor does she demand that he should be for ever bearding the kings of the earth. He is not bound, as far as she is concerned, to live at the beck of the most fanatical and aggressive of the Carbonari. One thing alone is necessary: that, if ever the time should come for him to strike a blow on one side or the other, he should, at all events, not strike it against the cause of the people.

That the French, as a body, are indifferent to all political movement which does not practically come home to the mere democratic pulses of their heart, is plain from the drama which has been performing before their eyes in the Legislative Assembly, contemporaneously with these proceedings in their Senate. For the first time in their political existence, the members of the Corps Legislatif have shown a determination to oppose a project recommended to them strenuously by the Emperor himself. General Montauban, Count de Palikao, was commander of the recent expedition to China, is an Imperialist of long-standing, and one of the oldest allies and intimates of Napoleon III. It was proposed to

confer upon him, as a dowry for his new title, a revenue in perpetuity, which at his death should pass to his family. Neither the military nor the social exploits of the general, during his African and his Parisian career, have succeeded in winning for him much more than notoriety in the *salons* and *cafés* of the critical capital. The proposal to violate for his benefit the principles of French law, which forbid the creation of *majorats*, was anything but popular. The Legislative Assembly felt that the cause of democratic independence was injured by the suggestion. A committee, whose business it was to report upon the plan, decided unanimously against it, in spite of an Imperial letter—*verbosa et grandis epistola*—which was evidently meant to influence its vote. The Emperor saw his mistake, and surrendered an inch in order that he might take an ell. He gave up the question of *majorats*. He substituted for it a comprehensive scheme, to enable him to bestow pecuniary rewards on the most deserving officers of his army. The inch he gave up was almost all that democracy required. The French are ready enough to recompense military prowess, and to heap even golden laurels on the head of their victorious generals. They are *not* ready to assist in the creation of a rich and permanent military *noblesse*.

The excitement caused by this little incident, of so much interest to all true democrats, drowned the nobler sensations which might have been expected to agitate a free people, at a scene which took place in the same assembly nearly at the same time. There is a small and heroic knot of lovers of constitutional liberty still left in Paris, as in the provinces, who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal. Constitutional Freedom, taking her leave of France, while she plumes her wings for flight, has halted her foot awhile among a little party of moderate Liberals, headed by some of the leaders of the French bar. This month they have made their annual onset upon tyranny, and have met with their annual repulse. Five deputies—for among two hundred and fifty there were found but five—came forward on the occasion of the address, to require at the hands of the Empire the justice and the freedom of which their country has been robbed. In spite of the continual interference of M. de Morny, and of the murmurs of a startled and obsequious audience, M. Jules Favre has pronounced one of those splendid orations which may serve either for the natal or the funeral hymn of a country's constitutional privileges. M. Jules Favre and his friends cannot reproach themselves with having deserted their colours in the hour of despair. If liberty never revives in France during their lifetime, each may still say with the poet, "*J'ai suivi son cercueil.*" But their indignant declamation has fallen dead and cold on the hearts of the majority of their countrymen. It matters little to the multitudes on whose suffrage, or on whose bayonets, the Empire rests, whether or no the "law of public security" is not repealed, or whether the iron fingers of the Executive should be taken from the throat of French journalism. The very additional freedom which has recently been bestowed on the two Chambers does not touch them closely. All relaxation of restraint, late in the day as it has come, has come as early as they care to have it. If the empire falls, it will not fall as an English ministry might fall upon a parliamentary vote. Don Juan may safely invite the statue of Liberty itself to supper. It has accepted the invitation, but all the use it can make of it will not do much harm. When a democratic Emperor ceases to reign, it will be by the will of the millions, not by a constitutional opposition. Actæon, if he is ever devoured, is destined to be devoured by his own hounds.

If, then, France alone was interested in the matter, there would be little reason to anticipate a speedy solution of the Roman question. The French have been perfectly satisfied for twelve years to be the instruments of supporting the temporal power at Rome. No sudden outbreak of liberal enthusiasm is likely to set in at Paris or in the rest of the country in favour of an immediate with-

drawal of the French troops from what remains of the territory of St. Peter. If France is moved at all, she will only be moved by an outcry raised on the other side of the Alps by the revolutionists of Italy. The Roman question, no doubt, is at the bottom of the Catholic agitation, as well as of the Liberal demonstrations in the French Senate. Until the Italian war, Catholicism in France was as loyal as it was orthodox, and delighted on all occasions to fling its influence into the scale of the eldest son of the Church, who stood indeed between that Church and the Revolution. The hierarchy of France gave the Empire their best wishes and their prayers. It was only when the sword of Damocles was about to be let fall on the head of the successor of the Apostles that the Gallican clergy became disaffected. But, though dissatisfaction is almost universal among the clerical party in his dominions, the Emperor is strong enough to hold them in leash as yet. No *vis major* compels him to decide upon action either for or against the Pope. The French nation itself halts, it may be, between two opinions, and is half-reluctant to take any irrevocable step. Like his people, the Emperor stands irresolute—"hither and thither dividing his swift mind." His Cabinet are as uncertain and doubtful as their master, differing one from the other as he differs within himself. The Senate represents fairly the shifting theories, the passions and the prejudices, of the whole French people upon this most embarrassing of subjects. As the advocates of action or reaction prevail within and without its walls, the Imperial arbiter of the situation simply shifts his position from one foot to the other. He persuades the public that compromise is desirable as long as it is possible, by playing off the violence of one extreme party against the other. During the last month accordingly, the Red Spectre has been trotted across the Parisian stage by the French police—having received orders, in all probability, to clank its chains loudly as it passes, in order to remind France how necessary it is that the Red Spectre should have a powerful keeper. As the Red Spectre is useful to hush the clamour of the Catholics, Ultramontanism may be employed to pacify the Revolution. Prince Napoleon, who is the representative of Republican fanaticism, sees in the pious virulence of M. de la Rochejacquelein all kinds of perils, threatening the safety of the world. He is half-afraid in very earnest of a return to the principles of La Vendée. "*Ce système, savez-vous ce que c'est,*" he cries to the listening Senate; "*c'est la "terreur blanche appuyée sur les baïonettes "étrangères.*"

The *vis major* which is wanting, perhaps, in France to make the Emperor move onwards with respect to Italy and Rome, will be found most probably before long on the other side of the Alpine barrier. The Revolution in France will never permit its elected chief to draw his sword in the teeth of a Liberal nation, which is resolved to achieve its independence; though the revolutionists of France are in no pedantic hurry to precipitate matters to a crisis. Partly, then, the duration of the present suspense depends upon the patience of Italy. It was in an evil hour for the Emperor's peace that Ricasoli forced upon Europe the annexation of Tuscany and Romagna, and that Naples rose against the Bourbons. Napoleon III. has not to blame his campaign in Lombardy for the subsequent cry that has been raised against the temporal authority of the Papal See. That idea is the fruit, not of the Italian war, but of the desire for Italian unity, which was seen after the war. So much even Baron Brenier, in his recent pamphlet upon Italy and the Roman question, finds himself reluctantly constrained to admit. Had the scheme of an Italian confederation been carried out according to the Imperial programme, his Holiness might have been suffered by the entire Italian people to preside sleepily in his chair over the Federal Councils of a subdivided Peninsula. The treaty of Villafranca came too soon to permit of the Federal notion being realized. As long

as Austria holds Venice, the foreigner has a foot upon Italian soil, and Italy cannot afford to accept independence in the modified shape of an harmonious alliance of kindred states. The servitude of Venetia makes it necessary that the Italians should be one and indivisible. The unity of Italy entails the deliverance of Rome. If the unity of the nation is to be achieved, Rome must be delivered from the priests, and handed over to the people. France seems to consider that it is unreasonable to ask for this. But the hesitation of the Emperor is natural enough. He had not bargained for a united kingdom of twenty millions on his borders; consequently he had not promised that Rome should be their metropolis. The difficulty which stares him in the face is not one of his own creation. He is, doubtless, a believer in the political advantages of keeping on good terms with the Church, and he suddenly discovers that his Italians have sprung a mine under his very feet. He thought he was sailing with a stream, and he finds himself at the mercy of a deluge.

The firm will of Baron Ricasoli had annexed Tuscany to Piedmont, thereby upsetting many of the Imperial calculations; and it began to be only too likely that he would insist on completing the Italian edifice, by adding to it the coping-stone of Rome. His fall is known to have been acceptable to the Cabinet of the Tuileries; nor was it utterly unacceptable in Italy. A severe and unbending censor of men and things, he had become personally unpopular to the dissolute and gay circle which rules within the palace at Turin. Nor had his administration been successful as far as domestic politics were concerned. The Parliament, indeed, within the last four months had twice given him a vote of confidence: but he had been unable to prevail on any man of ability to take the Portfolio of Home Affairs in his ministry. Lastly, his stern Puritan character had brought him more than once—if scandal is to be believed—into personal collision with the king. He fell, and in his person fell, perhaps, the only statesman thought capable of succeeding to Cavour. In course of time, his stern resolution and his integrity might have opened the path for the Italians to their future capital. For the advent to power of his rival, Europe had been for some weeks prepared. The golden and silver wires of diplomatic sympathy and personal friendship for some time past have connected him with the Cabinet of Paris. He has entered office, not indeed as the nominee —for he is a statesman of character and distinction—but as the ally and the friend of the French Emperor. The programme he has announced is, as it could not but be, a national and a worthy one. Unfortunately, the question is not at the present emergency one so much of internal measures as of men. And, though the programme is the programme of Cavour, the voice is the voice of Ratazzi. While the Italian Chambers have promised him the support of a reasonable majority, his connexion with Napoleon III. will tend to weaken his position. The left centre and extreme left—friendly as the former, at all events, naturally would be to a Piedmontese politician who has been one of their own sectional leaders—are likely to view with jealous eyes a minister who has the reputation of being a favourite in France. Yet Rome, at least, cannot flatter herself that in the new minister she has found a faithful votary. As Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet of 1854, it was Ratazzi's task to propose two measures in succession which the Catholic clergy of that time regarded as deadly blows directed against themselves. One was a bill for the suppression of monasteries and the diminution of episcopal revenues; the other was a penal law for the repression of clerical sedition. The Catholics, then, of Piedmont view him with unforgiving and undiminished hostility. But, if he is no more friendly than Ricasoli to the Papal Church, at least he is a man who is capable of delaying for awhile the blow which will, sooner or later, fall on the Pope's head. In the profession of faith put forward by Ratazzi and his

friends, at the close of 1849, he declared that the true politician was the man who knew his opportunities and could wait his time. Possibly it is because he handles politics with this courtier-like ease and flexibility that Napoleon III. bestows on him his favour. Whatever be the origin of the alliance, we may expect to find in the action of the Turin ministry a reflection of the many shadows that pass across the mind of Italy's imperial ally.

Significant observers will not fail to notice the early attempt made by the new Premier to obtain the support of Garibaldi. That a patriot so chivalrous and so simple-minded as the latter can for an instant have consented to hold out the hand of political friendship to a Gallicanizing minister, without some distinct pledges as to Italy's future, is simply impossible. Two hundred and thirty battalions of the Garibaldian national guard are at once, it is said, to be organized. Nor certainly does Austria look on the ministerial change as a symptom of tranquil times. She has redoubled her garrisons on the Po, and her arrests at Verona and Venice. Perhaps she remembers that it once before has been Ratazzi's lot—fourteen years ago—to be driven reluctantly by the force of circumstances into declaring war against herself; and she is conscious that the days in which a "Novara" was possible for Italy are now gone by. Europe is beginning to remember that there are two Gordian knots which embarrass the Italian question, one of which at least is capable of being cut asunder by a sword. If Venice were restored to Italy there would be less need to insist on the temporal abdication of a Pope, who might be willing to rule with decency when he found that he was not in danger of losing an earthly crown. But, whatever be the intentions of Ratazzi, or indeed of Napoleon III., it is clear that the stock of patience which the Italians possess is by no means inexhaustible. The Provvedimento committees—dissolved or undissolved—are not likely to be amenable to French influence. A strong revolutionary movement is beginning to make itself felt throughout the Peninsula, which it will take all the unselfishness and generosity of Garibaldi and all the authority of Ratazzi to convert into a legitimate agitation for promoting Italian independence. The revolution in Greece has been a sign of the times; and incidents have not been wanting in its course to show that its ramifications extended on one side to the East, and on the other to Italy. Ricasoli was too strong for the French Emperor; it is possible that Ratazzi may be too weak. We do not know that Italy is able to accomplish her own desire by her own arm. But she has the power to make it extremely difficult for France to refuse to act with her. This power she seems at last inclined to use. Any day circumstances may arise with respect to the diplomatic relations of Rome and the new kingdom, which will precipitate matters either to a conclusion or at least to an issue. Without pretending to political foresight, we may well believe—looking at the internal state of popular feeling in both countries—that the planetary hour of Italy will come before very long.

END OF VOL. V.